Easyriders 78

Ⓓ 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders®

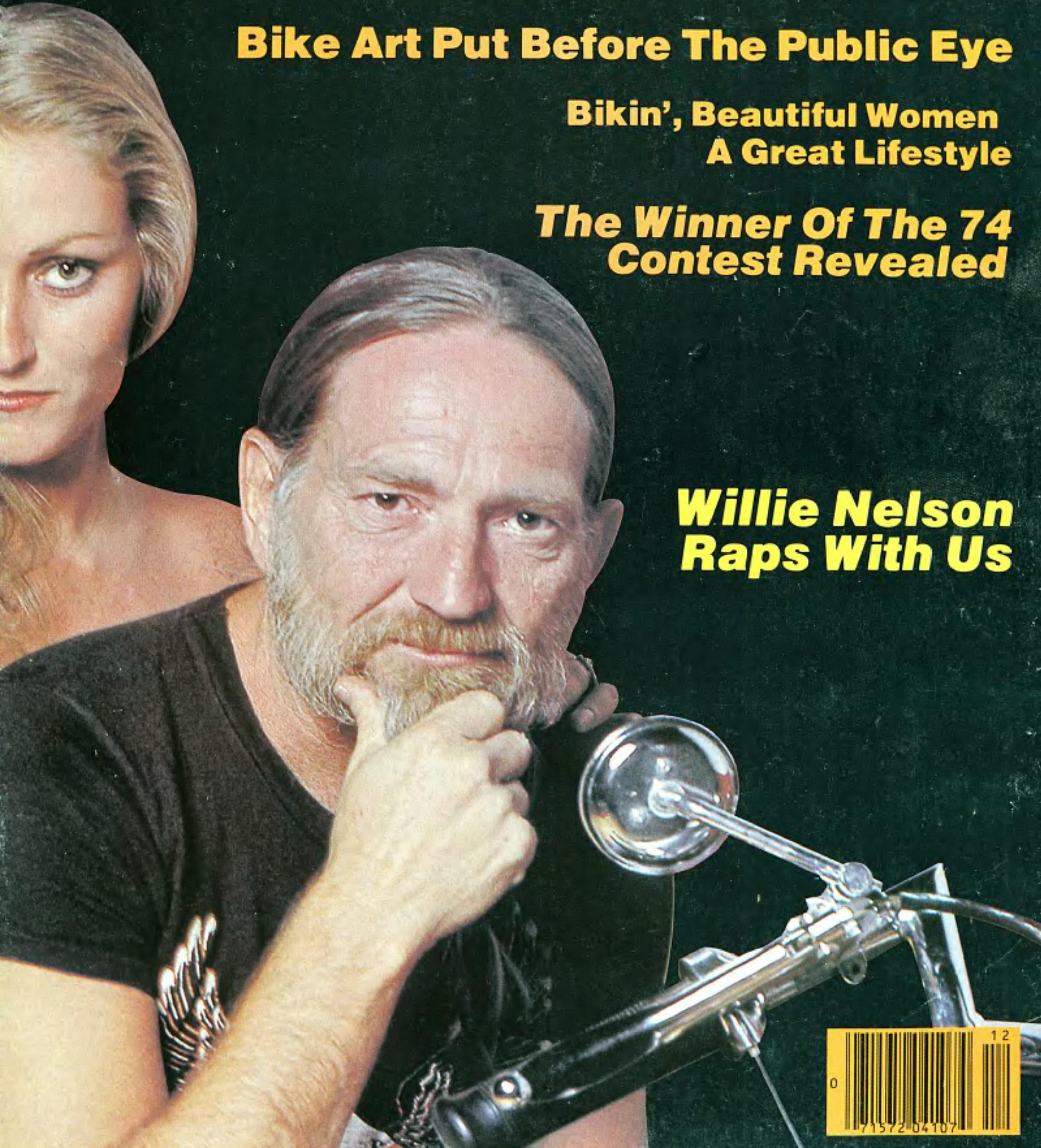
December 1979
$1.75

£ 1.00

Bike Art Put Before The Public Eye

Bikin', Beautiful Women A Great Lifestyle

The Winner Of The 74 Contest Revealed



Willie Nelson Raps With Us

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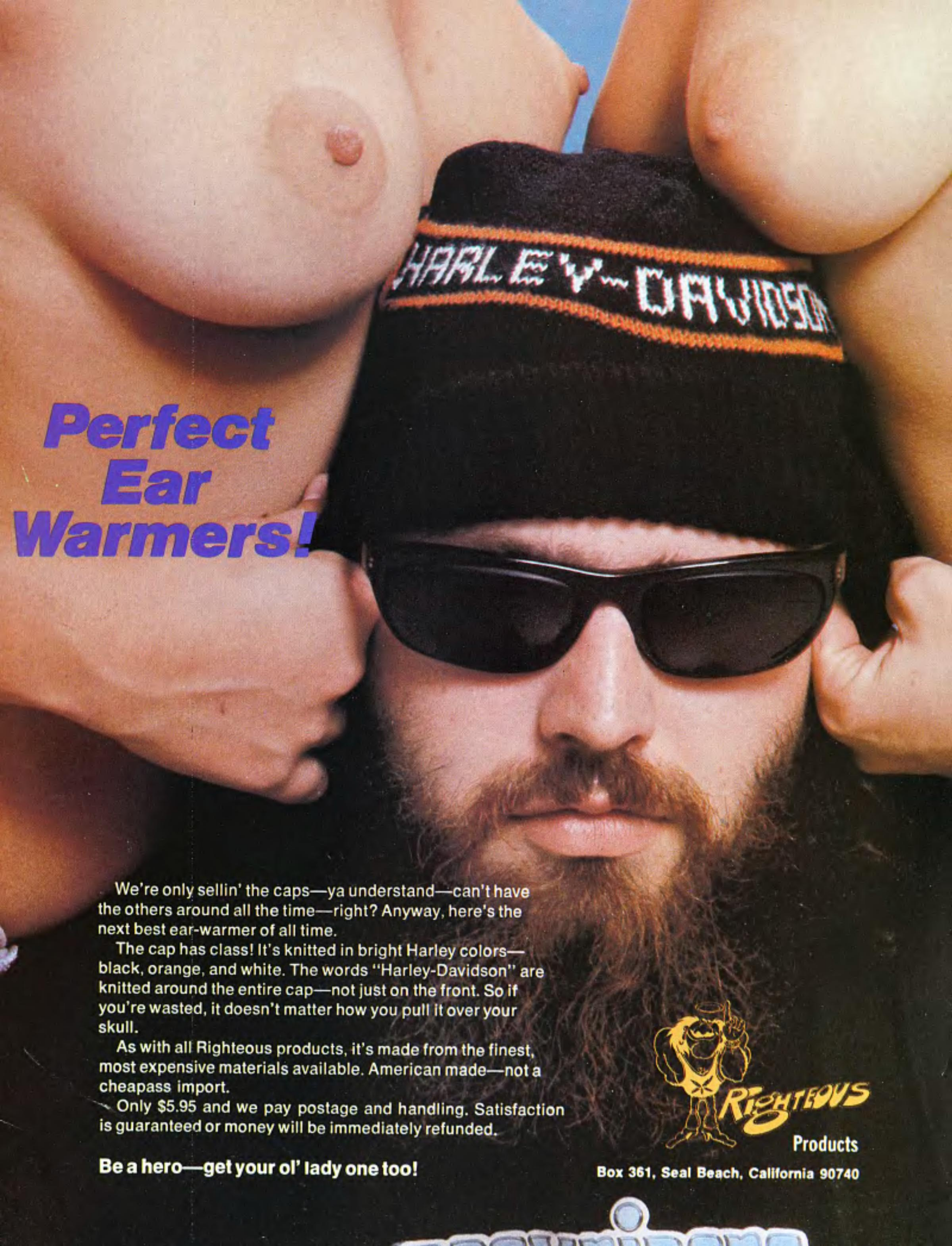
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The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.
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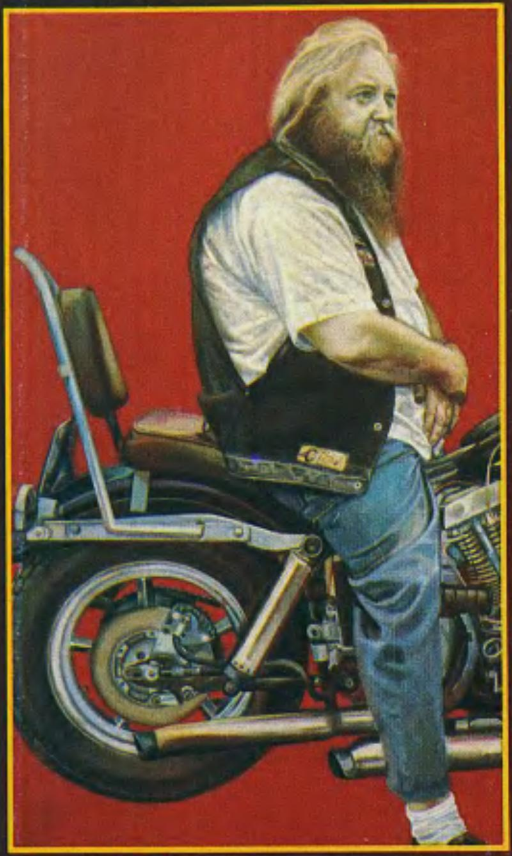
Easyriders®

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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FTW

Buy American

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Cover photo of Willie Nelson and model Mitzi Raye by Billy Tinney

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 27th.

some people like doing things the hard way...
...most would rather do it our way
Jammer
CYCLE PRODUCTS
JAMMER'S HANDBOOK
FAST TALK FROM FAST PEOPLE
1000'S OF PARTS
DAVE MANN ORIGINALS
10 BEAUTIES...
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
Make our way your way. Grab the all new Jammer's Handbook Number Seven. It'll convince ya. Thousands of ready-made, finished parts...ten dazzling bike features...more Dave Mann originals...talkin' speed at Bonneville. All in all, it's scooter lust at its best. So put the hassles aside. Your cure-all has arrived!
If your newsstand's been picked clean, send $3.95 (a buck of this is for postage) to
Jammer Cycle Products, 801 (ER) S. Main St., Burbank, CA 91506.

Wants to die file: Pissed off at his ol' lady, a man in California picked up his carpenter's nail gun and fired eight 2-inch nails into his gourd. But wait—as he slumped to the floor, his ol' lady started stabbin' him with a knife. He's still alive but with a miserable headache.

Dear ol' mom was about to go to the bank with the day's receipts when her daughter and son-in-law drove up and offered her a ride to the bank. But on the way, surprise, surprise—her daughter pressed a gun to her neck and told her she'd blow her head off if she didn't fork over the bread. (You can't trust anyone anymore.)

Think you got problems? Well, the cops in Illinois are tryin' to figure out the ID of an individual they arrested. So what? Well, whatever they picked up had both male and female ID. They weren't sure if it was a her, a he, or what they had in the cell. It seems it had ''both male and female attributes''—whatever that means. (I wonder if it's catching.)

Dipshit of the month: This burglar broke into a house and, while diggin' through things, picked up a camera (which he didn't take). He got what he wanted and split. The owner came home, noticed the camera had taken a picture, had it developed, and found a close-up photo of the burglar. With the photo, the police arrested the dude, who admitted picking up the camera—and yes, the flashbulb did go off. But he didn't think his picture was taken! That's about as bad as the robber who shot a guy, but the gun didn't go off. So he looked down the barrel, wondering why it didn't go off—just before it blew a hole through his right eye.

Would you believe that a pair of red longjohns were found in Utah and all over the insides were sewn (neatly, I might add) endless lines of highly explosive Primacord? Don't ask, don't ask. I didn't—I'm just wandering through life.

Did ya ever stop and think that between 1886 and now, there have only been 3—that's t-h-r-e-e presidents of the American Federation of Labor and 17, yep, s-e-v-e-n-t-e-e-n presidents of the United States? Think about it—that's all.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Now to a scrotum-tingling item: I know too many Texans to say anything really bad about any of 'em—but whatdafuck. A thoroughbred Texan was shot in one side of the skull recently. So what? Well, the shell, after makin' it through his thick Texas hide and hittin' solid Texan gourd, made an immediate 360 up-under-and-over-and-out the other side of the head (burrowing a path between hide and gourd, ya understand), exiting through the skin on the other side with a spluff of blood, skin, and hair. The Texan was so stoned he didn't know he had been shot, 'cept for flinchin' when the blast penetrated his sound system. That's all, folks—someone had to tell 'im he'd taken a shot in the head!

The word is that more bros are into makin' their own brew. It's gettin' so bad that in 1970 we had over 80 brewery factories in the U.S. of A. and now we have only half that number. Consumption is up, but there are fewer factories makin' the suds. (Just lettin' ya know what's comin' down, folks.)

Yeah, hit by a Frisbee. Like da ringding was hittin' it on his Moped, when from outta nowhere a Frisbee came sailin' down the street, catchin' 'im between the blues. He was on a Moped complete with a helmet and, zonk, he gets it right across both eyes. Just think—he coulda been ridin' a Harley, no helmet (and all that good shit), and still been arrested for the seed they found under his toenail.

Stop the sniffin'! Would ya believe it? Only one flower in ten has a good smell. (Would I lie?) Just think what dogs alone do to them—to say nothing of your friendly neighborhood wino.

Now I've seen everything—a new carpet gopher motorcycle rider birth announcement! (Samantha, I'll see ya in eight years—snicker.) Nice item—''Dry Weight: 7 lbs. 2 oz. Wheelbase: 18-1/2 inches. All original equipment. Self starter.'' First one I've seen—but nobody tells me anything.

Just when I was gonna get my shit together and take up jogging I find they won't let ya jog through Arlington Cemetery anymore. And just when I was about to take up coffee drinkin' again I find that they will no longer trust me at the police headquarters here in the land of fruits and nuts. It seems that too many slight-of-hand experts have been pickin' up a few extra coins instead of plunkin' down the twenty cents in the coin jar—so they put in a 25-cent vending machine. And we all know they run that stuff through the horse just once. Can't trust a cop. ■

WORDMONGER

Eagle-Eyed Reader

□ How the fuck can you fuckin' strokie assholes base your whole fuckin' operation in California and run a fuckin' ad about delivery trucks being so fuckin' great? You've got this big deal (October '79 issue) about how great your delivery system is so we can read your rag on time. Then you have this old 1919 truck with New York license plates on it. Doesn't California have license plates that go back to 1919, or wasn't California on the map in 1919? I think you people are playing with one helluva soft stick.

Get it together, will you fuckin' guys? I live in New York fuckin' State, and when I buy a mag from California I don't really care to see an ad with New York State plates on some old shitbox, 'cause New York is fucked.

Farmer One
Marion, N.Y.

Jammin' In Deutschland

□ I'm a G.I. stationed in Germany. I just want to tell all those badasses in the States who think they are hell on wheels that they ain't shit until they've jammed over here.

Here's how it is. You're tooling along on your putt doing 80 mph, thinking you're really flying, when you glance in your mirror and out of nowhere there are twenty cars, side by side, all wanting to pass you at the same time doing 140 mph. It's like driving backwards into a traffic jam. And they don't go around you. You either hit the white line or the shoulder or you've had it.

It's worse if you ride a Harley with that big green license plate. They know you're paying out your ass for insurance, so they aim for you, 'cause hitting an American is like hitting a gold mine.

The "rads" on bikes are worse. They all ride Jap bikes that are cafe prepared and pass you in your **own** lane doing at least 160 mph. When you get where you're going, your knuckles are white from gripping the bars with fear, and your ol' lady's pants are wet.

Curt Smith
Schweinfurt, Germany

Digs Ricci

□ That's one fine lady you had in your September issue. (I think I love ya, Ricci.) You turds really deserve extra raisin pie for finding her.

Tim Huzinec
Ellwood City, Pa.

■ More pie? Shit, all we get is one piece on Friday—if we maintain.

□ It was a good try. And boy, is she a dish! I'm talking about Ricci in your September issue. Tell her to look me up.

Baby John
Greenville, N.C.

An Opinion

□ Just a few lines to tell you guys that you turn out the best motorcycle mag in the whole wide world—but England's got better-lookin' women.

Russ
Dorset, England

■ Where?

Worm Diet

□ I don't like to put anyone down, but now you're going to get as good as you give. If someone comes up to me with an **Easyriders** or **Iron Horse,** I would rather eat a can of worms than read them.

W.O. Cook
Topeka, Kan.

■ Spider said maybe you've come up with something. Do you eat 'em outta the can or deep fry them first?

Beautiful Ride

□ I fell in love about seven months ago and it was beautiful. About three months ago we took off on his new scoot, feelin' the wonderful way you can feel only on a new scoot—young, free, and in love. Would you please print this message to the man I was riding with? Thanks.

"I still love you, and when I'm up and around again, I'd like to finish that ride we started—if you'll have me. Sorry I bitched."

The Gook
Vallejo, Calif.

■ Remember, most bike accidents happen within the first 90 days. If ya survive that period, you're on your way to fighting the big battle of being invisible and having everyone in a cage out to get ya.

Sneaky, Sneaky

□ These count-the-69s-and-74s contests were a pretty crafty way for your promotional ass-bandits to get us bumfucks to read your rag cover to cover, but fuck you—we read it cover to cover with or without contests. Whatta ya think of that?

The Croacking Croat
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Ass-bandits ain't too bright, Croat.

Name Goof

□ You printed my letter recently; however, you misspelled my name. That was the first letter I have written to a magazine that was ever printed, and what the hell do you do but misspell my name.

The name is spelled like this: Rocco, not Racco.

Righteous Rocco
Portland, Mich.

■ Sorry, Racco.

A Poet

□ I'm locked up an' pissed off 'cause I didn't do the crime.

I just bought an **Easyriders** an' it sure helps pass the time.

Whatdafuck. It rhymes.

Buzzard
Canton, Ohio

Iron-on Idea

□ Here's an idea for the minds that don't know how to take care of the fine iron-ons you put out. There's some stuff called Trichem that really brightens up the iron-ons, and it really works on making it last in the wash too.

Skip's Ol' Lady
Pueblo, Colo.

We Goofed

□ My stepfather, whom I have not seen in 14 years and who happens to be a pretty cool head, wrote "The Final Ride of Badass Jack." Please do me the favor of acknowledging the author: Joel B. Craft, "Buck" to his friends. I would really appreciate it, and he would be tickled shitless.

Kat
Commerce, Tex.

■ Two-Ton Tony has had a little "talk" with the asshole who left Buck's byline off the article. He won't make the same mistake again—if he recovers.

Biker In Scotland

□ I want to thank you for printing my letter in one of your early issues. As a result of this I was able to be in Daytona during race week on my first trip to the U.S. and see the fine people there and the rest of Florida.

I'd like to thank John from Sanford, who answered my letter and invited me over. He still writes and sends **Easyriders** 'cause I can't get it in Scotland.

Gordon Doyle
Scotland

Digs Us

□ I'm a woman in the Marine Corps and think your mag's one of the best. Recently I took an issue to work with me and laid it on my desk. Some people I work with told me I had disgusting taste in reading material. I felt sorry for their refusal to read it, because in the end it's their loss.

Jean Gamerl
Cherry, Point, N.C.

■ Okay, men, let's hear it for Jean Gamerl!

Happy Man

□ After 5 years of reading **Easyriders** and 36 years of breathing, I finally got my first Harley today. I'm so happy I could shit!

Weird
Atlanta, Ga.

A Thought

□ There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, it's rather hard to tell which of us ought to reform the rest of us.

Snake Shit
Huntsville, Tex.

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only $9.00 each or $17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scoot folk. CA res. add 6% tax.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.

ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804

Lucked Out

☐ This morning a judge said, and I quote, "In the interest of justice and for a lack of evidence, I drop all charges." Now I know this kind of shit happens all the time, but maybe I can explain so any bros with the same sort of circumstances can benefit from my good fortune. What happened was that six years ago my partner and I sold some "dangerous and restricted drugs" (seven thousand yellows to be exact) to a narcotics agent. I know that sounds like a dipshit thing to do, but those things do happen. Anyway, they had us cold. I mean I still had the money in my paw when the fucker nabbed us. After I bailed out we fought the beef for six months and the prison dispatcher of a public defender I had started telling me to plead guilty now so I could go to the joint **now** and get out sooner. Well, to make a long story short, I took it on the heel and toe 5½ years ago. Last month I hired me a real lawyer, and for $1,000 he got me off. The bottom line is that many law enforcement agencies don't keep evidence for more than four or five years, but before all you fugitives go runnin' down to the local pigsty to give yourselves up, hire a good lawyer. He can check it all out for ya and will usually make some kind of deal before ya start forkin' over all your ducats.

By the way, my crime partner stayed. He got convicted, did some time, got out, went back, got out, went back, etc.

Lord of the Riff
Fairfax, Calif.

A Warning

☐ A couple of weeks ago some bros and I were coming back from an easy trip to the mountains outside Las Vegas. It had been a good day with good people and we were just easing down the freeway side by side when two squirrels on crotch rockets came burning between the two lines of Harleys. I've talked to others about this and we mostly feel the same way. This shit's happening more and more and we're not going to let it slide any more. If these cocksuckers think it's fun to zip past someone else in their own lane and startle the shit out of them, then there had better not be a next stoplight. Nobody, and **fucking nobody,** has the right to put my life in danger but **me.** If some of them read this, they might get the message. But I doubt it.

Stone
Las Vegas, Nev.

Censorship

☐ What the hell is going on here? I stopped by the local 7-11 (right beside my house) like I do every month to pick up the new **Easyriders.** The guy in the store said he is no longer allowed to carry it. Yet he had **Penthouse, Playboy,** and **Oui.** I was just wondering why—and he also wants to know.

Sundown
Smyrna, Ga.

■ Some dude at the main headquarters made the decision **for** him. Usually that person doesn't know who is buying the stuff in the store—sorta like AMF's trip. Tell the dealer to complain about it.

Tough Justice

☐ I am presently doing a life stretch behind an aggravated murder rap, and Texas has a law that requires any person found guilty of an aggravated crime and sentenced to 40 or more years to do 20 fucking calendar years day-for-day before he can even be considered for parole. Now my advice is: If you're in Texas, get out; and if you're not in, stay out.

Downed Bro
Huntsville, Tex.

■ They pride themselves on how tough they are on prisoners in that state.

The Library

☐ Was sittin' in the outhouse readin' the latest issue, and you know, you can't find a better place to read your rag.

Greg Paine
Duvall, Wash.

Heavy Sleeper

☐ Whatever you do don't park yer scoot anywhere in Bloomington, Calif. Going home from L.A. I snapped my primary chain, which really bummed me out, since I had just gotten the '69 750 Norton Commando cafe racer running just a few hours before. I parked my new scoot in a service station and nodded right next to it only to find it gone when I woke up. It's black and chrome. If there are any true bros in Bloomington, I'm offerin' a $200 reward for info leading to its return (no questions asked).

John Green
P.O. Box 1310
Big Bear Lake, Calif.

To The People

☐ I've wasted 45¢ on letters to you in the last two months. Lookie here. I spend $1.50 a month on you assholes. I spent 45¢ on stamps; the mail carrier spent X amount on fuel to carry my letters to ya. Now with the energy crisis the way it is and dough so hard to come by, you could at least send me a refund on my stamps. You're spreadin' my bucks awful thin. And for what?

Hey, I'm in the fuckin' can. I got three years to do in Missouri, and Kansas is waitin' in line. The least you could do is print one fuckin' line for my trouble and money. Give the rag back to the people, you capitalist fuckin' creeps.

The Breeze
Carthage, Mo.

■ If you'd quit blabbin' and say something, maybe we'd print your kites.

Bike Fever

☐ Biking fever is the only way to describe it. My ol' man just scraped up enough dough to finally get a bike. Up to then I had never ridden one. After my first ride, I was hooked. I used to wonder what was so great about bikes—I ain't wonderin' no more. I'm catching up on all his back issues of **Easyriders** and polishing chrome. Into the wind forever!

Peaches
Illesheim, Germany

■ Ride safe, Peaches.

Dirty Bikers?

☐ Jeeze, how come those dudes are complaining about their iron-on patches coming off in the wash? I thought real bikers didn't wash their clothes.

Laun
Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Passing Thought

☐ I just thought I'd tell ya how much I dig ya—especially Spider and Dusty with that stars shit every month. She hits the nail fair on the fuckin' head.

Sleepy
N.S.W., Australia

Lookin' For Bikers

☐ Harleys have been in my blood ever since I was big enough for my father to toss me up on his scooter. Well, I'm 20 now, and due to my unfortunate location I haven't packed on a Harley for some time—seems all them "nice-lookin' bros" and their scooters are located elsewhere—so I rely on your magazine to keep me going and in touch.

Nance
Baldwinville, Mass.

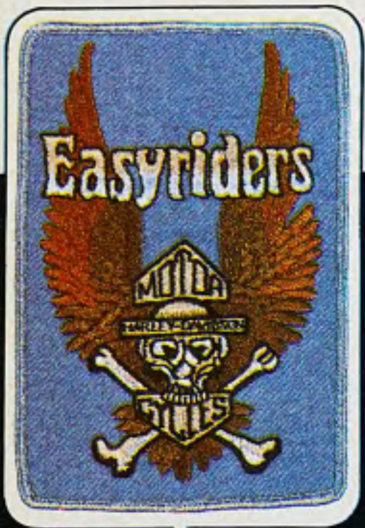
You asked for it!

Buy it at your newsstand or direct from us!

A mind-blowin' Easyriders calendar!

Twelve fantastic scenes—one for each season and mood. Dave Mann paintings and superb color photos printed on very heavy slick paper; hole-drilled for hanging and spiral bound—no cheapo staples! First class—just what you'd expect from **Easyriders**. Go to your favorite newsstand or order direct by sending $3.95 to Calendar, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Not available in Canada



Easyriders Patch

Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.*

Large Enough To Make Into A Pants Pocket!

California residents add 6% sales tax.

■ Send us your address, Nance—we're known to travel now and then.

Mind Fuck

☐ Crazy maybe, but I was reading Spider's "Taking It Easy" column and I read about a guy in Idaho who made jewelry out of elk shit. Now what I want to know is two things: 1. How does he get an elk to shit on a post earring? 2. If you bought any of his shit, how would you know it was the real thing and not some cheapo Jap imitation.?

Zube
Point Arena, Calif.

■ Ya look in the Yellow Pages for an elk shit expert—whatdafuck? Cost ya some bread, but you'd know you had the real shit.

Ass to Ash

☐ I don't know where that chick Arlene ("Wordmonger," Aug., '79) got her information about methane gas, but I think she should do some more research. I ride a Hog, but I'm also a coal miner, and we encounter a lot of methane inside a mine. All the methane that is found in a mine is in its pure and natural form. It is **definitely** colorless, tasteless, and odorless. Because of its physical properties, we have to use electronic methane detectors to keep from triggering a gas explosion that would turn our asses to ashes.

Junior
Costa, W.Va.

Letter Writer

☐ Just smoked my last three joints so I could write ya. Keep on printing, ya bunch of fuckups.

Trusty
Memphis, Tenn.

Funny Inside

☐ I just want to know who that pretty little sweetie in the Jammer's Handbook ad with the Bull Durham is. She kinda makes me feel funny inside.

T. "Blanks" Frank
Bushnell, Fla.

■ She's a sweetie and a half. Someone over there at Jammer has a good eye. Her name is Kathy Bolen.

Ol' Lady of 1997

☐ Just a note to let you righteous people know that the future ol' lady of the year, Duchess Bowen, was born July 18, 1979. What a fox! Tell Spider he'll have to drool 'cause it's hands off for him.

Stan Bowen
Taft, Calif.

■ For eight years anyway—Spider draws the line at eight and eighty.

Leg Wetter

☐ I remember selling my first bike (Honda 90) to Cycle Salvage in Beverly, Mass. Big shit, I bet you really care.

Dude
Peabody, Mass.

■ I just came—thanks.

A Tip

☐ If you guys can take a breather and pull your noses outta that raisin pie you been eatin', take a look at the August '79 issue of **Hot Rod** magazine. In the "C.J. Talks Tech" section there is a nifty little article on gettin' around this no-lead premium gas bullshit. Smokey Yunick gives some ideas, and anyone hung up with stock car racing knows that he knows his shit.

D.S.
Woodhaven, Mich.

Spilt Beer

☐ Aw fuck! Just smoked a bowl, drank a beer, and started to read my **In The Wind** #2 and spilt my beer on page 15.

Lumpy Lauer
Wiesbaden, Germany

J.J. Strikes Again

☐ I really liked the article "The Nature of the Enemy." That J.J. really knows his stuff. I agree with him 100%.

L.J.
Arlington, Mass.

A Pickup

☐ I picked up your magazine by mistake—what a fuckin' mistake! I'm hooked. I think if **Easyriders** came in liquid form, I would inject it directly into my arm.

Krazy Karen
Hollywood, Calif.

On Reserve

☐ Just sittin' here smokin' bullderm, thinkin', jackin' off, and listenin' to the bullshit goin' round, when I thought I'd break down and buy a 15¢ stamp to drop ya tramps a line. I haven't seen your rag since I've been here, and my imagination's runnin' on reserve.

Scooter
Santa Ana, Calif.

A Fantasy

☐ I like your magazine because it shows a life that is different from anything I know. I don't want to try that kind of life, but it is extremely interesting to read about.

Wayne Newcum
Jasper, Ind.

Response To Seiber Letter

☐ In response to L.E. Seiber's letter in the September issue, "cunts" are people too! Whether it's writin' to **Easyriders** or ridin' a scoot, chicks should be able to do what they want as long as they're not steppin' on you to do it. So why don't you let us be? You seem to have a bad attitude. What's the matter? You got a little bitty dick or what?

Mouse
Elyria, Ohio

☐ I hope if his attitude doesn't change, he'll be reincarnated as a cunt in his next life!

Sugar
Galesburg, Ill.

☐ As to Seiber's remark in "Wordmonger," I dedicate the following poem to him:

The Invention of the Pussy

Seven wise men made up their minds to make them a pussy of their own design.

First was a carpenter, full of wit; with a hammer and chisel he made a split.

Second was a blacksmith, black as coal; with a nail and sledge he made a hole.

Third was a tailor, tall and thin; with a piece of red ribbon he lined it within.

Fourth was a furrier, big and stout; with the fur of a bear he lined it without.

Fifth was a fisherman, old and bent; with a rotten old herring he gave it its scent.

Six was a preacher, with a B.A. degree; he felt it and patted it and said it would pee.

Seventh was a rabbi, a mean little runt; he fucked it and blessed it and called it a cunt.

L. Ditta
Hollywood, Fla.

A Truth

☐ Remember this: Women will never control the world, but we will always control the pussy.

P-Kay
Tulsa, Okla.

No Ass

☐ If we wanna look at ass all the fuckin' time, we'll buy **Hustler** magazine.

Savage Depesus
Elmira, N.Y.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

On Break-Ins

The neat thing about the break-in of an oversize part—bearing, piston, ring, or whatever—is that it takes place spontaneously, and stops automatically when the fit has become perfect. The extra heat produced at the tight spot thins out the oil *at that location*. Of course, there is less oil circulating in those close quarters anyway, so wear is much faster there than in the rest of the engine. As the part wears, however, more oil can enter, and the process begins to slow down gradually. After a few hours running time, things are about what they should be, and the motor is now ready for years of faithful service.

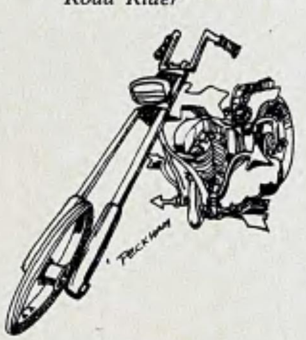
Of course the extra heat and wear are murder on motor oil. Be sure to change it after the break-in period is complete—say at 200 to 300 miles. On the other hand, don't be tempted to use a thinner - viscosity "break - in oil"; you don't want the whole engine to wear, just the tight spots.

—Fr. Dale Peterka
Road Rider

Questionable Ethics

I have always been troubled by the fact that researchers conduct important studies, then take these studies and put them on the shelf where no one except the truly dedicated reference librarian ever sees or reads them again—NHTSA, as one example, has not taken this approach. On the other hand, and in what I think is questionable research ethics, NHTSA releases the findings and the implications of the findings without releasing the data or the actual research document. Then, several months later, after the news media have made a big "To-Do" about these "new studies," the data are released.

—Roger P. Quane, Ph.D.
Road Rider



AMA Polls Riders

No other issue approached the EPA noise regulations in terms of member concern. The second-highest rating on a combined scale of road and off-road responses was 17.1 percent for the recent news media blitz engineered by Joan Claybrook and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) to build support for mandatory helmet laws. The proposed New York cycle ban ranked a close third among member concerns, topping the list on 15.7 percent of questionnaires.

The survey results have been compiled in a report that will be used by the GRD in dealing with various government agencies. GRD Director Ed Youngblood says the information is extremely helpful in making legislators and regulators aware of the needs and opinions of motorcyclists and in establishing GRD priorities.

Copies of the complete study are available at a cost of $3.00. Write GRD Attitude Survey, P.O. Box 141, Westerville, OH 43081.

—*American Motorcyclist*

Listen Up, Dummy!

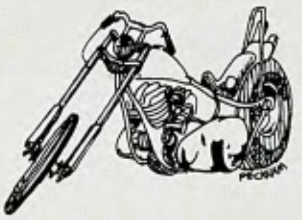
In any biker-citizen hassle, the first cop on the scene assumes the citizen is right. We've seen "fellow bikers" turn out to be anything from federal finks to DEA undercover slime to psychopathic killers.

Happiness is a warm gun...

Not that artillery has ever been unfamiliar to the average biker. Guns are a big part of the whole macho nonsense that we all spend too much time cultivating.

The interesting thing, though, is that bikers, who can tell you to the tenth of a second what any modified engine can turn on what kind of track, who can listen to a bike two blocks off and tell what state of tune it's in, and who know the bore/stroke of any bike back to the 1937 Webley-Vickers, are so God Damned Dumb about weaponry.

—Chris Bunch
Supercycle



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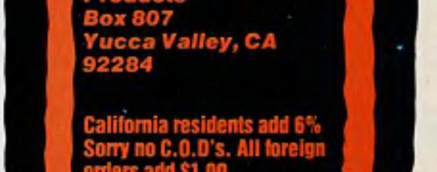
Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either Black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied.

Immediate delivery. $7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



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GARNETT

TUESDAY

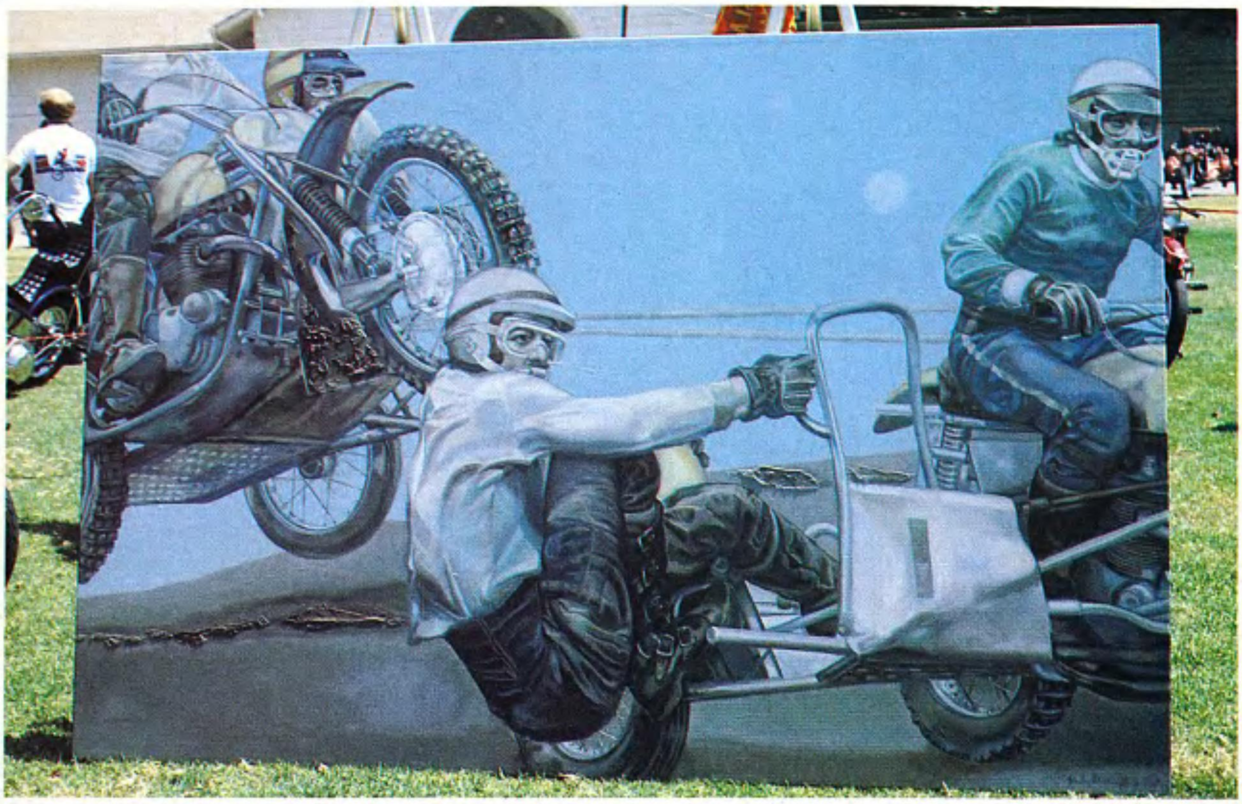
Life in the summer of that year was one of those fine times that will never be had again. Some things are designed to be done only once. And going back does not do any good. Sometimes it doesn't even help the memories.

I was tending bar in Frisco on the spicy west side in a fine old nautical place on the wharf called Land's End. This wasn't your average fishnet pub. All the trims were actual remnants of those grand sailing vessels that had once ruled the seas with the wind and the stars. I was proud to stand watch behind the bar and I liked the clientele. They weren't the blandly rich or the stylishly decadent. They were people of the earth with soft lines on their faces, laughter in their eyes, and feeling in their hearts. But the finest thing about Land's End was the entertainment.

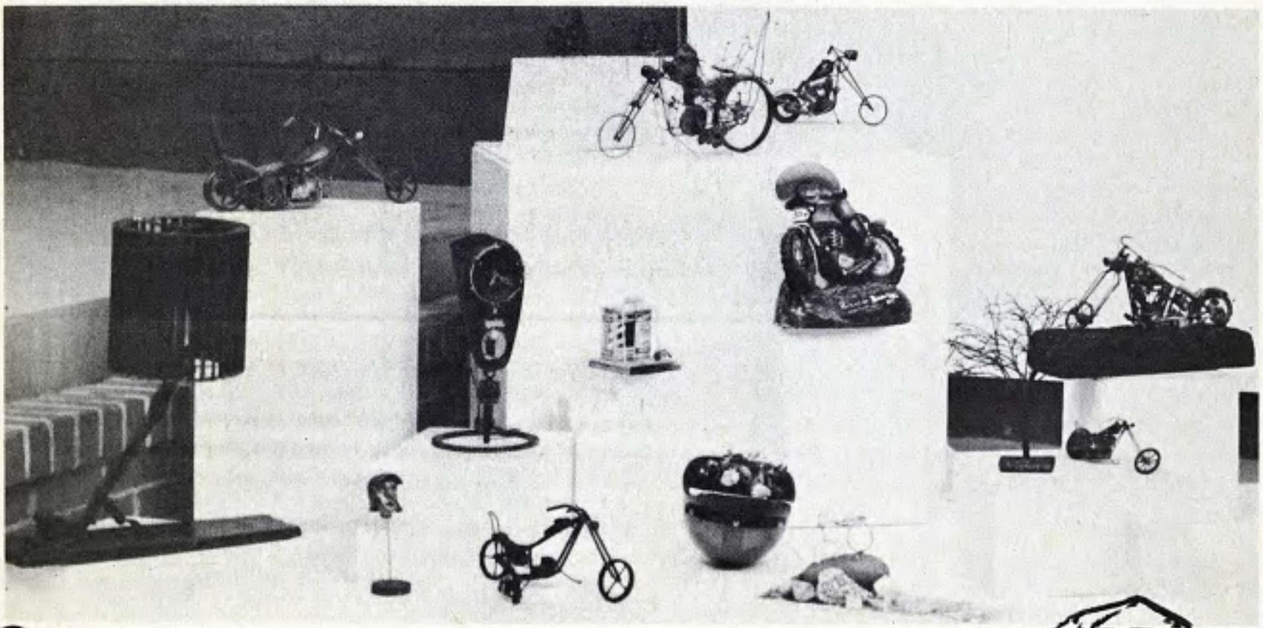
Her name was Tuesday and she had that light blonde hair as fine as silk that would stir in the lightest of breezes. Her blue eyes sparkled when she sang, and the house grew

—Continued on page 98

By Cliff Doddsun

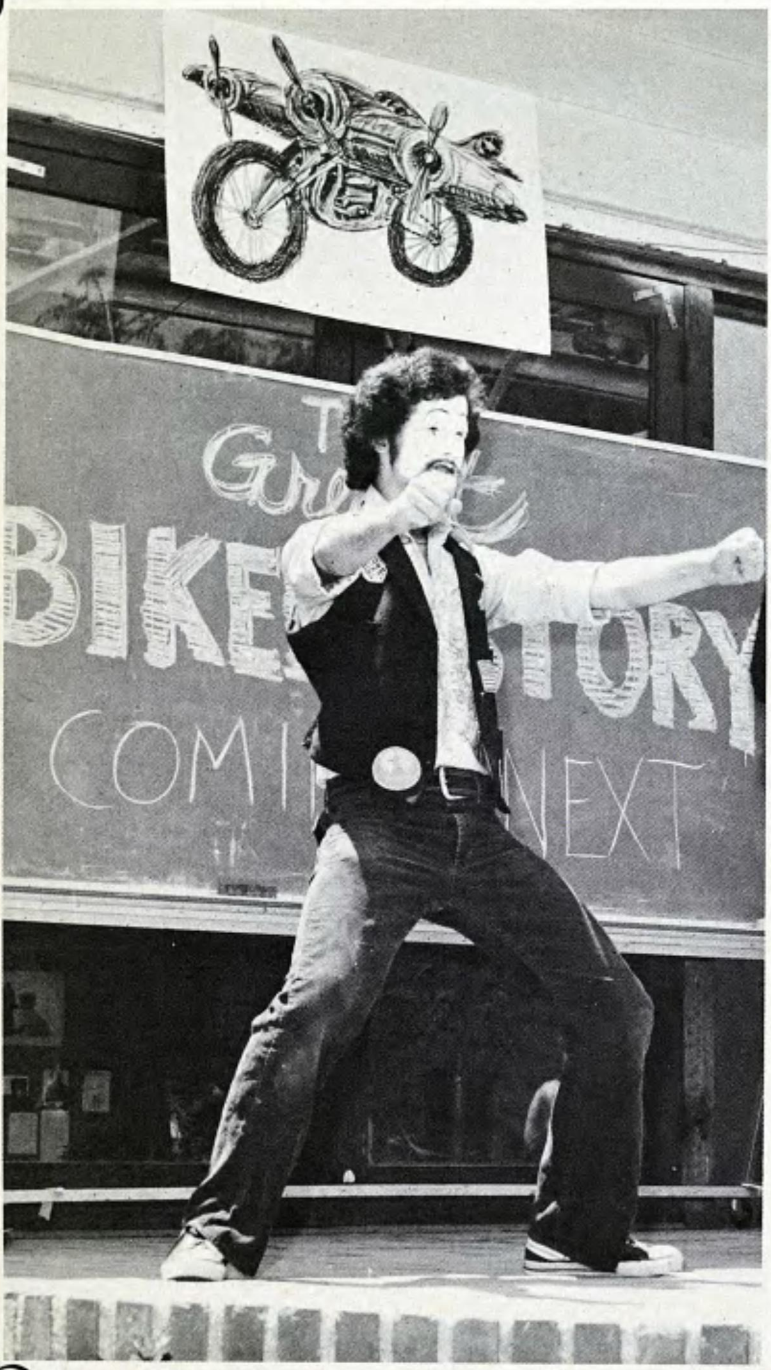


Biker Art Show



Choppers and Culture Rub Shoulders

It was a hot July Sunday in Pasadena, California. The humidity was almost as high as the temperature. The air was filled with the screams, whines, rattles, and roars of every kind of motorcycle imaginable. Just walking from the parking lot to the display area across the road, at the Pasadena Community Art Center, guaranteed you a mouthful of dust thick enough to chew. You had to dodge TV cables and cameras, wandering children, party-spirited brothers and sisters, groups of citizens from the art world and from the surrounding community. A perfect setting for frayed nerves and possibly a heavy confrontation between bikers and



citizens—right? Wrong! This was a beautifully mellow Sunday afternoon when everyone was welcome and the commonly held love of motorcycles, no matter what kind, brought every conceivable segment of the community together.

Bob Phillips, who is affiliated with the Art Center and is also a biker, developed the idea of this show because he wanted outsiders, the formal art world, to see the vast amount of creativity that exists in the world of bikers. Perhaps they aren't producing textbook art, but their creations are original and beautiful and Phillips felt that it was time the art world recognized this art concept for what it is.

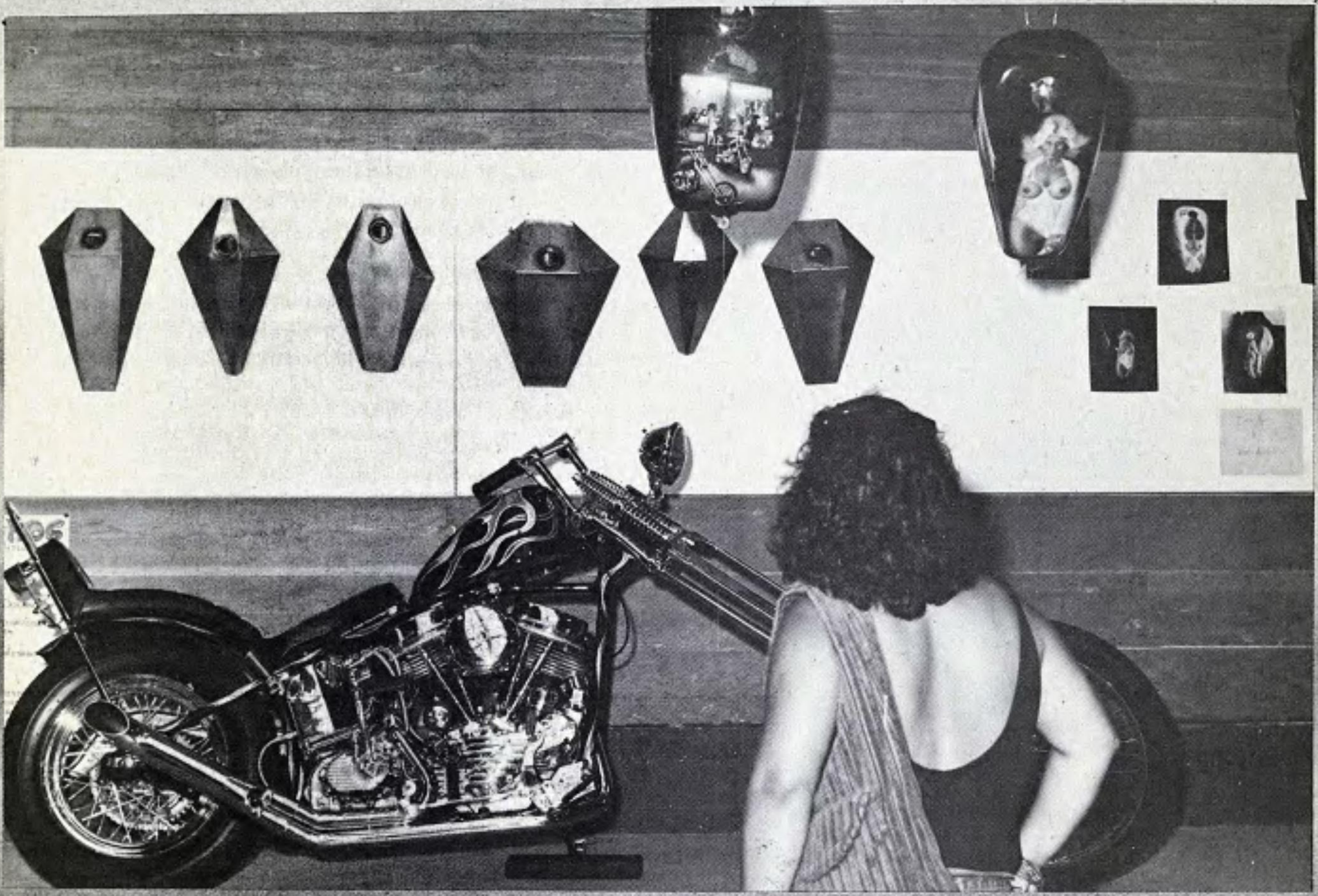
Biker artists responded to the invitation, and their contributions made for a dazzling display. There were rat bikes, street

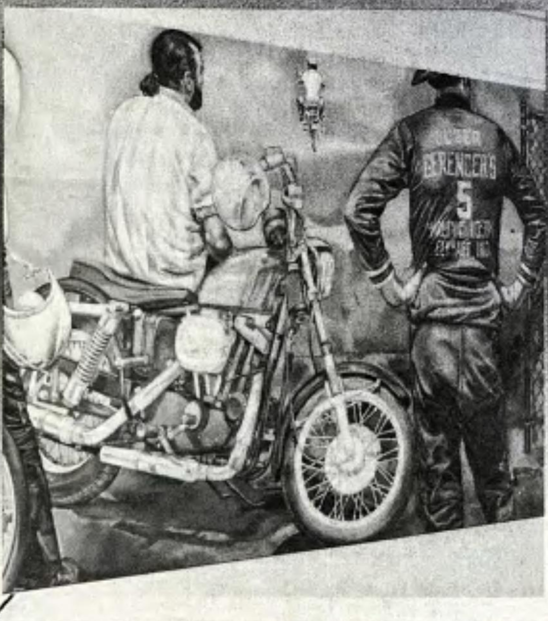
bikes, show bikes, full dressers, and even some far-out novelties. The art ranged from meticulously painted tanks to a series of twelve 5-foot by 7-foot paintings of biking around the world. Tattooists created skin art while surrounded by awe- struck onlookers. A series of Dave Mann originals and a sparkling, sun-lit display of stained glass attracted much attention. NBC's "Sunday Afternoon" was telecast live from the show.

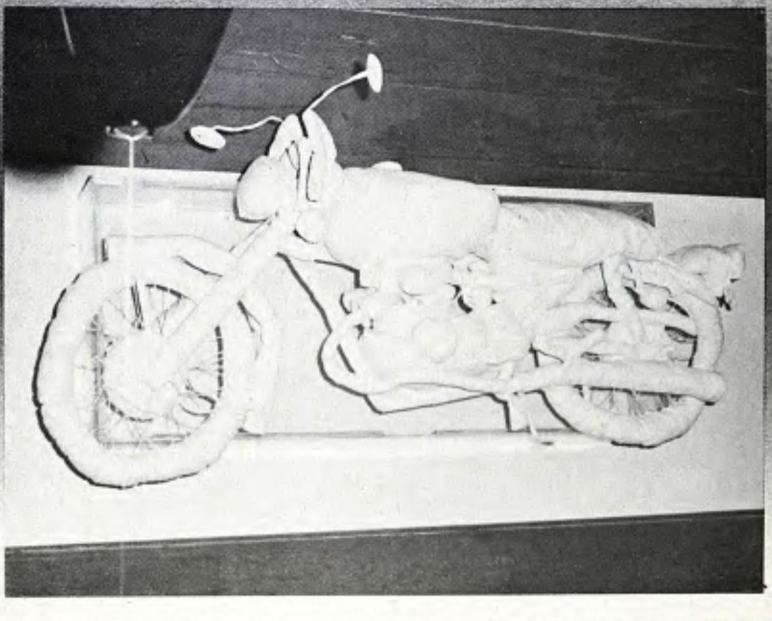
—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

There were mimes, rock music, and a police stunt team. There was first-rate security, provided by two local clubs—guards posted everywhere answering questions, giving directions, always helpful. And there were people—over 2,000 of them— digging all of this.

The barriers were down. Bikers were no longer just big, hairy dudes in Levi's and cutoffs. They were creative people







Photos by Pete Chiodo

very much involved in their own world of art. And the citizens—the art writers and critics, the members of the community—were no longer pallid conservatives in polyester knits. They were just folks looking, smiling, laughing—but most of all looking and enjoying this introduction to another kind of art. Their enthusiasm made it obvious that bikers had gained some credibility this day.

The MMA and Bob Phillips organized and put on this first annual biker art show, which promised—and delivered—something for everyone who's into bikes. And it went off without a hitch. Well, almost. A TV truck did run over a dresser!

—Duchess

APPRECIATION

For good people and pretty bikes

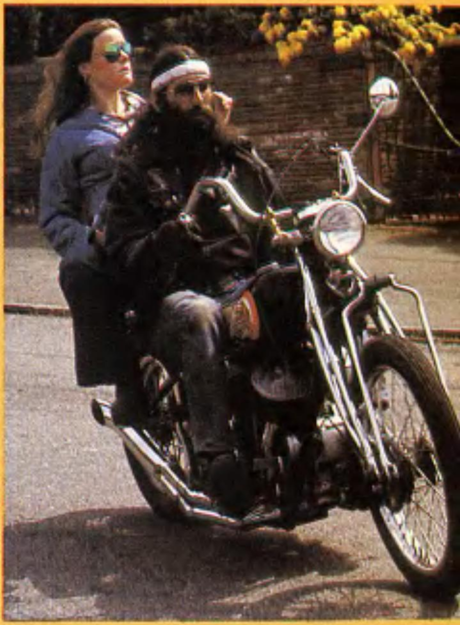
We go to a lot of trouble to bring you the finest bikes—at least in this country—and it ain't always easy. Every so often, a bike will emerge that is worth a full feature, but because of distance or the inability to get together good professional flicks, we find ourselves with only a partial feature. And we also find ourselves with an irritated brother out there, waitin' for his feature to hit the pages of this mag. Well, we think this situation is the shits. And we haven't worked all these years to have our people get the impression that we don't care. 'Cause we do.

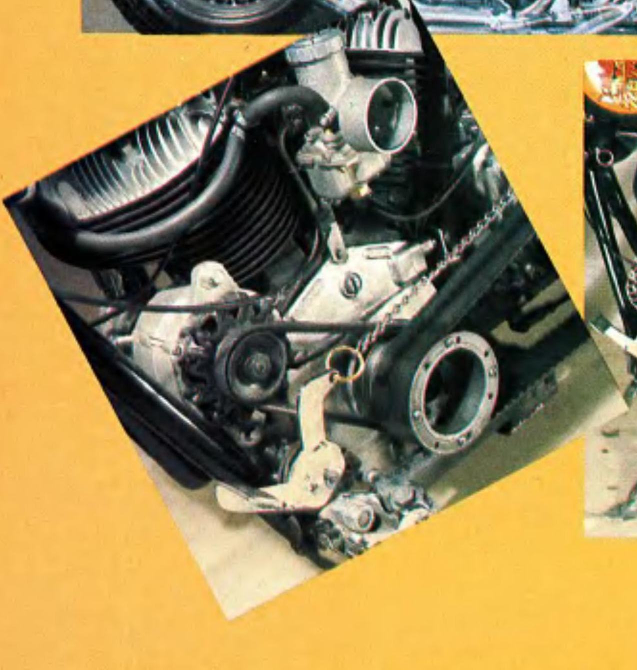
So, this feature is a series of bikes that we just weren't able to run full features on. Each bike deserves many more pages than the available photography allowed to use. But these bikes deserved to be in the mag and nothin' was gonna stop us from givin' them the credit they deserve.

—Bandit

Chief/Hog by Don Dry Cell from Seattle, Washington. The Chief/Hog consists of 1936, '46, and '53 Indian and 1952 Harley-Davidson components.

Photos by Pack Rat



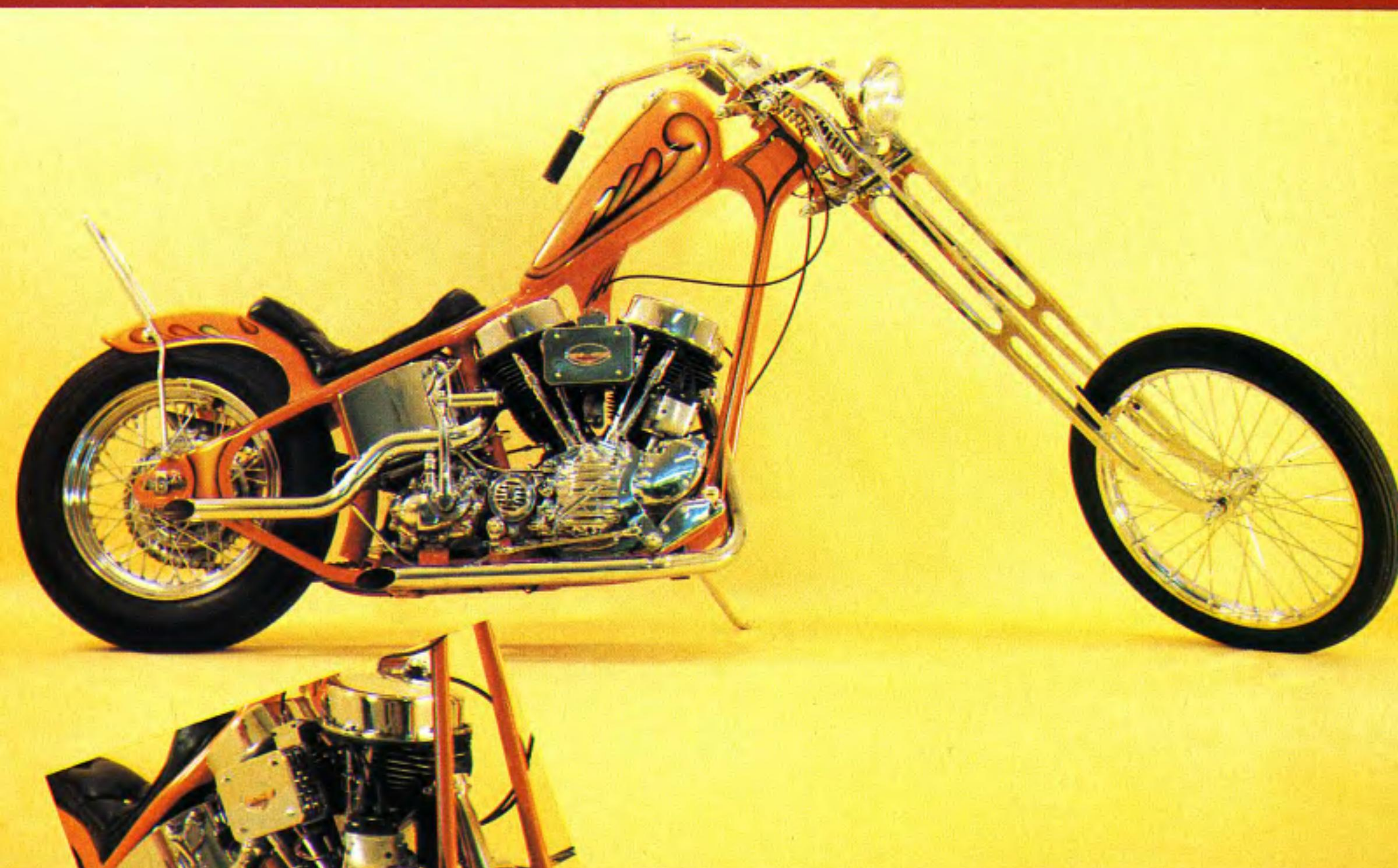


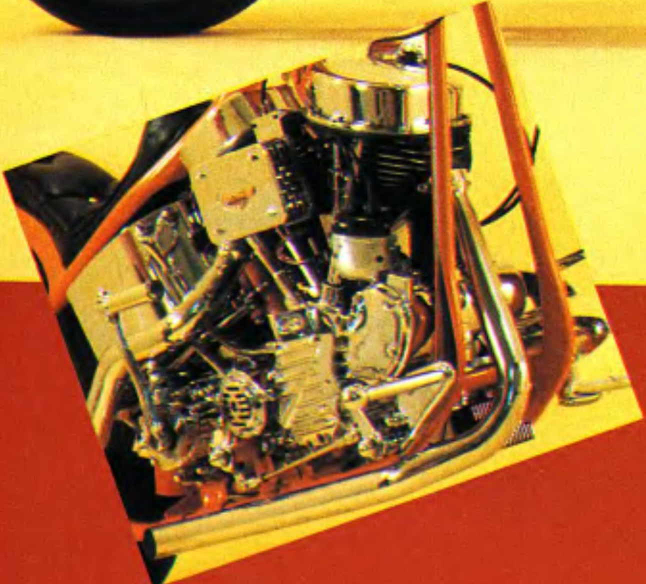
Photos by Bill Davis

1951 rigid panhead by Butch Sherwood of Connersville, Indiana. Butch's pan is stroked to 84 powerful inches with close-ratio gears in the tranny to carry the torque to the rear Goodyear.

Photos by Bob Norman

1955 fatbob panhead by Brendan Bonner of Birmingham, England, complete with a British Amal carburetor. Brendan rides this silver scooter sixty miles a day. He paid a mere one hundred eighty-two bucks for the '55 panhead that started on the third kick—after five years in storage—and he built it up to look the way you see it here.





Stretched panhead by Danny Hull of Porterville, California. Rod Peyron fabricated the 1948 machine for Danny. The stock-displacement, 32-year-old engine and tranny drive a sleek, heavily stretched chassis.

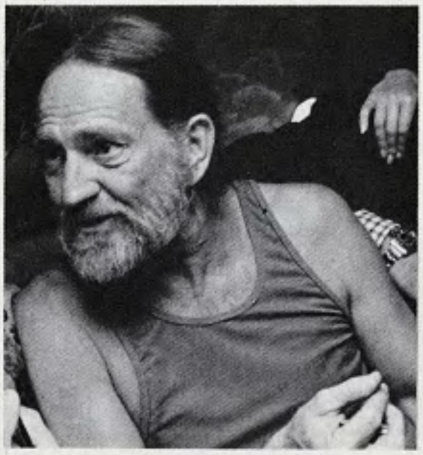
The Intruder by Henry Mikus from Marcy, New York. Henry's scooter is a 1947 Harley-Davidson knucklehead built up to an 80-inch stroker.

Bikers and Texans— an interview with Willie Nelson

When I got the call from our wandering photographer, Billy Tinney, I was skeptical. He was in Las Vegas and ran down some off-the-wall story about bumping into Willie Nelson and mentioning this rag. Willie actually knew of **Easyriders** and volunteered to pose in front of his Texas flag for a cover. He also volunteered to do this interview—blew Billy away. But Billy's been known to get a little blurred around the edges after a fifth of ta-kill-ya or so, so I didn't pay a lot of attention, at first figuring he'd been talked into a scam by some silk-suited cokespoon and had slipped over into fantasyland.

But damned if it all wasn't true, and the next thing I knew I was sitting next to the Cub, our resident photog, in a propeller-driven crate flying to Lake Tahoe to interview Willie. The Cub quickly drank himself into a stupor and was thus able to take the plane's constant shuddering and rattling in stride. I spent the time trying to go over the questions I wanted to ask Willie, but it's hard to write when your white-knuckled fists are locked to the armrests and you're begging the stewardess for a parachute.

Eventually, we found ourselves wandering the posh casino of Harrah's Hotel, where Willie was playing. Our grubby jeans and stained T-shirts looked out of place among the high rollers, but the pit bosses knew we were big shots when the Cub dropped three whole bucks playing the nickel slots. We had to operate on Willie's schedule the entire time we were there, which meant things never got started before 2 a.m., when the second show ended. Every morning would find me and the Cub clinging to our barstools, drinking our breakfast, adding additional stains to our T-shirts, and wondering if we could get through an-



other day on a diet of booze, toot, and no sleep.

The interview took place in Willie's packed dressing room between shows. It was a glitter, star-speckled party atmosphere at first—Jane Fonda loved the **Easyriders** T-shirt the Cub laid on her. But I had to pull him over into a corner and talk him out of asking her to strip for an Ol' Lady Contest photo. Willie was gracious as always, and after excusing himself from the party, he gave us his undivided attention.

When I spoke to him, Willie had just finished one movie and was about to begin on another. His records continue to sell millions, he had just completed a Christmas album, and he still found time to maintain a personal appearance schedule that would kill most entertainers. The story of Willie's career and success is too familiar to need retelling here, so the talk turned to motorcycles—the only thing I know shit about—and proceeded from that subject.

Tex

ER: You used to ride a motorcycle, right?

WN: Yeah. I've owned a bunch of bikes— everything from Harleys to Hondas.

ER: Did you start riding early, when you were a kid?

WN: No, I started later on in life, after I was grown. I'd always wanted one, even as a kid. But I could never afford one then. I was grown before I had any money. Unfortunately, I don't have the time to ride much any more.

ER: When Paul Newman or Steve McQueen want to ride their motorcycles or drive their race cars, they have to face the opposition of entertainment executives who are uptight about the risks. Like them, you're valuable property—if you wanted to ride, would you face the same thing?

WN: Not with executives. I'd face it from my family, though.

ER: You've been called an outlaw and the name has stuck—both to you and to an entire movement in country music. The same term, as you know, has been applied to a segment of motorcycle riders—the sort of hardcore Harley riders we write for and about in **Easyriders**. Do you think there's any parallel to be drawn between the two?

WN: Definitely. I think that all bike riders are like pickers in the sense that they're both sorta looked down on by the community.

ER: Why is that?

WN: Well, a musician has always been a second-class citizen. I say always. . .actually, not so much now, but for a long time that was true. He couldn't get credit, he couldn't get anything. He had no visible means of support, no *regular* job. A lot of bikers aren't nine-to-fivers, so they and musicians are treated the same—they're called loafers, troublemakers, everything.

ER: Is that why both groups, to one degree or another, feel alienated from society?

WN: Well, I think there's a freedom that certain people insist on having—like the cowboys, that type of person. Bikers have that same kind of image. Pickers have that image. A lot of people feel that way and want that freedom, but these people actually go after it—they try to live a free life.

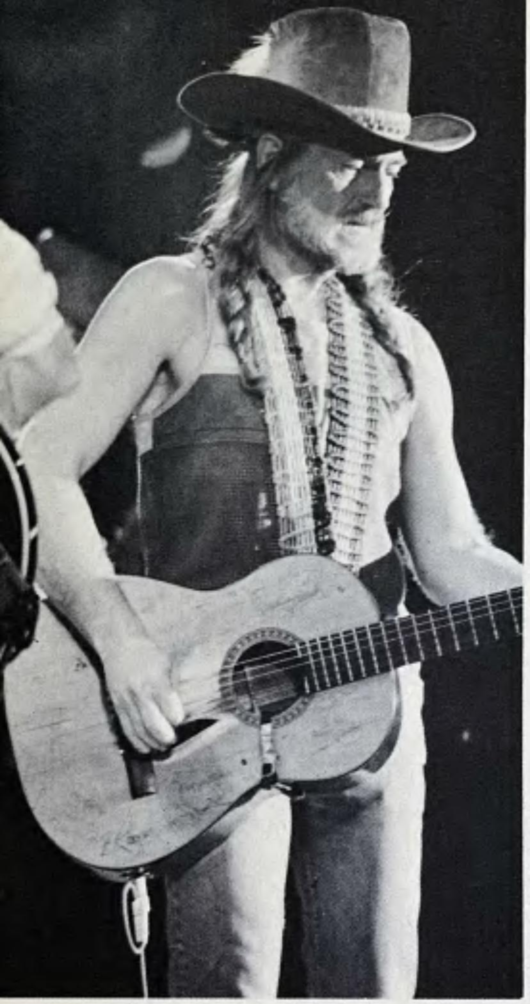
A guy who has an eight-hour job where he punches a clock five days a week is generally a little envious of somebody who rides around on a motorcycle having fun. The same goes for the guy who rides around on a bus with a bunch of musicians playing music. You know, it's something the clock-puncher would like to do.

ER: So there's a mixture of envy in society's disapproval?

WN: I think so. The average person has mixed emotions about us.

ER: **Easyriders** has a substantial readership in prisons. You seem to be as popular with guys in the joint as you are with the public. Have you ever done any prison shows?

Special thanks to Snake and Beedie



Photos by Kim Peterson

WN: Yeah. I've done a few shows in different prisons around the country. It's been a couple of years since I've done one. I think the last time I played was down in Texas, at Sugarland. I plan to do them as long as I can fit them into my schedule—I've got a lot of irons in the fire right now, so it's not easy. But I do a few benefits each year for causes I'm in favor of.

ER: At your July Fourth Picnic this year we met some Bandidos who are fans of yours. Do you have personal friends in motorcycle clubs or are they primarily just fans?

WN: I have friends in a lot of bike clubs.

ER: The audience you played to in Austin was young and hip. The people who came to see you here are somewhat older and obviously more affluent, but you do essentially the same show for both groups. What explains the fact that you cut across so many social and economic levels and are so popular with such a broad spectrum of people?

WN: I believe that people are people—period. They may dress differently and do everything they can to look different, be different, or act different, but as far as music is concerned, they're all the same. Good music is appreciated by most people, regardless of how they look or how old they are or how much money they have. If you produce a sound that's pleasing to the ear, it doesn't matter how long the hair is. Whether it's over the ear or not, the same ear is there to appreciate the sounds. Also, we play all kinds of music in our show. We haven't done anything brave—just play a lot of different kinds of music. And by doing that you attract a wide variety of people, all different ages and from all walks of life.

ER: You come from a religious background, a Baptist upbringing. What role, if any, did that play in accounting for your popularity?

WN: It had a lot to do with my learning people—learning what people want to hear and how to get their attention and what they respond to. You see, when you go to church every Sunday for most of the early years of your life, you learn how the preacher gets the congregation's attention and how he holds it. A preacher is a professional speaker, an entertainer, really. He's not usually regarded that way, but it's true nonetheless. He has to be a showman to sell his product.

ER: So you're saying that the religious influences played more of a part in your ability to project as a performer than in the nature of the songs you write?

WN: I think you could say that. I owe a lot to those preachers I watched do their act all those years.

ER: So there's a touch of evangelism in the manner in which you relate to an audience?

WN: Or maybe there's a touch of show business in evangelism—or at least salesmanship, which is also show business. It all involves selling your product, no matter what you're trying to sell or get across to the people. If it's religion, you've got to be good. Billy Graham is a great salesman. He used to be a door-to-door salesman.

ER: As you did, too—right?

WN: That's right. When you go from house to house and knock and you don't know who's behind that door, you learn a lot. Do that for a long period of time, and you learn a helluva lot.

ER: Were you good at it?

WN: Yeah, I was good at it.

ER: Would you agree that there's a religious thread running through the songs you write—a traditional morality?

WN: Well, I don't write immoral songs, so I must write moral songs—at least, songs that I think have a moral. In my mind I write songs that mean something to me, songs I hope will say what I want to say. Being a positive thinker, I'm not going to write anything negative. So a lot of the things I write have what you might call a semi-religious effect on some people.

I believe that none of my songs present life as being hopeless. There's humor—wholesome stuff—in my mind when I write them. Even if the song is on a tragic subject, I try to say something about the lighter side of it.

ER: Do you think there's a "lighter side" to tunes like "Hello Walls," and "Bloody Mary Morning," and "Half A Man"?

WN: Well, yeah. Like in "Hello Walls"—when you put it in the blues rhythm, then you take it away from being too depressing and you add a little jump beat. That's what the blues is—depressing lyrics with a driving beat. The negativity is countered with a positive drive and the feel behind it. So people cry in their beer and listen to the blues but still don't despair.

ER: To what extent would you say drugs, including alcohol, have played a role in your life?

WN: I think drugs are medicines. In the Bible it says, "Physician, heal thyself." In other words, a person knows what's wrong with him and sometimes he knows what it's going to take to relieve that condition temporarily, until he can work it out. It's the same thing a doctor is going to do for him. A doctor is going to charge him for an office visit to do the same thing. If the patient knows what to do himself and is sure he knows, then he should do it himself. For most people, drugs serve as a kind of self-medication.

ER: Does being from Texas mean something special for your music and your popularity? Is there something unique about being from Texas?

WN: Evidently there is today—it hasn't always been that way. We Texans are boastful and we brag a lot, so over the years we've gotten a reputation for being bigmouths, bragging about this state we claim has everything in the world—which it does, you know. But for a long time they didn't believe us. I think now they say, "Those sonsabitches were right after all—Texans are okay."

ER: About Austin itself—recently you said that you really never thought there was anything special about the music scene there.

WN: Again, people are people. I think a lot of good people gathered in Austin and I got a chance to go down and play some music for them. A lot of good people are gathered in every town I've ever been in. In fact, I think you can pick a town and throw a dart at a map and we can get an auditorium full of people who will enjoy good music, if we can get them out of the house. In Austin, having a college there and having access to all those young people and all that peak energy made everything possible. It just happened to all come together there. That's where I happened to find the audience.

ER: Would you mark the 1972 Dripping Springs Picnic as where everything started to happen?

WN: I think that Picnic was probably the first big indication that there were a lot of young people who were into rock and roll but who were also able to enjoy another type of music as well. People love an underdog, and the Picnic has always been an underdog. There's always been a lot of reasons why there should not be a

—*Continued on page 77*

Poetry From The Heart

Kind of a Love Song

Sometimes my man's a dreamer
With plans to reach the stars.
But he spends more time hustlin' tit
In sleazy, smoke-filled bars.
An' you can find him any time,
When he's not here with me,
Pourin' whiskey in his beer,
Feelin' wild an' bein' free.
But after all the money's spent
An' he feels all alone,
He bids the barroom girls goodnight
An' blindly staggers home.
He knows that I'll be waitin'.
He figures that's my place.
He don't know how much it hurts
To miss his ugly face.
An' he don't know hów proud I feel
To party by his side.
An' when he leaves me here alone
He don't know how I cry.
But don't think I don't love him
Just 'cause I get upset.
You know I gotta love him—
I haven't killed him yet!

—Skull's ol' lady, Carol

Dear Box 69

I was reading **Easyriders** and caught your cute ad,
"Five-foot-three, ninety-nine, blonde, looking for a pad."
I sent you my picture, and one of my bike,
and the vital statistics you said you would like.
I enclosed the three dollars, as the ad said to do,
"To help pay for postage and a photo," of you.
Well, I must say, your answer came quickly enough,
with a Polaroid snapshot of you in the buff.
You were very explicit of what you liked to do,
adored to be eaten, always ready to screw.
I replied, with the money you said would take care
of paying your bills and pin money to spare.
Twenty-one letters later, one every tenth day,
Your message read, "I love you," and I felt the same way.
Paid for you a Harley, so we could ride side by side,
and marked the date in red, you'd come be my bride.
I waited and waited, till the date was long gone,
and my letter came back, marked, "Addressee unknown."
Now I can't figure out what has happened to you.
Did you just change your mind like some women do?
I'm sitting, day-dreaming with a cold case of brew,
Reading your letters of love, numbered one to twenty-two.
All so neatly printed, no erasures, not a blur.
But why do they all start the same way, "Dear Sir?"

—Puzzled Hill Country Romeo

Spring Ride

First decent spring Sunday
Snow melting, sun radiating
My man's putting
I'm not
Baked some bread
Even cleaned
Now I'm totally bummed
Ran out of busy things
Shit
Love my man
Love my kid
But can't help feeling
 the resentment
Can't take rugrats
Gotta stay home
Made my bed
Gotta lie in it
Don't always hafta like it
Not his child
Why should we both be unhappy
Guess it goes with the territory
Don't mean I hafta enjoy it
Crack another beer
Roll another joint
Think on good times
 happening before
Dream of good rides to come
Wait patiently for him
Know he understands
Know he'll do it again
He has to
I would
Kid will be asleep when he rolls in
Maggoty, loaded
Unsure of my mood
Wondering if he'll get hassled
Miserable, frustrated, bored
Resentful as all hell
Hug me, love me
There's nothing to forgive
I've already forgotten
Glad to be a woman
Wouldn't want to change
But sometimes
Wish I was a chick again
Instead of an ol' lady.

—Pilgrim

Wild and Free

Black tape and wire
Are this biker's best friends.
Whiskey, wine, and women last
Just till the party ends.
I need a quart o' 60-weight
To get my eight set straight.
Fill up with gas,
Then we'll haul ass,
The rest o' the world can wait.
Point your face to the wind
An' set your spirit free.
Tell it to the world:
"I've taken all the crap,
I won't be back—
There ain't no chains on me!"

—Skull's ol' lady, Carol

Goodbye

You ask me why I'm leaving
As if you couldn't see.
Your question's just another way
Of hanging on to me.
I ain't got no answers, kid,
I just gotta go.
An' talkin here won't help you none,
'Cause you don't wanna know.
It ain't no other woman
Pullin' me away from you.
It's somethin' 'bout the way you talk
An' do the things you do.
It's nothin' 'bout the way you look
Or somethin' you could change.
It's somethin' in the weather here
That's got me feelin' strange.
I'm wonderin' where I'm headed to,
Thinkin' on where I've been,
Wonderin' what we fell out of
An' could I fall back in.
I feel like I been workin' hard
An' you're a heavy load.
An', honey, it's just time for me
To head on down the road.
It ain't no use to kiss me
Or to cry about the kids.
You know I'll send you what I can
When I ain't on the skids.
You keep the house together, now.
Try not to wreck the car.
An' think about this scooter tramp
Each time you pass a bar.

—Skull's ol' lady, Carol

L.I.O.L.I.
(Lock It Or Lose It)

We should have a patch embroidered to say L-I-O-L-I, just as a reminder when we get sorta loose not to let the slack out on our putts. In the last five years, scooter people have accomplished a helluva lot in the way of legislation, brotherhood, etc. We've grown to be a strong unit of individuals who care about our fellow brothers-of-the-wind. But at the same time, we've loosened the slack on our scooters in accordance with our faith and trust in brotherhood.

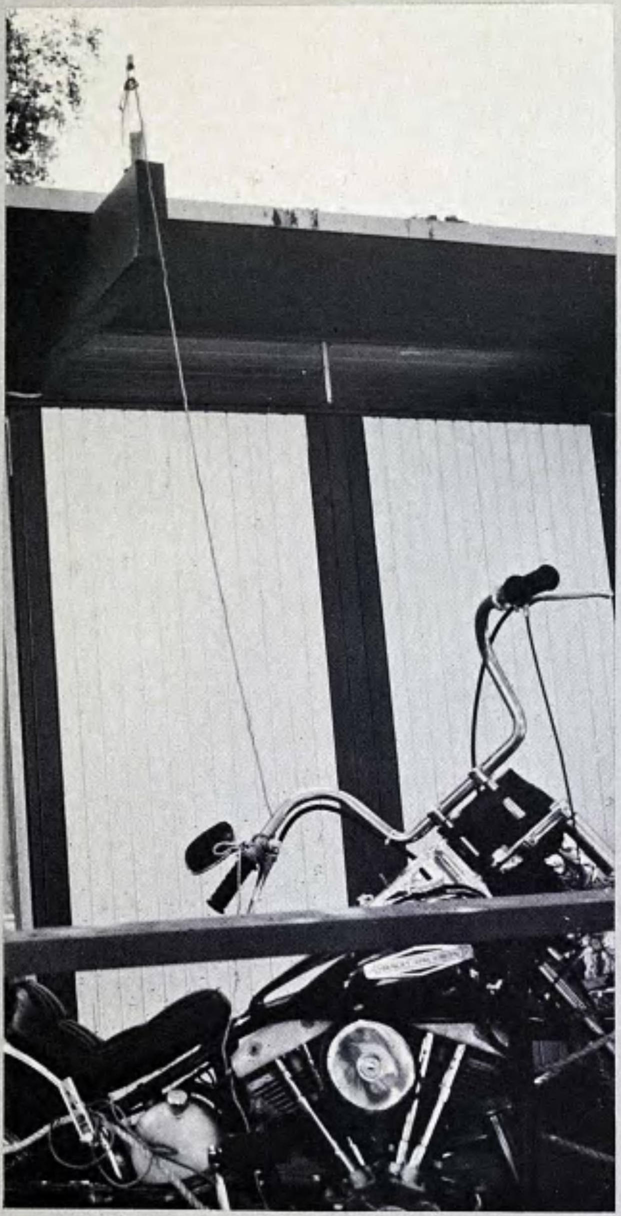
Faith and trust is a good trip—to put it mildly. But motorcycles aren't stolen by brothers, or even by bikers. They're usually bagged for money, then sold to bike people. And with the current price of H-D parts competing with those of Rolls Royce, it's often too great a temptation to pass up the parts. But let's not go into our feelings concerning thieves, or we'll end up takin' reds and smackin' people.

Photos by Pete Chiodo

Over this past summer, we've been informed of more brothers who had their bikes taken than ever before. So this article was designed to motivate our people to tighten the slack on scooters—most of us have only one.

In any situation, if our shit gets loose, the first security measure is to take up the slack. Quit leaving our bikes unlocked outside of bars. Remember when you used to chain your sled alongside a deserted highway while you took a leak? Remember lockin' your bike while ya ran into a liquor store to cop a pack of smokes—took maybe thirty seconds? And remember the stories of bros havin' their bikes ripped while payin' the gas station attendant, or while makin' a phone call with the bike parked outside the booth? Remember, always, to lock your bike securely no matter where you are. And don't go for the old line "I know every bro in town—ya don't hafta lock yer bike here." 'Cause a passing munchkin from another town ain't gonna be listenin' to your bro while you down your fifth beer or smoke another doobie. Or, if you think your bike looks tough in front of the big-titted broad's house while you're munchin' on her rosy nipples, somebody may be rollin' your tough-lookin' scoot down the street. So tighten up that slack, stay on the lookout, and lock your bike.

We're not gonna evaluate locks and chains here. Bolt cutters can go through any-



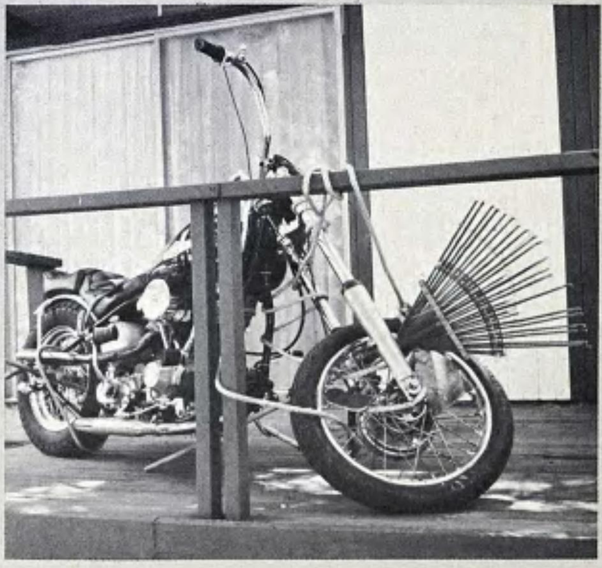
thing. Think about that. Sounds as though it's a waste of time to lock a bike if your goddam lock ain't gonna stand up to the mighty bolt cutter. But that attitude is bullshit. Most bikes are bagged because of convenience. Recently, a few of us bros and our ol' ladies went to check out a flick. While we were standin' in line, we began checkin' out a pretty, red shovel parked in front of the theater—unlocked. Any one of us could have strolled over to it and very casually pushed it away before the owner finished watchin' the Daffy Duck cartoon. Lockin' a pretty putt is a matter of inconvenience for the thief. The longer it takes and the more hassle it is to cop your sled, the less likely it is gonna be that a thief will be bothered fuckin' with it. So conceal the lock, make it difficult to get to. Use a lot of chain. Hide the lock. Put the bike in an awkward place to get at. Force the thief to take a long, tense time to do the job. And if possible, force him to make noise. A lot of chain will accomplish that —or lock it to a trash can, apartment house stairs, anything that might wake up someone, even if it's just the goddam alley cat.

That's the basics. Now let's gaze at a few specific problem areas. Bars and bros' pads ain't usually too bad. But just the fact that the forty scooters out front ain't locked doesn't mean you shouldn't lock yours. Keep it as close to the door as possible and show people you care about that putt—check on it. The thief may be sittin' at the other end of the bar, or across the room, waitin' for one of the forty bike owners to pass out. Then one unlocked bike may become one missin' scooter. And the owner won't be aware of the bum situation until it's closin' time—or even the next morning.

How about when you're takin' care of business—in a bank, a bike shop, the DMV, a supermarket, whatever? Even if you can see your putt, lock it. If you're two stories in the sky, lookin' out the window, you may have the grisly experience of watchin' someone ride your putt away. Make a few important calculations before you leave your bike's side. How far away will you be from your precious putt? How long will the business take? How long would it take to get back to your sled? And how long will it take for some sonuvabitch to steal it? Think about it—'cause a thief *will* before he tries to take it. Here's an example of a bike theft that occurs once in a while: A bro pulled up to an H-D dealer's and ran in to get a part. He was going to be less than a hundred feet from the new shovel, so he didn't lock it. But he also couldn't see the bike while standin' impatiently at the parts counter. Meanwhile, the bike thief climbed swiftly out of a surveillance cage, strolled quickly but casually over to the new scooter, mounted the warm bike, which started easily (electric start or kicker, the bike is already warm), and rode away. Maybe ya don't need to wrap fifty pounds of hardened chain around the building and the bike, but the bike would still be there if the bro had used his fork lock, or carried a small padlock to slip into the rear chain—anything to make the valuable putt a hassle to bag.

Now that we've covered that, let's get to a juicier area—broads. There's noththing in the world like a little adventure. And every time we run into a warm romance, it's almost impossible to pass it up for bike-security reasons. Even if we know our scooters are lifelong partners and this succulent lady is possibly only a tender love for the night, it's more than difficult to pass up a tight ass and firm young tits for another night in a cold garage—alone with your pan. So whatta ya do? Slow up her fiery passion for five minutes while ya secure your lifetime partner. Roll the sonuvabitch into her living room if she doesn't have a garage. If she lives upstairs, lock it to the staircase with all the chain you've got and tie a string to your scoot and lead it to the window sill outside her apartment, where you fasten it securely to all the empty wine bottles you can find. If someone tries to rip you off, it will sound as though they'd thrown the bike through a plate glass window.

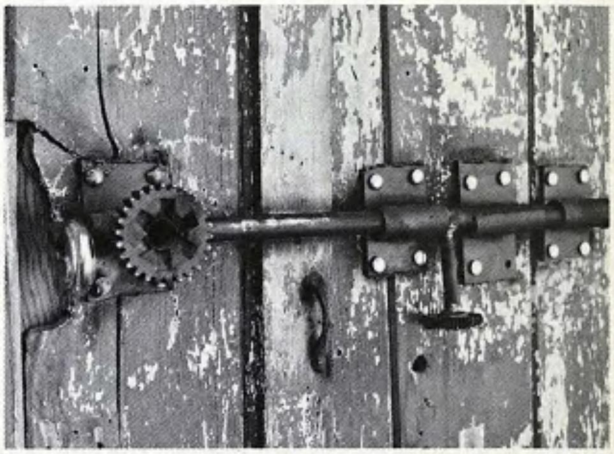
Say you forget your trusty case-hardened lock and chain. Kick your ass first. Then bury your scooter in anything that will take time and make noise to remove. Tie



it up to anything, stick rake handles in the wheels, cover it with canvas, put a sign on it threatening any passerby with mayhem, tie a string to the bike and the other end to your big toe. If the sweetie doesn't go for your antics, she might be settin' your bike up—split her lip and leave.

I may come off soundin' like a lifeguard, but I'm gettin' into this and I hate to see people lose their scooters.

The most difficult security situation happens when the putt must be parked a considerable distance from the owner, left for a reasonably long period of time, say eight hours, in a somewhat unprotected area. This situation demands your best lockin' device, the thickest, toughest chain and lock. If you have to park it in a parkin' lot, chain it to the fence or close to the guard at the gate, or find some bros and lock all the bikes together, or chain it to anything solid. If you have a bro who drives a van to work, ride with him, chain your bike to his van or roll it into the van. Chain it to a friend's car. Anyway you look at this predicament, don't give a prospective thief too much preparatory time to steal your sled; change whatever methods you use often enough to prevent predictability. If a ripoff artist watches your putt for a week, plannin' his moves, and you surprise him by lockin' it in another area or with somethin' different, he may be forced to give up his prey. This sort of situation makes me sweat. I don't care if my putt is welded to a permanent steel structure a half-mile away—I'm sweatin'.



One more area where brothers lose a lot of bikes (and then I'll let ya go ridin') is a garage. Garages are our safes for scooters; but too many bros feel that with a heavy lock on the door they're covered. Keep in mind that your garage is a very predictable storage area. It usually can be easily watched. A thief can take his time plannin' his entry into your supposed bike safe. Consequently, shitcan that dime-store hasp and get a strong one. Don't use wood screws to fasten it with; use carriage bolts. And if the door is weak, put a hasp on each side of it. Lockin' a garage door from the inside is best, but not always possible. If it opens from the center, lifting up, a long drill can be driven through the frame and deep into the jamb on both sides. Or the steel garage door hinges can be drilled. A long rod inserted into each side of the door will make it almost impossible to open without destroying it. That's from the inside; but that's not always possible unless you have an attached garage.

Older garages with swinging doors should have reinforced, heavy-duty hinges attached with carriage bolts. On the inside of the door, it it's made of old wood, back it up with steel or new plywood, so the bolts can't be pulled through. Use 3/8-in. bolts and large flat washers. In most cases, you'll have to drill out the hinges. Alarm systems in garages are a good trip—anything to harass the culprit. Tie a line to the inside of the door so that when it's opened the line will ring a bell, turn on lights, drop a bucket of water on the sonuvabitch—whatever. It also doesn't hurt to have a dog, and all those warning devices are great—if you're home. If you aren't, all the noise in the world may not help, so reinforce your garage until it would take a bulldozer to get inside. Oh, and one final point regarding garages—don't forget to lock the bastard.

Well, that's all my speedin' brain has to lay out for you bros. But one quick thought—if ya pull up to your campsite on the next run and spy a brother chainin' his bike to a tree, don't get in his shit about it. He'll have a better chance of ridin' that scooter home after the run than a bro who neglects to lock his putt.

—Bandit

Tit For Tat

I been ridin' with my ol' man for about a year now, and I give him head whenever and wherever he wants it. I really get into it, and we both have a good time. But I just can't get him to eat my pussy. I'm always hearin' what good pussyeaters bikers are supposed to be, so what's the matter with my ol' man? Does pussy smell too much like dead fish, or does eatin' it give ya pimples?

Debbie Still
Dodge City, N.J.

● Try an H-D motor oil douche. It works every time for me. If that won't work, shitcan him and find yourself a real biker.

Pussy Freak

If you know any girl who wants her pussy eaten, let me know. I'll travel two thousand miles just to eat a pussy. She can even get fucked first and I'll clean her pussy out with my tongue. I especially like Jesus freaks and fat girls, 'cause they make so much noise.

Larry Lavet
Kansas City, Mo.

● I went to church once.

Frigid Prisoner

I have a problem. My ol' man is in prison and I really love him, but I'm worried about what to do when he gets out. How do I get him in the mood to fuck? I don't want to rape him, because he told me he's learned to live without sex, and my eagerness to fuck might scare him. Right now I can hardly control my urge, but I don't want him to think I'm sex crazed.

Donna Rodden
Milwaukee, Wis.

● If he's learned to live without sex, he ain't no biker. Don't bother waitin' around.

Doin' Time

I'm a tattoo artist who's doin' time. How about lettin' me put a tattoo of a star or something on your cheek? Even the cheek of your ass will do. Everybody in this joint knows me, including the warden. My ol' lady's name is Brandy, and she's a fine chick. I'll tell ya more about that later. I'm not supposed to have contact with anyone outside the prison. If the warden found out I mailed this to ya, he'd have me in his office in five minutes.

Tattoo Bill
Attica, N.Y.

● Whatsamatter? The warden jealous?

Test-Tube Baby

I've been fucking test tubes, trying to have a test tube baby, and I found the tubes are a good fuck. They're best at about a hundred degrees. Frozen ones aren't so bad either. One time my cock got so hard it broke the glass. Another time the tube shot off my cock and almost killed someone, after goin' through a plate glass window. Have you ever had a test tube shoved up your ass?

S. Wood
Seattle, Wash.

● You been peekin' in my window lately?

Still a Virgin?

Can you answer this right? Why does it hurt when I fuck? It seems like I'm a number-one virgin all over again. Is there something wrong?

Virgin Sally
B.C., Canada

● Heard of doctors?

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

High Voltage

Some of the boys in the band I play for were wondering if you'd like to come and jam with us some night. We figured out just where you'd fit into the group. When we start getting down on "Free for All," by Ted Nugent, I'll stick the neck of my trusty Gibson up your twat. The only problem is, can you handle the voltage?

M.J. Minar
Green Bay, Wis.

● Baby, I can handle any kinda juice you're pushin'.

July Fuck-up

Hey, you panther-breath bitch, whatdafuck you doin' printin' the same shit in two different rags? We've read "Big Wind" in the January and the July issue, so why don't you bring your goat-smellin' ass over here and we'll march a whole platoon up your nasty snatch. That'll give ya somethin' different to write about.

Jim Goodwin
Iron Barons MC
Heilbronn, Germany

● Just send the fare and I'll be there, you sweet-talkin' sonuvabitch.

The Biggest Tits

You're always sayin' that you give the best head around. Well, maybe ya do, but I'll bet ya don't have tits as big as that chick that won the seventh Ol' Lady Contest in your rag.

Undertaker Hinton
Anaconda, Mont.

● Ah, but they're nicer, much nicer.

Beggin' For Head

I'd like you to know that my ol' lady doesn't give me enough head, and when she does give head, all she does is complain about having to do it. What does a dude do with a cunt like that?

Jim Wilson
Long Beach, Calif.

● Ship it out and get a new one.

No Blow Joe

Since I don't give head, I'm having difficulty finding a man. They all want a girl who gives head. I'd like to ask if blow jobs have ruined the entire male population, or is there a man out there somewhere that would have me the way I am?

Patty Wills
Manhattan, Kan.

● Don't hold your breath. I've checked around the office, but none of the bros here were interested.

Jumpin' Sex

Whenever you come down under, how about looking me up, as I have a kinky thing going with my pet kangaroo, and no women are prepared to go a threesome with me.

R. Hayden
Woorndoo, Australia

● I've already started checkin' into plane reservations.

No Sex?

I've never had this problem before and would like to get rid of it quickly. I really enjoy sex, but my ol' man doesn't care for it that much. He's with me the majority of the time, so I know he's not getting it elsewhere. We get along good, too, but I have to go weeks without sex. Please give me some pointers. I've been tempted to rape him.

Horny Collins
Detroit, Mich.

● So get to it.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o ***Easyriders****, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.* ■

A Nixon Era Crime Law Used In Attempt To Outlaw a Motorcycle Club

—*and yours could be next!*

Editor's note: *A bizarre and threatening statement; however, it's based on legislative reality. The criminal code is Title 18, United States Code, Section 1962, Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) We have all encountered, at one time or another, the awesome feeling that there are laws to cover everything. This code and the manner in which it has been utilized recently could have that effect on any member of a motorcycle club. It could possibly become illegal to be a member of the AMA if a number of members had been arrested at one time or another, even if only for smoking pot.*

Not since the days of the infamous McCarthy period has the government embarked upon a campaign to have an organization declared illegal and membership in or association with an organization a crime. The case represents a sharp departure from the fundamental notions that under the First Amendment to the United States Constitution all persons have the right to freedom of association and that guilt is to be individually, not collectively, determined.

Civil rights attorneys inform us that at present there are no "illegal organizations" in the United States. Individuals may join groups or organizations of any persuasion, ranging from the far left to the extreme right of the political spectrum. It is not illegal to be a member of the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan, or the American Nazi Party. Membership in these organizations is rightfully protected by the First Amendment! The government is not permitted to stifle citizens from expressing their political opinions, however unpopular, or from associating with individuals who may share their ideas. Of course, the First Amendment's protection of freedom of association is not limited to political parties. Americans have the right to associate with one another for whatever lawful purpose they desire.

While the Hells Angels is not a political party, the attempt to outlaw the club presents a real threat to the right of freedom of association. If the government succeeds in its attempt, it will establish a precedent which may then be used to declare other organizations illegal. Once it has been established that the government may declare an association illegal, there is no way of knowing which organizations—motorcycle or otherwise—the government will move against.

It is no secret that the Hells Angels is not an association which is too popular with many mainstream Americans. However, the issue at hand is not the popularity of the Hells Angels. The real issue transcends the club. It is the untrammelled right of freedom of association which is being threatened.

Additionally, the Hells Angels case presents questions of the right of citizens to be free from unreasonable searches of their residences and persons. The federal government issued search warrants which allowed federal agents to search residences of members of the club who were not charged with any wrongdoing—solely to attempt to find evidence of those persons' membership in or association with the club. Thus, anyone who belongs to the club or who associates with the club is subject to having his or her person and residence searched and his or her private papers and belongings seized by government agents looking for evidence of association with the club. The predictable result is to persuade people to refrain from associating with members of the club.

All patch holders should follow this case closely. It could represent the beginning of the end of bike clubs.

To keep abreast of the situation and for more information, write Freedom Defense Fund, P.O. Box 5295, Oakland, California 94605.

The following article is written by Terence Hallinan, one of San Francisco's leading attorneys.

In June of 1979, the federal government filed an indictment in the charging thirty-two individuals with being members of a Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organization (RICO). The organization in this case was the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club.

The Act under which they are charged, the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, is an omnibus bill designed to subvert the constitutional protections to which a criminal defendant is entitled.

Under the Act, the Attorney-General has the power to subpoena any documentary materials he believes may be relevant before he has instituted any civil or criminal proceedings. The crime consists of associating with an enterprise which has received income derived from a "pattern of racketeering activity". A "pattern" is established by proving that a member or associate of the enterprise has engaged in the commission of any two of some thirty-two enumerated offenses within a ten-year period .

The "enterprise" is established by the criminal records of its members and associates and those persons are then prosecuted for belonging to the enterprise. The penalty is 20 years and $25,000 for each count, plus forfeiture of the enterprise. The offense does not require agreement, concerted activity, or even that the defendants know one another. It is a separate crime of conspiracy to associate with a Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organization.

A team of twenty of the top federal defense attorneys in northern California is currently attempting to unravel this massive prosecution. They are appearing before the toughest judge in the Northern District of California, Samuel Conti.

As would be expected in such a prosecution, the consitutional questions are many and difficult. Judge Conti paid little attention to the defendants' arguments that their First Amendment rights of association were being violated, even though the prosecution conceded the Act could be applied to political parties and churches. The lawyers are now challenging search warrants which the government contends authorized seizure of all bankbooks, calendars, financial records, books, insignias, club emblems, catalogues, and even a $2 discount coupon for a Straw Hat Pizza Parlor. The warrant was accompanied by instructions from the prosecutor to seize anything the agents wanted, because if not useful, it could always be returned.

As the year draws to a close and the pre-trial motions move through Judge Conti's court, the defendants and their attorneys are preparing themselves for a trial that will probably stretch into the spring. Unable to "stop" the Hells Angels through regular criminal procedures, the federal government has resorted to this dangerous legacy of the Nixon Administration. It is no exaggeration to say that if they succeed with the Angels, you may be next. ■

Where's Charlie ?

by Wolfman

Monday morning! What a pain in the ass. The assembly line is goin' full blast. The noise is deafening, the place stinks, I punched in twenty minutes late, I'm hung over, and I've got the shits. Other than that, everything is just fine.

Outside, the sun is shinin'. Down at the nude beach, people are lyin' around rollin' up a bunch of J's to face the day. If I wasn't so far down on my child support payments, I'd be there too—smokin' a J, havin' some naked broad rub sun tan oil all over my body. But here I am, down at Generous Motors, puttin' engines in these cars. I just know that crab-assed boss is gonna be on my back all day, and Charlie ain't here yet. Yet, my ass. It's been two weeks now and no Charlie. Well, it's my own fuckin' fault.

Let me explain. It all started about eight months ago. You see, Charlie and I've been workin' together for about two years installin' engines on the assembly line. Well, Charlie's a good ol' boy and the nicest guy you'd ever want to meet. Big and brawny, 6'2" and 205 lbs., with long, reddish-blond hair and a red beard. Came from Maryland 'bout five years ago. Still talks with a bit of a southern drawl. He's big but kinda easy-goin' and quiet. The only time I ever heard him raise his voice was to shout at a ball game, or to be heard over the never-ending racket in this damn factory.

Now Charlie's ol' lady, Donna Marie, that was another story. I mean, Jeeezus, what a dragon. Not that she wasn't good lookin'. Hell, your ol' lady should look so good. She kinda reminded me of Raquel Welch, with tits like Dolly Parton. Donna Marie was one of those deep southern girls from down in the Carolinas, pretty as a picture and stubborn as a mule. She picked at the poor bastard every minute. I mean his ol' lady was really a bitch. "Clean up after yourself, Charlie." "Don't put your dirty shoes up on the couch, Charlie." "Don't track on the rug, Charlie." It was a pity. Such a nice set of lungs connected to such a bitchy mouth.

Did you ever hear the joke about how the guy got up in the middle of the night to take a piss and when he came back his wife had made the bed? Happened to Charlie one night. I swear. "I thought you was goin' to work early," she says.

Charlie was a tinkerer. He could do just about anything mechanical. So, since his ol' lady ruled the house, Charlie spent a lot of time out in the garage. That way he could be out of the house but not out of the house. As in: "You're always goin' out, Charlie." "You're always leavin' me alone, Charlie." All he had to say was "But, honey, I'm right outside in the garage."

He got all these machine tools, mechanic's tools, and a lot of other shit and he worked on all kinds of projects out in the garage. He made the place look like an unmade bed—oil all over the floor, junk piled everywhere, tools all over the place. His ol' lady went crazy every time she looked in there. Finally I guess she kinda gave up. As long as he kept the door closed so the neighbors couldn't see, she just kinda put up with it. But you could always tell she was just itchin' to get in there and straighten it up—what she called "that goddam mess of a garage." So there he was, fifteen feet from the front door, and he might as well have been a million miles away. Charlie liked that.

Now, that garage might look like a bomb went off in there, but Charlie knew where everything was—every nut and bolt, screw, washer, wrench, whatever—I don't give a shit. You'd ask him for a clutch plate for a '49 Ford and he'd walk into that mess and in less time than it took to fart he'd come back out holdin' two of them.

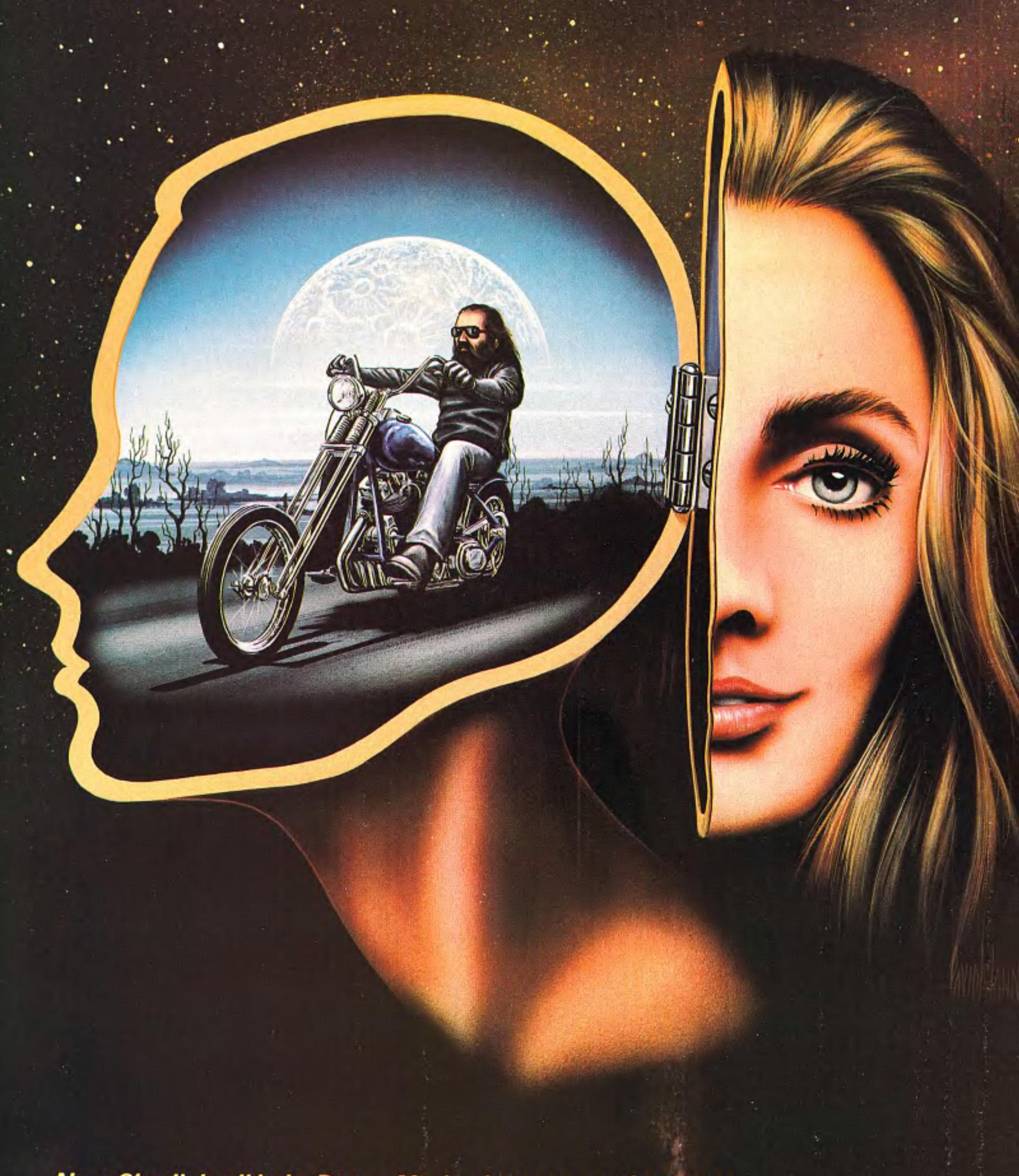
And Charlie was one of the best machinists I'd ever seen. He could do anything. He had to keep himself occupied out there, so he used to buy old cars, restore them, and sell them. And as soon as he'd sell one, he'd buy another, some junked out old 'vette or somethin'. He always managed to keep himself busy out in the garage, somehow. And his ol' lady couldn't really bitch at him for it 'cause he made some good money at it. I mean, one time I asked him why he didn't quit the plant and work on his own, full time. He sure could make a hell of a lot more bread that way. Charlie just kinda looked at me and smiled. I guess he kept the job at the plant to give him that much time away from his ol' lady. Charlie was not dumb.

Like I was tellin' ya, about six months ago he was kinda between projects and havin' a hell of a time connectin' with another project. I mean, he was so desperate that he was thinkin' of buyin' a ratted out old Falcon tucked away in somebody's garage, just for an excuse so's he could stay out in the garage, and his ol' lady couldn't start with the "What're ya doin' out in the garage, Charlie? I hope you're cleanin' the place up, Charlie. I mean, I can see it when you're busy, Charlie, but if you're goin' to be out there with nothin' to do. . .well, if you don't clean the place up, I guess I'll have to clean the place myself. At least that way I can spend some time with you, 'cause once it's cleaned up I'll be out there to make sure you keep it clean. I mean, you're always making a mess, Charlie. . ."

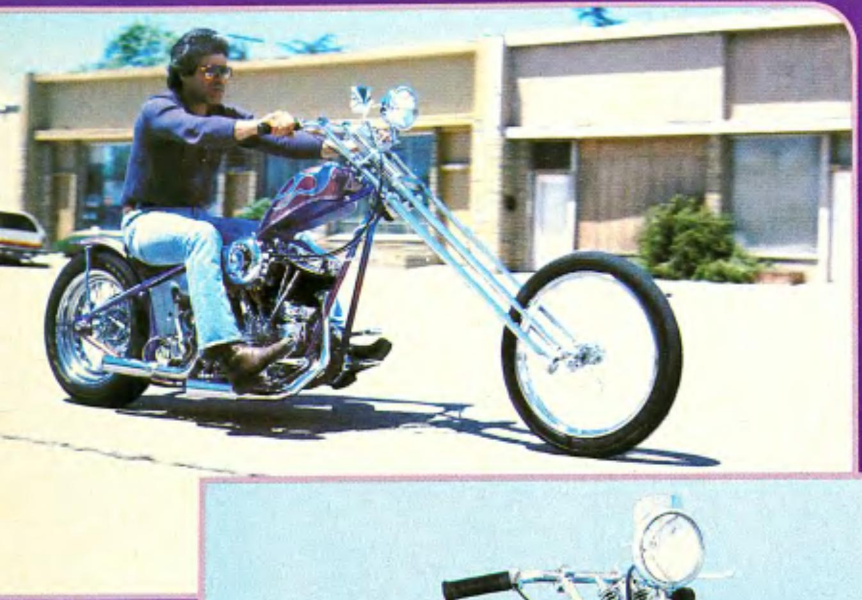
Charlie needed a project bad. So when I mentioned that I knew where I could pick up a wrecked out '65 FLH, he was grabbin' at straws. He didn't even know what a '65 FLH was, but he didn't care. "How much?" he says.

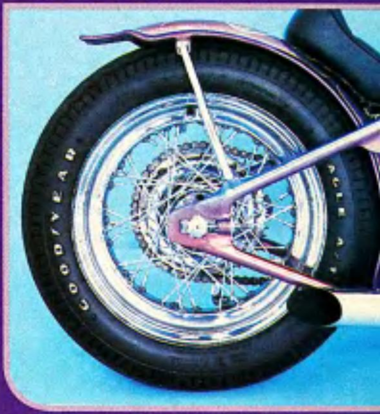
—Continued on page 90

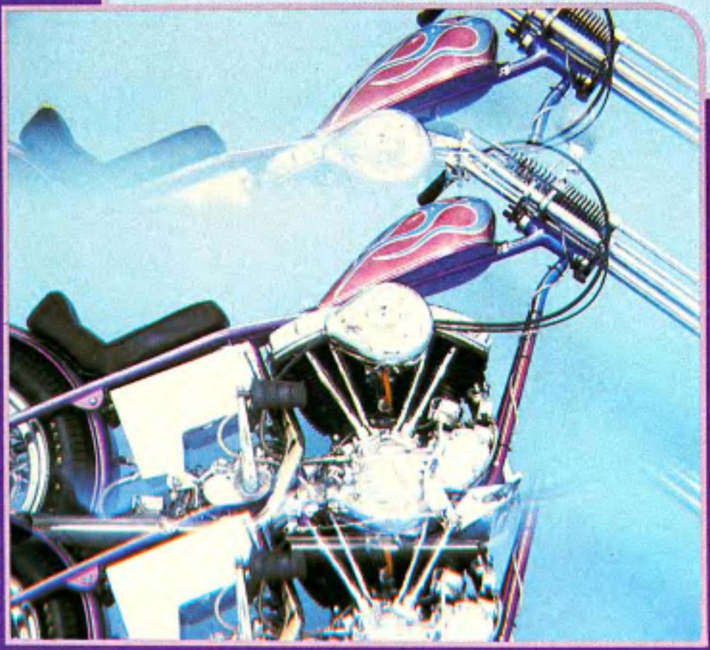
Illustration by David Mann

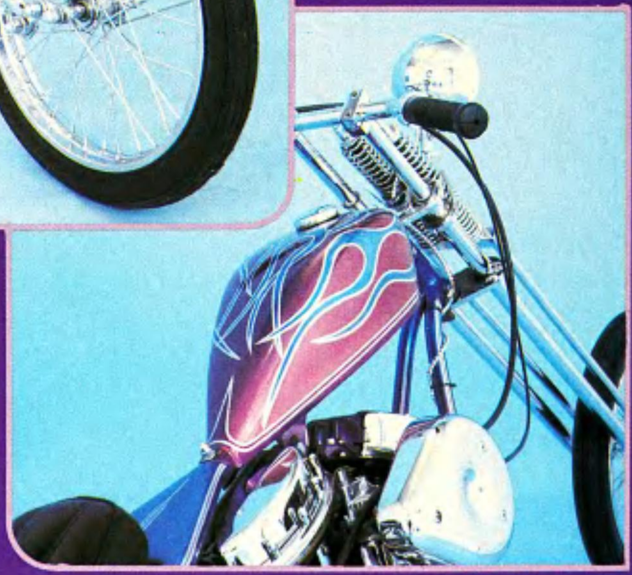


Now Charlie's ol' lady, Donna Marie, that was another story. I mean, Jeeezus, what a dragon. Not that she wasn't good lookin'. Hell, your ol' lady should look so good.



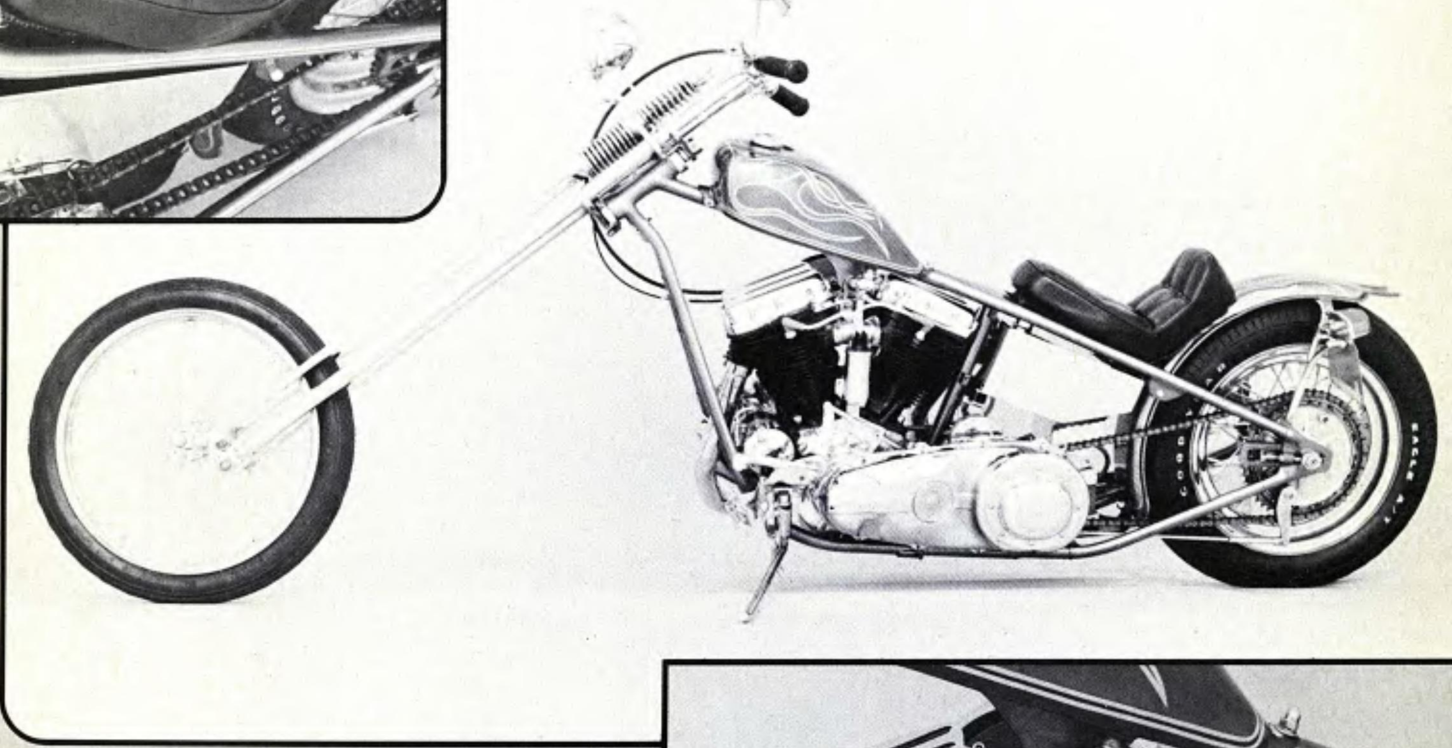


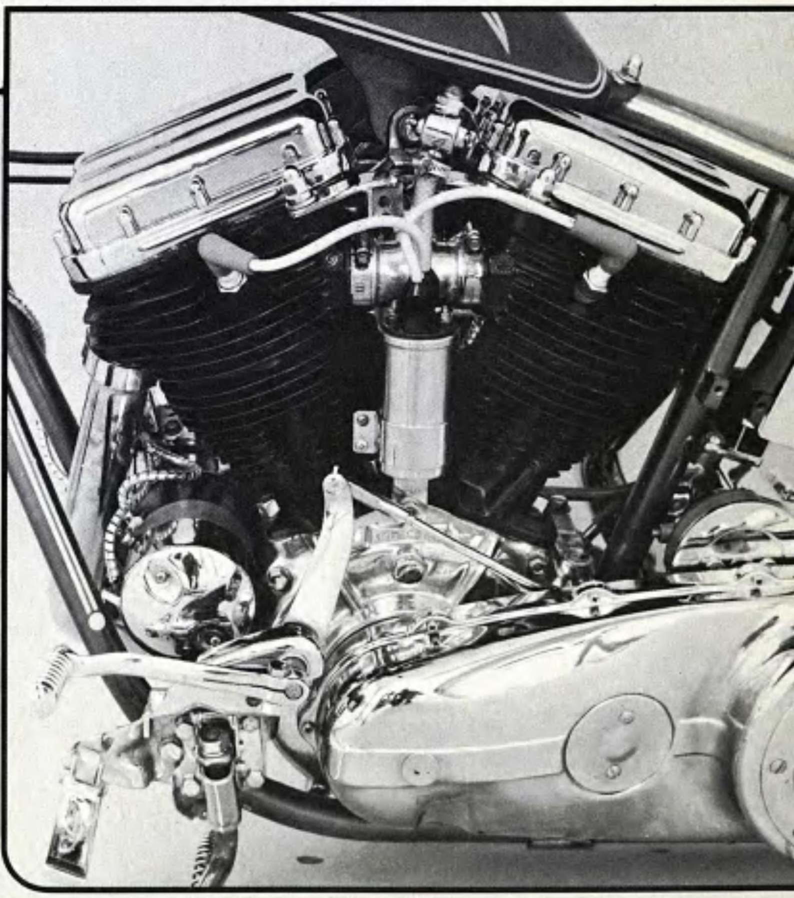




rico's runner

Times can be hard and times can be rough

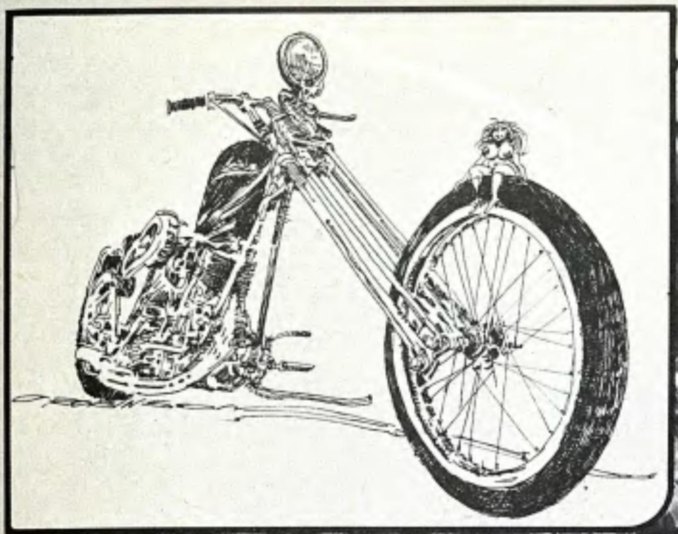




Ya know, fuck it, if ya get my meaning, sometimes it ain't worth gettin' up in the morning. And Emilio knows just exactly where that's at. Nice bike, huh? It comes with a story that'll wrinkle yer nose, double up yer fist, and cause a tooth or two to grind.

Emilio has had this pan for better than a dozen years. But in 1969 he hung it up, mothballed his rags, and parked his sled. Responsibility beckoned, needs prevailed, he saw his fucking duty—whatever. He turned in his masterlink and went the path of the straight and narrow. And not just through the winter or for one lousy year, but for ten, count 'em, ten years. Rico, or Emilio, or whatever he goes by, raised a family from 1969 to this year.

Okay, so everyone to his own bag or religion or mom—who knows? The man did his thing for the rugrats and the little missus. He stood alongside the citizens, bought Wheaties and

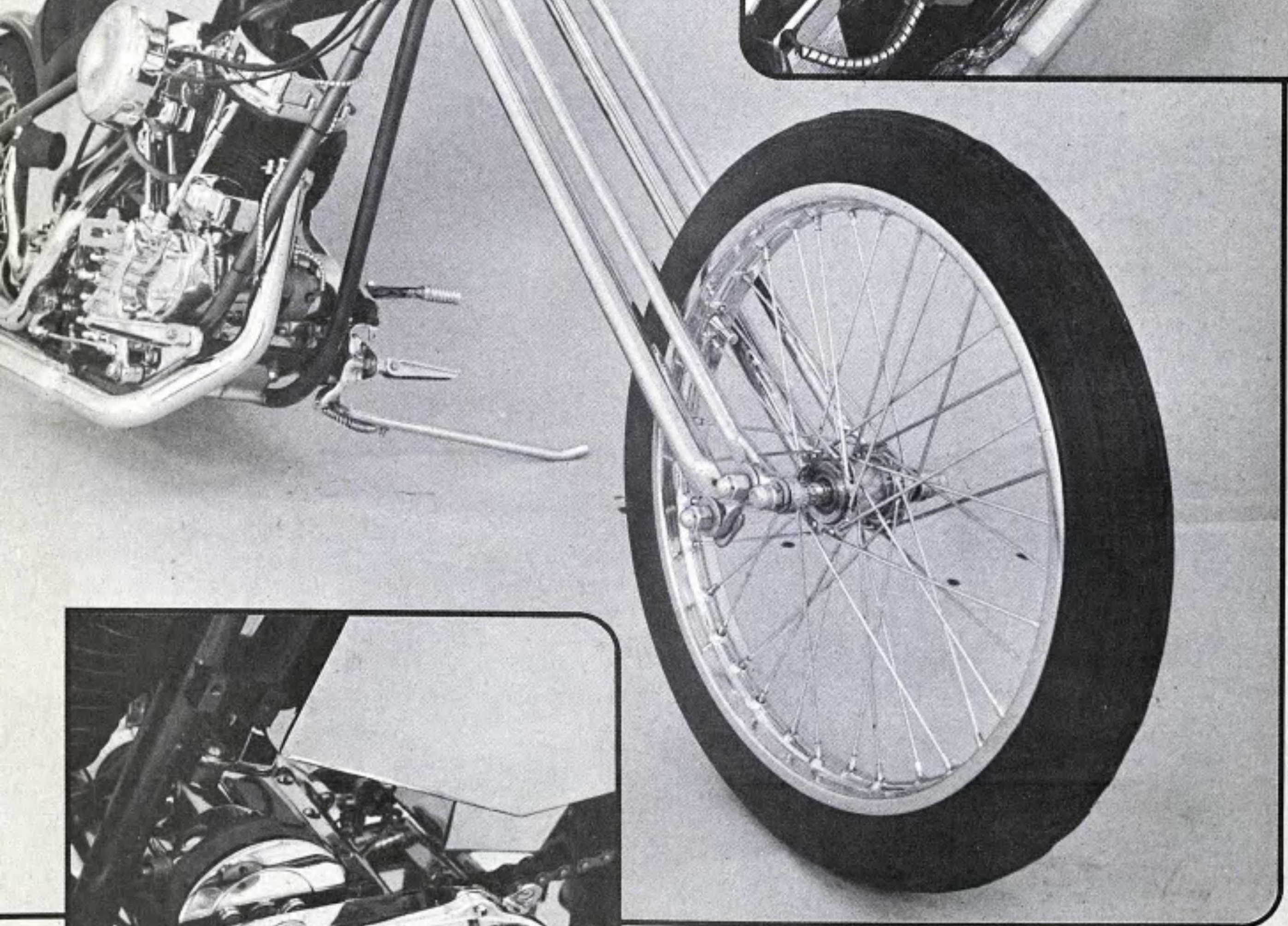


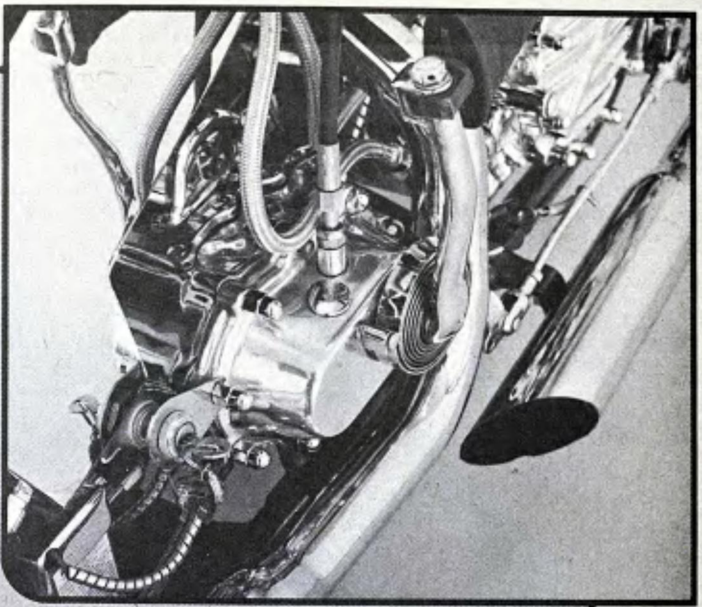
other wholesome shit, and did his time.

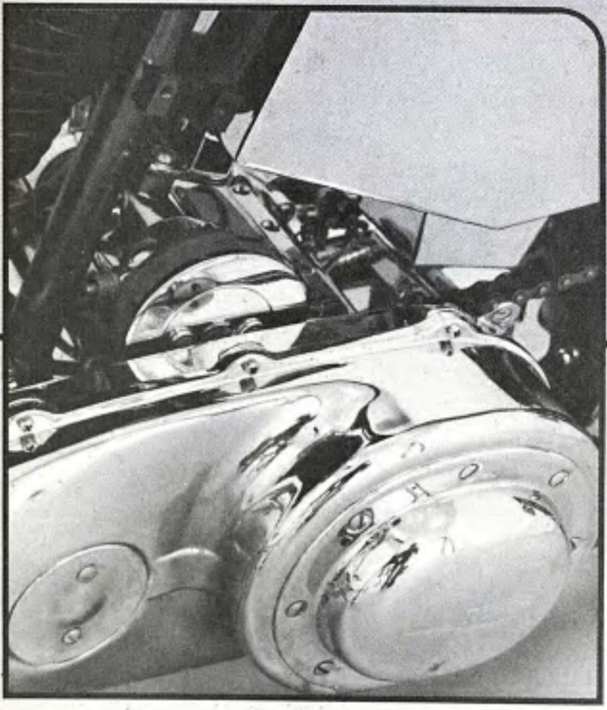
So this year he rebuilt the pan and made it fast and flashy. Shit, anyone who's been down ten years needs a little flash to get himself back in the groove. When his ride was comin' together, he thought only of a solo ride. Since the family had kept him from the ride for a friggin' decade, he was gonna keep the ride out from under the family. Consequently, no back seat or foot pegs—a ride for a man who needs the solo wind. So the ol' lady split.

No shit, ten long ones and no p-pad and the broad hit the road. Every time I think about it, it gripes me to no screamin' end. I mean, ya'd think the breadwinner could cop a little slack after doin' ten years. But oh, no fuckin' way. Shit, I gotta get a beer.

—Renegade



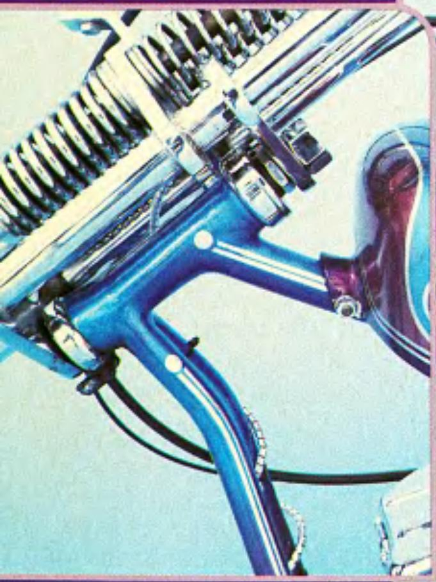


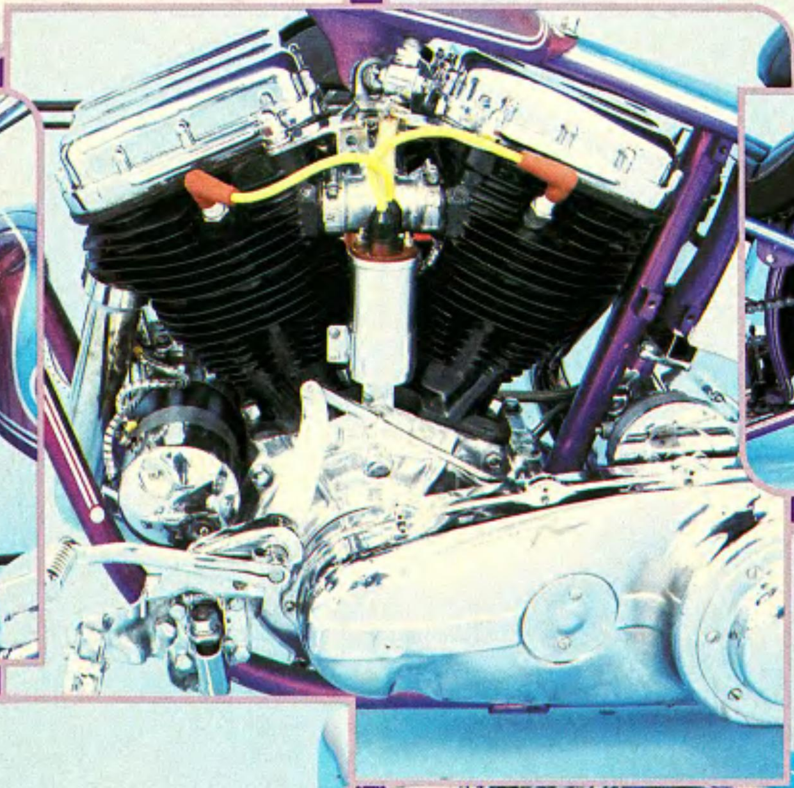


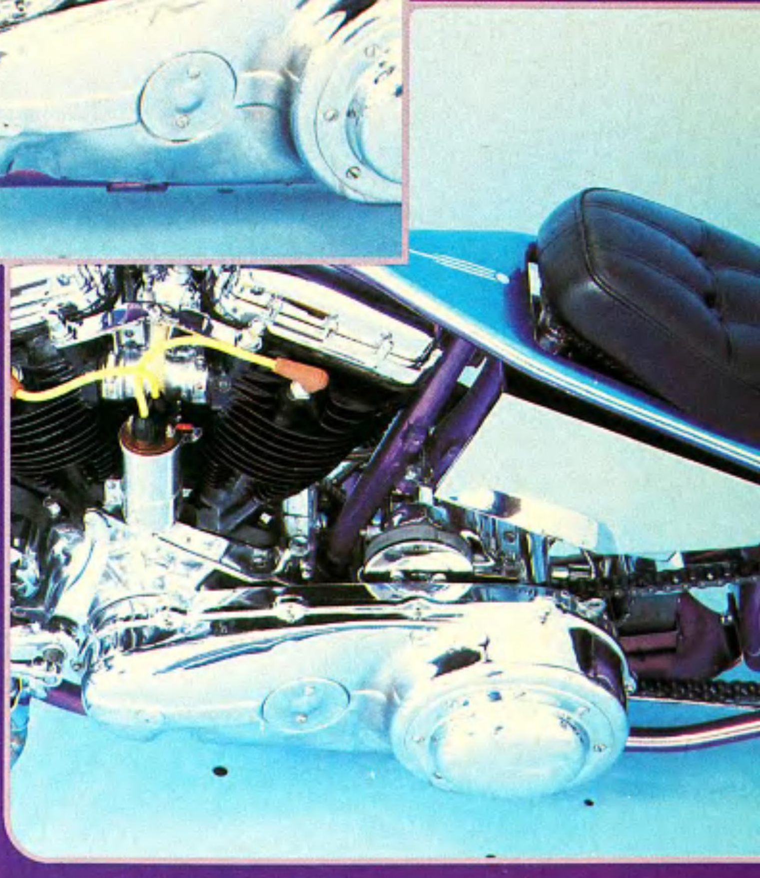
Owners: Emilio Rico	**City:** El Sereno, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Burt McDonald	Year: no matter	
Year and make: 1948 H-D	Builder: Burt McDonald	
Model: panhead	Type: stretched	
Value: not much	Rake: unknown	
Assembly by: Boy	Stretch: 3 in. downtubes	
Time: too long	Other alterations: 6 in. rear stretch	
Chroming by: top quality	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1948	Risers: Denver's	
Model: FL	Fender(s): 6 in. flat	
Rebuilder: Sam Fugate	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Bates	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: H-D	Front pegs: custom	
Balancing: Sam	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 6 volt	
Cases: chrome	Gas tank: custom Sportster	
Heads: black	Oil tank: large capacity	
Cam: 440	Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissy bar: fender straps	
Pipes: drag	Height: to fender	
Muffler(s): Doc's	Material: ½ in. round stock	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: springer	
Year: 1948	Extension: 15 in.	
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: Denver	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: narrow	
Trans sprocket: 26	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: Burt & Boy	Hub: spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: Burt McDonald	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: various purples	Tire: Jap	Tire: Gdyr AT
Type: lacquer	Brake: none	Brake: mech.
Special paint: Burt		

Other special modifications: clutch setup, massive oil bag, and sculptured rear fender. Special thanks to Burt McDonald.

Photos by Pete Chiodo



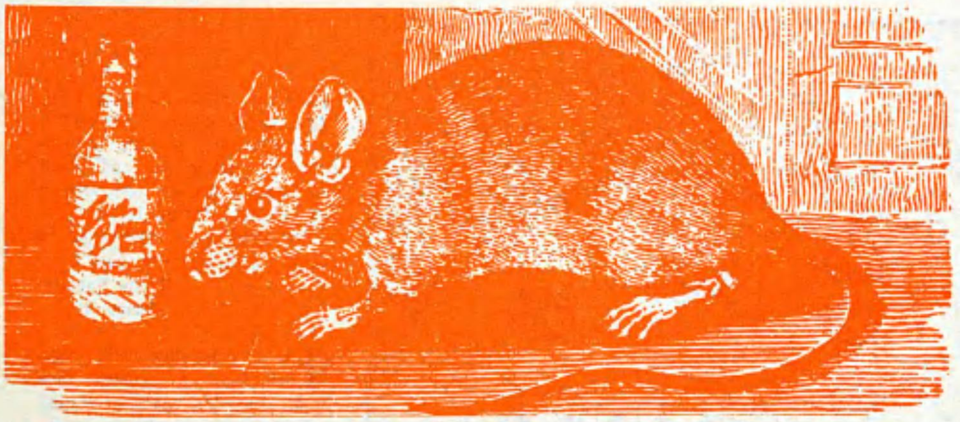




Piece O' Home

Many bros consider their bikes to be their homes. As long as the bike is near, home is close. Well, some of the bros who work for this rag consider it their home. They know the back issues by heart, they know the artwork, each bike feature, every photo. So, when this collage appeared, the brothers flipped, and we decided to share it with our people who've been reading this rag for a while. You might recognize some stuff from six or seven years ago.

Todd Keen created this masterpiece of **Easyriders** memorabilia. And we're proud to see anyone build an art object around our material. We're also proud to share with our people.



Mouse 'n Beer

True Brew Beer Co.
Racine, N.Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your unusual new product, Pickled Mouse in Beer. You are certainly destined to revolutionize the beer industry if this item catches on with the beer-buying public. As a matter of fact, that's why I'm writing to you.

I've been buying your beer for a number of years and have never run into any of the usual difficulties like chipped bottle necks, half-empty or dirty bottles. They were the kinds of things that made me give up other brands of beer. I guess that's why I was so startled when I discovered the pickled mouse.

I realize now that there must have been some sort of mix-up in your labeling department, because there's nothing on the label of my bottle to show that it's different from the beer I'm used to buying. This bothered me because I'm a stickler for honesty, but then I realized that you're probably running some sort of a secret tryout test.

Anyway, I decided to drop you a line and let you know how I feel about your new product. Frankly, I'm not too crazy about it. It has no eye appeal. I do have a friend who has a friend whose grandfather was a live goldfish swallower in college. This may be just the thing for him. When I get a chance to try it on him, I'll let you know how he feels about it.

Best wishes for
continued success,
Homer R. Porter
Lake Front, La.

P.S. Would it be asking too much for you to tell me how you get the whole mouse into the bottle like that? I have it figured that it must be the same principle as getting a hard boiled egg into a milk bottle. Is it?

* * *

MR. HOMER R. PORTER
LAKE FRONT, LA

MR. PORTER: URGENT STOP DO NOT REPEAT DO NOT GIVE THE BEER WITH THE MOUSE IN IT TO YOUR FRIEND OR ANYONE STOP LETTER FOLLOWS STOP

FRANK P. MILLER,
MANAGER
TRUE BREW BEER CO.

* * *

Mr. Homer R. Porter
Lake Front, La.

Dear Mr. Porter:

True Brew Beer Company extends its sincere apologies for the inconveniences it has caused you. True Brew wants you to know that our beer is exactly the same fine quality that it has always been since our founder, John Brew, established the company seventy-seven years ago. We have not begun pickling mice in beer. We have no explanation for this phenomenon. At our breweries cleanliness is next to godliness. This can only have occurred through some dreadful oversight at the inspection site. At any rate, you may rest assured that it will not happen again.

We hope that in the future you will continue to rely on us for all your needs in the beer line. We are sending, under separate cover, as a tribute to your good faith, a case of quart-size True Brew beer.

Again, our sincere apologies,
Frank P. Miller, Manager
True Brew Beer Company

* * *

True Brew Beer Co.
Racine, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Thanks a lot! Believe me, I never lost faith in True Brew, but I'd sure give a lot to know how you got the mouse into the bottle. . .but if you want to keep it a secret, that's fine with me.

Gratefully,
Homer R. Porter
Lake Front, La.

P.S. The case of beer arrived safely. Not one mouse in the bunch.

* * *

True Brew Beer Co.
Racine, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Enclosed you will find money sufficient to cover the cost of one case of quart-size True Brew Beer (even though it breaks my heart to do this). My conscience would never let me rest easy if I let Homer keep the beer without paying for it. I might as well tell you, I put the mouse in the bottle.

Please do not let on to Homer what I have done. I wanted to turn him against drink and just look at what's happened.

Claudelia Porter

* * *

Mrs. Homer Porter
Lake Front, La.

Dear Mrs. Porter:

Your secret is safe with us. But just as a point of curiosity. . .how did you get the mouse into the bottle?

My lips are sealed,
Frank P. Miller, Manager
True Brew Beer Company

Reprinted from *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, 1977

—from Merle L. Waggoner, Decatur, Ill.

An old guy went to the local cathouse on Saturday night, the busiest night of the week. He asked for his favorite girl, but was told she was all booked up and wouldn't be available for some time.

"How about Linda, Sally, Marie, or Mitzi?" the madam asked.

"No," he answerd. 'I want the girl I always get."

"Okay, Gramps, then how about Fifi, Molly, Debbie, or Helen?"

"Won't do," the oldster said.

"Listen, Pops, what's this girl got that my other girls don't have?" asked the madam.

The old guy sighed, "A lot of patience, an awful lot of patience."

—G. B. Hollister
Westport, Conn.

"Guess whose?"

"They didn't really have to ask me to be best man at the wedding," the biker told a friend. "The bride knows that already."

—Jack Johnson
Freeport, Maine

In Pasadena, they have a new kind of drive-in movie. It's for married couples only. Instead of making out during the movie, they argue.

—Gismo
Las Vegas, Nev.

"Hey, Spike," the biker's ol' lady called to him. "Junior just called and said he was bringing a whole Boy Scout troop home for dinner."

"That son of mine is really changing," the old biker answered. "That's great. How long did he say they're gonna stay?"

"He didn't say for sure," the ol' lady answered, "but he did say it might be a while before their folks could come up with the ransom."

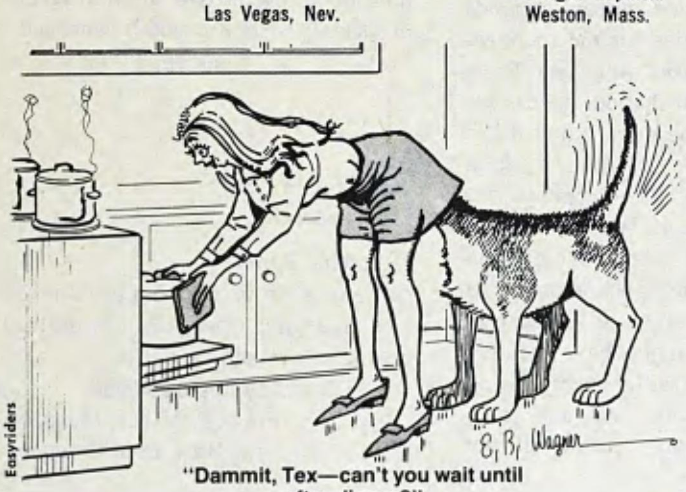
—Sam Jensen
Billings, Mont.

A swinger, who looked as if her pants were painted on, hipped it into a singles bar and parked herself on a stool.

Drawn like a bee to honey, a fresh-talking dude got close enough to inquire, "Just curiosity, honey, but how can anybody get into those pants?"

"How about using a twenty-dollar bill as a shoehorn?" the chick replied.

—Dwight Lupinski
Weston, Mass.



"Dammit, Tex—can't you wait until after dinner?"

"You mean in all the years you've been on the road nobody has ever offered you a job?" the social worker asked the biker.

"Well, a couple people did," the dude replied. "But outside of that I've been treated with nothing but kindness."

—Jess Tarpey
Red Oak, Okla.

A biker quarreled with his ol' lady and moved out to a hotel. All day he brooded, but by dinnertime he was hungry and sorry, so he called her.

"Hello, Linda. What are you making for dinner?"

"I'm making poison."

"So only make one portion. I'm not coming home."

—Robert Jones
Biloxi, Miss.

"My husband is the greatest lover on this earth," the irritated wife said. "The only trouble is, I haven't been able to catch him in the act."

—Robert Huff
Alpine, Tex.

Addressing the young girl on the witness stand, the defense attorney asked sarcastically, "You want us to believe the defendant stole fifty dollars from your brassiere—and you didn't even make a protest?"

"That's right, sir," she said. "I didn't know what he was after."

—Peter Long
St. Gabriel, La.

On his last birthday George treated himself to one of those educational toys. It was a present from him to him, and it worked out fine until his wife found out about her.

—Tiny Weston
Buffalo, N.Y.

One of those pompous, high-collared pollsters approached a streetwalker near the Chicago Loop on election day and asked why she, a citizen like anyone else, never bothered to vote.

"Me vote?" said the hustler. "I couldn't care less who gets in."

—Danny Roberts
Chicago, Ill.

One of those big bullies who kick sand in people's face strode down the beach at Malibu and beat the handsome young lifeguard to a bloody pulp.

It seems the lifeguard was giving the guy's wife mouth to mouth resuscitation — two years after he had saved her from drowning.

—Louis Spivak
Cleveland, Ohio

"That's it? That's the secret of your long life? Fucking?"

A loser is a guy who's tried in small-claims court for exhibitionism.

—Norman Kroll
Kinder, La.

"Three nights a week out with the boys—man, did the ol' lady and I have an argument about that last night!"

"How did it come out?"

"She agreed to cut it down to two."

—M. D. Lawrence
Rome, N.Y.

"The part I hate most is taking a leak."

National Easynews
"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Head Injuries With Helmets?

Sweden: A Swedish research team has carried out a series of experiments on three police helmets and discovered they could provide inadequate protection in the types of impact usually sustained in road accidents.

The British Standards Institution, which issues British safety kite marks, said it was giving the matter serious consideration.

In the majority of crashes, helmets strike the road at an oblique angle and this can make the brain spin in various layers, resulting in untreatable brain damage. However, BSI safety tests, which all helmets sold in Britain must pass, subject the helmet only to right-angle blows.

About 720 of the 1200 people killed in motorcycle accidents in 1977 died from head injuries even though they were wearing helmets.

Dr. Bertil Aldman, professor of Traffic Safety at the Chalmers University of Technology in Gothenburg, Sweden, tested three Everoak police helmets, subjecting them to 14 separate tests at speeds from 21 to 37 mph.

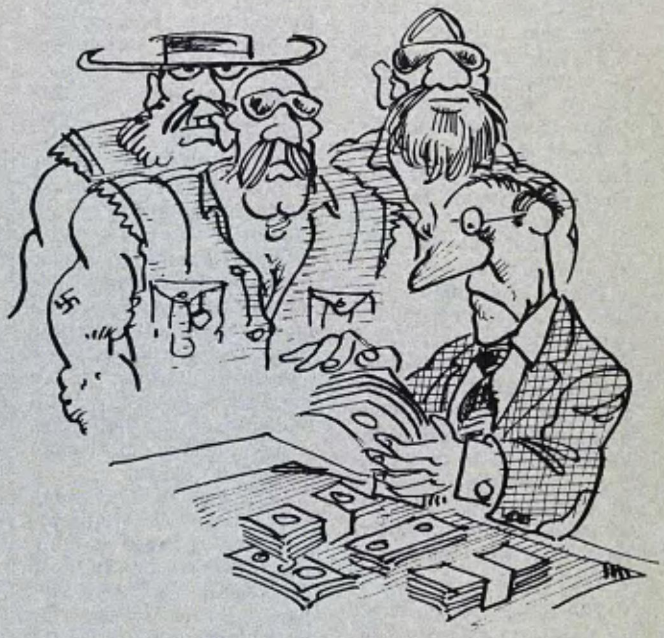
Even under the most favorable conditions at the lowest speed, the rotational forces produced by the impact were at a level likely to cause serious injury. In the severest test they were almost twice as bad.

The Swedish team stressed, however, that the helmets tested were no worse than others on the market.

"No one has designed a helmet for this type of test," he said. "I do not think better alternatives are available." — from ABATE of Michigan, Box 1032, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

Blackmail May Return

Washington, D.C.: This November, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams must report — and make recommendations — to Congress on the effect of mandatory helmet repeals; this apparently preparatory to asking that Congress reestablish the DOTtie's power to withhold funds if states do not enact helmet laws. Now the DOTties are soliciting comments, suggestions and recommendations from the general public. If you want your views included (we hope), send your written thoughts to: National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA); Docket 79-07; Room 5108, Nassif Building, 400 Seventh Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590. Previous experience with NHTSA prompts us to suggest you send copies to your congressman and senators if you *really* want your views to reach Congress. — from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Neb. 68503.



Motorcycle Club Wins Settlement From Iowa

Iowa: Says Henchman Rich Wagner, a towering muscular guy in his late 20s: "We're going everywhere but Iowa this year. We don't want to be anywhere near this place."

The last time Wagner and his buddies crossed (Police Officer) Carey's path, they ran smack into a hassle that took a year to straighten out. They went to court, lost their bikes, and went home on a bus.

That was last August.

Last week, they took their bikes home, along with some cash given them by the state of Iowa, Harrison County and the city of Woodbine.

According to Wagner, the judge told them to head straight for Chicago. Don't stop anywhere, get out while the getting's good.

Wagner just laughed and said he intended taking the judge's advice.

"We're not going to stop because we're not going to spend any of our settlement money in Iowa," he said.

In a negotiated settlement, the seven Henchmen agreed to a cash settlement of $1,400 each. Wagner, whose bike was stolen while it was being held by authorities, agreed

—Continued on Next Page

—Continued from page 45

Settlement From Iowa

to accept an additional $3,000 in remuneration.

The governments also were assessed more than $5,000 in storage charges incurred since the confiscation of the cycles, and court costs.

The settlement came out of a $50,000 civil suit filed earlier this year.

The fuss began when Carey was on patrol Aug. 4, 1978, when he was told a motorcycle gang had passed through Missouri Valley, heading east.

Woodbine Police Officer Mike Wendt was instructed to detain the motorcyclists when they got to his town, northeast of here on U.S. 30.

There was some question of a safety violation —loud mufflers.

Wendt and cyclists waited close to an hour for Carey to arrive. When he arrived, he checked the vehicle identification numbers on all the bikes and decided to impound eight of them, saying that parts on some of them were probably stolen.

The bikes were driven to a state storage shed between Woodbine and Dunlap, and the cyclists were booked on charges of tampering with the numbers.

They posted bond and departed. The criminal charges didn't hold up because Carey failed to file proper charges.

However, the bikes were still thought stolen, according to Carey, who had checked the national crime computer's "hot sheet."

So the Henchmen returned to Chicago again. The bikes stayed in the shed, until somebody made off with four of them.

Three were later recovered. Wagner's remains missing. They were then put under lock and key at a private garage here. Three were released this spring when it was found they were not, in fact, stolen.

Attorneys Warren Bush of Denison and Bill Welch of Logan filed the civil suit in late February alleging a conspiracy between Carey and Highway Patrolman Jerry Lewis.

Bush said then he believed "pretty strongly" the patrolmen had a "consistent plan or scheme" to harass cyclists who rode through southwest Iowa.

Carey is a state vehicle theft officer. His specialty is identifying stolen vehicles or their parts.

He has been on this beat for about a year. Prior to the Henchmen, he confiscated the cycles of other bikers. The latest confiscation took place on Memorial Day.

Carey denies he picks on motorcycle gangs. He added he always has a good reason for stopping cyclists. He said the Henchmen were pulled over for a perfectly valid reason—safety violations. "They were all good stops," he said.

Since the incident, however, the U.S. Supreme Court has changed its opinion of what constitutes a "good stop," and that was part of the reason the Henchmen won in court, according to Bush.

Wagner said the Henchmen squeaked through because of a change in the law which forbids random safety checks.

One club member's cycle, however, was held for more than six months for no reason, other than that Carey sent the wrong number through the computer and came up with a hit.

The cyclist is a Harley-Davidson mechanic and bought the bike from the factory through the company credit union.

Bush wants to forget the incident. "The whole thing is a wash, right now. We're dismissing our claims," he said.

"I think there was a wrong done to my people," he said, since the cyclists had to return to court three times.

Said Wagner as he prepared for the trip home: "I'm buying my gas in Omaha."

Voluntary Helmet Use

Maryland: A concentrated effort to encourage voluntary helmet use is under way in Maryland, the first state to repeal a mandatory helmet law in 1979. Coincidentally, Maryland is also the home state of Joan Claybrook, administrator of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) and the most zealous crusader for mandatory helmet use in the country. Repeal of the Maryland statute thus brings the voluntary-versus-mandatory issue into Washington's backyard.

Proponents of motorcyclists' freedom to make their own decisions are celebrating the repeal by mounting a major educational offensive in the state. That approach has yet to be tried in any significant form—and in fact has been openly resisted —by NHTSA.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF), which is headquartered in the Baltimore, Maryland, suburb of Linthicum, is spearheading the voluntary use drive, aided by AMA District 7 officials and Maryland ABATE leadership. Information encouraging voluntary helmet use is being distributed at all sanctioned events, among clubs and at all Maryland motorcycle dealerships, while radio and television stations have received special MSF-prepared messages on the merit of helmet use.

Repeal of the Maryland law came after six years of trying. In signing the repeal legislation, Governor Harry Hughes resisted the expected pressure from auto-oriented insurance special interests as well as the recommendation of the head of the State Police and the personal intervention of Ms. Claybrook herself. — from *The American Motorcyclist.*

Maybe Glasses Would Help

Illinois: Efforts to repeal the headlight-on law in Illinois are being fought by Illinois Senator Sommer, who has a bill in the hopper that would require all cycles to have the headlight on the *high* beam! When cyclist's rights lobbyist Ed Armstrong asked for his reasoning, Senator Sommer is reported to have said: "I want those lights on bright so I can see the bastards before I hit 'em." Probably doesn't want his daughter to marry one either. — from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Neb. 68503.

Noisy Report

W*ashington:* The EPA's Noise Abatement and Control has announced that the report of a Noise Research Symposium is now available. The symposium, which was held in Dallas, covered machinery and construction equipment, surface transportation, and aviation. The reason for the meeting was to determine which needs are not being met and to recommend the roles that government and industry should play in meeting these requirements.

The report is titled "Noise Technological Research Needs and the Relative Roles of the Federal Government and the Private Sector EPA 550/9-79-311." The report can be obtained by contacting Documents Clerk, Office of Noise Abatement and Control (ANR-490), Environmental Protection Agency, Washington, D.C. 20460; or phone (703) 557-7370.– *Environmental News.*

Cyclist, 85, Raps Helmet Law

M*assachusetts:* An 85-year-old man who says he's been riding motorcycles since 1916 calls Massachusetts' motorcycle helmet law "crazy."

Frank Duzlak joined with about 250 other motorcyclists from five states as they converged on Pittsfield for a short and orderly protest of the law which prohibits motorcyclists from riding on highways without protective headgear.

Duzlak, who claims to have the first license ever issued in the state for motorcycle operation framed in his living room, said he previously wore colorful canvas or leather helmets for protection against the weather, but he is against the helmet law.—from *The Boston Globe.*

New Vehicle Liability Bill

N*ew York:* The legislation raising compulsory vehicle liability insurance death benefits from $10,000 to $50,000 recently signed by Governor Carey "will cause irreparable harm to the motorcycle industry in New York State unless it is amended to exclude motorcycles."

Benjamin R. Mintz of Cycle Insurance Service predicted that under the new bill "the average premium increase for autos will be minimal (less than 5%), while motorcycle premiums will almost double. This raises the very real possibility that the voluntary motorcycle insurance market will collapse." He said a readily available insurance marketplace "is absolutely essential to the industry since the insurance is mandatory."

The insurance executive said the new bill was unfair to cyclists. Using calculations based on 1978 National Safety Council and New York Motor Vehicle Bureau statistics, he estimated that the rates for motorcycles in New York would be more than five times greater than those for autos under the new bill.

Motorcyclists, manufacturers, and dealers are urged to write to their state senators, assemblymen, and Governor Carey, calling for the exclusion of motorcycles from Senate Bill #S5518—"An Act to Amend the Insurance Law and the Vehicle and Traffic Law, in Relation to Liability Insurance Coverage on Motor Vehicles."

"Special legislation has generally been introduced because of the uniqueness of the motorcycle," Mintz said. "The motorcycle was exempted from No Fault except for those injuries caused to pedestrians. Motorcyclists assumed the risk of riding this vehicle much as a skier assumes certain risks skiing."

The new bill, scheduled to go into effect in late fall, will raise benefits paid for a death in an accident because of negligence from $10,000 to $50,000 for one person, and from $20,000 to $100,000 for two or more.

The insurance executive said that if the legislators and Governor Carey were bombarded with mail calling attention to the inequalities of Senate Bill #S5518 for motorcyclists, a change could be made before the bill goes into effect.—from Cycle Insurance Service, #1 Hempstead Turnpike, Island Trees, N.Y. 11756.

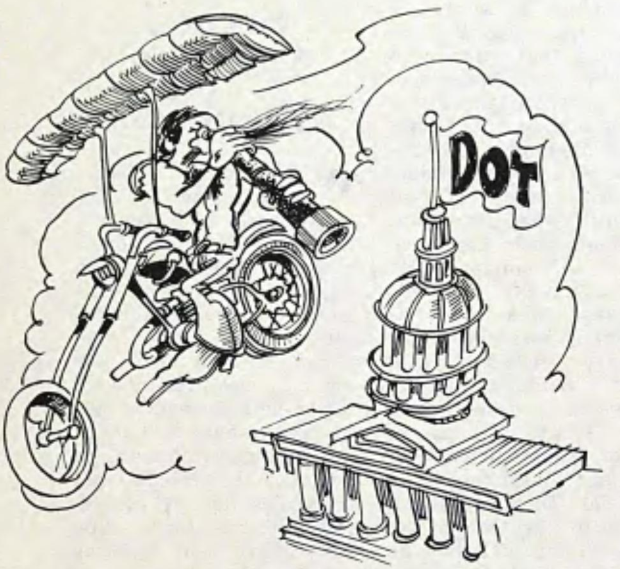
Second Thoughts About Gas

W*ashington, D.C.:* The Department of Energy has had second thoughts about motorcycles and gasoline ration allotments; doubled the amount originally intended for two-wheelers. Don't cheer yet! That means you get only one-fifth of what a car gets instead of the original one-tenth. In other words, they're planning to penalize the vehicle that conserves fuel by providing less fuel for it. You just might want to bring this to the attention of your elected representatives before it is too late.—from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Neb. 68503.

Time Is Running Out

M*assachusetts:* This is your last chance to repeal the helmet law in Massachusetts. The bill passed the House of Representatives, but was tabled in the Senate by a close vote. Now, the fact that it was tabled doesn't mean that it's dead. It means the bill has to be brought up before the Senate prior to the close of the current legislative session.

When some of the other senators were questioned as to why they voted against the bill, they said that none of their constituents had asked them to vote differently. All it takes is a couple of minutes to sit down and write your senator a few lines on how you feel about the helmet law. Don't think that one less letter won't matter—your letter could be the one that makes the difference. If you don't know who your senator is, or you aren't sure of his address, contact the MMA or your town or city clerk. If you act quickly, maybe your bros can look forward to some wind in their hair before the season is over.—from The Motorcyclist's Post.



Keeping An Eye On Appointed Officials

Washington, D.C.: It appears that we will be getting some good news on the federal level. Congressman Cavanaugh is co-sponsoring HR-1776. There is very strong support for this bill. It has already passed the judiciary committee and should be out of the rules committee by the last part of August. From there it goes to the House floor and, if passed, then to the Senate. It sounds as though HR-1776 could become law by the end of the year if everything goes smoothly.

Briefly HR-1776 is a bill amending title 5 of the United States Code to improve agency rulemaking by expanding the opportunities for public participation, by creating procedures for congressional review of agency rules, and by expanding judicial review, and for other purposes.

What this amounts to is simply that after a bureaucratic agency has conducted its research, held its hearings and decided on what its final rule will be, then each and every rule must sit in both the House of Representatives and the Senate for at least 60 days before going into effect. If both houses of Congress pass a resolution within 90 days to either disapprove or to reconsider a rule, then it does not go into effect. However, if neither house has passed a resolution or acted on a rule within 60 days of continuous session, then the rule may go into effect immediately.

This bill if passed will at least give our elected officials a chance to prevent unelected bureaucrats from making laws the people don't want or don't need.

It wouldn't hurt to write your Senator and Congressman and let them know that you want them to support HR-1776.—from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Nebr. 68503.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.

It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here ____

I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
- ☐ **National Abate** membership only, $5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark ____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ____

City ____

State ____ Zip ____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Police Like Helmets

Indiana: The Indiana Association of Chiefs of Police is asking the Indiana General Assembly to consider reimposing a requirement that all motorcyclists wear protective helmets.

The request will come in the next legislative session.

The law was repealed Sept. 1, 1977, after motorcycle lobbies complained about it. Since then, law enforcement officials, particularly the IACP, has said there has been a dramatic increase in deaths and injuries in motorcycle accidents.

Whiting Police Chief George Zahorsky, president of the IACP, said a resolution urging repassage of the helmet law came after the Indiana State Police last year completed a study of the effects of the repeal of the helmet requirement.

Is It An Even Day And You're Odd?

New Jersey: If you haven't heard of the energy crisis that we've been having, you've either been out of the country, lost in space, or out to lunch. The fact that the gas guzzlers are being restricted to every other day on the gas line is a good idea. However, the motorcycles are being given the same treatment. Now, we all know that a motorcycle is an economical way to beat the crunch, but Joel Jacobsen, the N.J. Energy Commissioner, refuses to accept this fact. The best way to combat this injustice is to put your feelings politely on paper and mail them to Mr. Jacobsen at 101 Commerce Street, Newark, N.J. 07100. Do it now. This is the only way to beat the energy crisis and the Energy Commissioner. Or call him at 648-2017.

If it's possible, it would be a good idea to send a copy of your letter to Governor Byrne. You can either xerox it or use carbon paper. The State Department of Energy is an agency created under the Byrne Administration. They are not elected officials. But if Jacobsen gets enough letters and the Governor gets enough copies, they will become concerned. Many people do not realize that when they become disgusted with our various agencies (Div. of Motor Vehicles, Dept. of Energy, etc.), they can retaliate by voting out the present governor at the next election. Governor Brendan Byrne, c/o State House, Trenton, N.J. 08600. — from the Jersey Motorcycle Assn., Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. ■

DOWNTIME *by Rash*

Like the biker's biker, or the ballplayer's player, Albert Lee is a musician's musician. He does the little things that go unnoticed by the G.P. but are recognized as special by those who are aware of the talent involved. Like the bro who always has his scoot ready to run, no matter what the weather, lack of dough, or other circumstances of distress—he's there.

Albert's not the kind of rock star who's gonna come onstage spittin' blood, or bashin' his instrument to bits. He appreciates it too much. But, oh can he make a guitar talk! Control, smoothness, fluidity. These are the marks of Mr. Lee, the Limey-cum-country boy.

After years of backing stars such as Emmylou Harris, Nicolette Larson, The Crickets, and touring with Eric Clapton, he's got his own album to floor ya with now. **Hiding.** That's the name. It's as full of good rare country, blues, jazz stuff as a set of fatbobs plumb full of precious petrol. It's a class effort with no turkey tunes.

This year has produced a heap of stink bomb records, but if ya look long and hard enough you'll find some gems in amongst the dirt. **Hiding** is one, along with both Dire Straits albums, the first one of the same name, and the second, **Communique.** I can't tell ya how much time I've saved turnin' the record over while in the garage this year due to these dudes. Mainly 'cause I splurged and bought a tape deck. But hey, fuck it, there ain't no need to fiddle around with the music box when it keeps goin' so smooth ya don't realize you've heard the same tunes for literally hours. Not until the job's finished and yer puttin' the tools away do ya hafta make a move towards the electronics.

Yes, folks, there still is a shred of quality out in the degenerate disco swamp that threatens to swallow up the citizens. But not us bikers.

This is the part of the show when we take off the hat to a dude who's dearly departed. Yep, the sad part. No, not Thurman Munson, the Dodger-killer, though that's a bummer, too. We're talkin' 'bout the unfortunate splitting to Biker Heaven of Lowell George. Just when things were jammin' the best for him, his ol' ticker stopped the pulse an' we're all the worse for it.

The dude was a heavy worker, partyer, and family man. He earned his way by using his own creativity, never settling for less than the best. Startin' out in the rock game/business at the bottom rung, playin' local bars, his ability introduced him to a load of talented folks. Lowell surrounded himself with the best. As time went by, he didn't need to worry, because the best came to him, people like the members of the now-defunct Little Feat band, Bill Payne, Richie Hayward, Ken Gradney, Paul Barrere, and Sam Clayton. Each is a specialist in his own craft, whether it's bendin' steel on a guitar, beatin' on the tom-toms, or glidin' fingers over a keyboard. This conglomeration of good people made music from '71 through '78.

If ya ever saw them live, or ya have **Waiting For Columbus**, their 1978 live release, then ya know the magic they

could unfurl for the troops. One dude once told me after a brain-bakin' show, while we sat out on the curb meltin' our eyeballs, that "those dudes jam it together as good as the Dead when they're cookin'." It took me a good hard swallow, but I could relate.

Sure as shit, a couple years after that curbside revelation, here was the Grateful Dead employing Lowell George as the producer for their **Shakedown Street** album.

Lowell had a thing for cleanliness. Mostly concerned with retaining all the notes through the recording process, he whittled the wax down to perfection—reproduction perfection. He played guitar that way, too. Using the minimum to get the maximum, Lowell's solos didn't come hopped up with a jump, legs in a split and a look that says "I gotta take a dump, quick!" Nope. He'd shrug, give a glance at the boys, put a little slack in the knees, hunch over his axe, and go to work. Pickin' short bites, then sharp slide sweeps, nothin' audacious, never goin' out of his way to show anyone up, or garner more than his share of kudos.

So, to add to his collection of nine Feat albums, innumerable contributions to other people's works, and a raft of cover art extraordinaire by Neon Park, we have **Thanks I'll Eat It Here**, his final contribution.

So, Lowell, see ya around, champ. Like the song says, "Only the good die young."

If ya happen to dig Black Sabbath, early Deep Purple, Atomic Rooster, and other walls of sound, we got a gem for ya. **Hell Bent For Leather** by Judas Priest. Your best bet is to put it on the spindle, crank the volume to no less than full, an' watch the neighbors scramble for cover.

Drama. That's the word for it. Intense music led by a bassist who's like a noose around the sound. Bloodcurdlin' singin', screechin' guitars haulin' ass on a hell-bent-for-leather pace for the end of the tunnel, before the rocks pile down on 'em, sealin' 'em forever in a dank, dark cavern of death.

Yeah, that's sorta the flavor.

Judas Priest is a new-found tough side of rock. Honest, yet with a touch of reality as we know it today, combined with a look down the road that nobody's been on.

The cover alone says it. A grisly illustration of a space cadet rushin' through the cosmos atta eyeball-splinterin' rate of speed.

A good record to set the pace for an outing. With this in yer gourd before ya leave there'd definitely be no lookin' back. And God help those ya meet.

May ya ride 'n rock forever.■

PUNISHMENTS

by Dr. Twatburger

How to punish lawbreakers and other fuckups has bugged man since time began. The first crime mentioned in history appears in the Bible, when Cain dusted his brother Abel. God ordered him to get his ass off the property an' sentenced him to roam forever as an outcast, but as a parole officer The Man Upstairs didn't pack the weight that POs do nowadays. Cain moved to a little town called Nod, which was just east of Eden. He found him an ol' lady, settled down, an' for the rest of his life spent a lot of time makin' love an' producin' kids. His punishment for murder consisted of some kind of mark that was put on him, but the Bible never makes clear exactly what kind of mark it was. People who dislike members of the black race claim that a black skin is the mark of Cain. Others claim it to be everything from tattoos to club feet, crossed eyes, long hair an' beards, to an affinity for ridin' Harley-Davidsons. Take your pick. At any rate, God hadn't gotten around to inventin' the eye-for-an-eye bullshit as yet, so Cain got off pretty easy. But as time passed, punishments got worse, then better, then worse again. In fact, punishment for crimes has gone up an' down more often than a coal miner's ass on a Saturday night visit to the local whorehouse. There have been times throughout history when the punishment didn't seem to fit the crime, an' it went both ways by bein' sometimes too severe an' sometimes too lenient. In one part of the world, a dude rapes a chick an' gets sent to prison for life. In Washington, D.C., a president fucks forty million people an' retires to a big home on the beach with enough money to last him until his comeback.

History has seen fit to modify most punishments, but there are some pretty heavy penalties bein' handed out even in these modern times. Some of 'em make the Circus Maximus look like a trip to Disneyland.

In Saudi Arabia, only a year or so ago, a princess was discovered havin' sexual encounters with one of the local studs who hung around the palace camelshittin' with the boys (they ain't got bullshit over there) an' waitin' to catch a glimpse of the meat that's hidden behind all those veils. In spite of public outcry, she was stoned to death in public, an' the horny dude was castrated, then had his head chopped off—in that order.

About ten years ago, also in Saudi Arabia, a man an' a woman were caught havin' an illicit love affair. Since both parties were married to someone else at the time, their sin called for the maximum punishment. The chick got off easy. She had her snatch sewn shut an' was tied to a post in the center of the town square—an' adios to the fucker who showed mercy on her. The dude was castrated, his lips were sewn shut, an' he was buried neck-deep in the center of the town square.

About fifteen years ago, King Ibn Saud an' some of his staff paid a surprise visit to a Standard Oil Company refinery in Arabia. While he was there—on U.S. property—some Arab workers suddenly held up protest signs askin' for higher wages. The king merely flicked his fingers, an' members of his bodyguard beat all ten of the protesters to death with clubs.

As mentioned before, by Spider, a dude in Louisiana was recently sentenced to fifty years in prison for escape and possession of marijuana; and the day he was sentenced, another dude got eighteen months for killin' his wife an' kids.

There was a time when a man could whip the tar out of his kid if he caught him stealin', or fuckin' the neighbor's daughter; but that time is disappearin' fast. The reason why corporal punishment is being outlawed is that it turns out that most people sentenced for murder were raised in a family where the ol' man beat the shit out of 'em whenever they fucked up.

In Sweden, at this very moment, it is

illegal to spank your own kid. In July 1979, a dude spanked his kid for gettin' bad grades in school an' comin' home late, an' the kid had his ol' man tossed in the slammer.

Until early in this century, whipping prisoners was a common occurrence in American prisons, as were public hangings. As soon as the general public started hollerin' about such punishments, the prison system started mistreatin' their wards in private by takin' 'em down to the hole an' beatin' the shit out of 'em. Some prisoners have spent their entire lives in solitary confinement.

In ancient times, punishments were more severe, and less thought was given to the traumatic experience of seein' dudes an' chicks flogged or tortured in public. Flogging sailors was a daily occurrence in the old-time British navy, an' the crime didn't have to amount to much. A smirk could get a dude tied to the mast an' whipped till he shit.

Many sailors, back in the days of sailin' ships, had their entire backs tattooed with scenes of Christ, the Virgin Mary, or the crucifixion, hoping that once their back was bared the executioner would lay it on easy lest he commit sacrilege. Captains got around this by hangin' the culprits by their thumbs from a yardarm or keel-haulin' 'em.

If a serious crime was committed aboard ship, such as talkin' back to the captain or committin' murder, the swab was "logged dead," even though he was still alive an' kickin'. Furnished with a bag of food to last for a day or two, the criminal was placed out on the bowsprit of the ship, an' an armed guard was stationed there to make sure he didn't come sneakin' back to the deck. When the food ran out, it was all over. The sucker could either drop off into the water an' get it over with, or he could lash himself to the riggin' an die there, the smell of his rottin' corpse blowin' back over the ship until it fell off—a warnin' to the rest of the crew to shape up or ship out.

It ain't just a fairy tale that in Arabia a robber has a hand cut off for stealin', or an eye put out for peekin' at somebody's ol' lady while she takes her panties off. The crime rate in Arabian countries is pretty low because of the fear of retribution. When a dude is caught burglarizin', he is taken to the town square, accompanied by the executioner an' a doctor, but the doc is only there to give advice on how to mete out the punishment, not to serve any other purpose. A thin rope is tied to the middle finger of the dude's hand, an' while he's held down, his arm is stretched out an' the executioner whacks his hand off with a knife, cuttin' through the expanded wrist joint an' takin' his time about it. The only medication given—an' this is a well-researched fact—is horse manure, packed on the stump. Anyone who survives tetanus an' shock after an operation like that is one tough sonofabitch.

In ancient England, highwaymen, when caught alive, were often hanged in metal cages at a busy crossroad, where they whined an' hollered until they rotted away, so that others could profit from their experience.

Another good ol' English punishment was that of bein' drawn an' quartered. Not many people really know what that means, but this was one form of it: Alive an' kickin', the felon was held down by several dudes while the executioner slowly skinned him. His body was then cut into four pieces, each of which was buried far from the others to make sure he didn't pull himself together an' go to heaven.

Loppin' off a dude's head was one of the fastest an' most humane forms of punishment ever invented, because it ended his sufferin' in a hurry, although he sometimes had a few days to suffer some cruel an' unusual punishment by lookin' out the window an' starin' at the choppin' block.

One of the neatest methods of separatin' a dude from his melon is the guillotine, but it wasn't a French invention, as many believe. Dr. Guillotin, the "inventor," simply came up with an updated version of the ol' gibbet, which had been used in England for centuries.

The gibbet consisted of two long poles, between the tops of which rode a great axe-head. The axe was released from its position at the top of the poles by pullin' out a metal pin. If the criminal raped a chick, an' was sentenced to die, the chick got to pull the pin out. If he was busted for stealin' a horse, cow, or ox, the rope was tied to the beast, which then took a stroll an' pulled the pin. Such executions always occurred on market days, so that everyone could have a little entertainment while eatin' lunch.

One of the cruelest forms of punishment was that distinguished by the name of *peine forte et dure*, or pressing to death. It was usually accompanied by the added pain of having the thumbs twisted off with whipcord. The victim was placed on his back on the ground, in a public place, and a big, flat rock was laid on him (or her—women got this treatment too). On top of this, more rocks were placed until the poor fucker looked like a pressed ham sandwich. The last time this method was used was in 1827, an' they probably stopped doin' it 'cause nobody wanted to clean up the mess when it was finished.

Lesser crimes received lesser punishments, an' some of 'em might be all right today if we could get all the dudes in the world to stick together. The one in mind is the brank.

The brank was used to punish naggin' ol' ladies or plain cunts who made a lot of noise in public, such as demandin' equal rights with dudes. It consisted of a metal frame that fit around the broad's head and locked into place. In the front, there was a small, triangular-shaped hole for her nose to fit through, an' right under that there was a metal tongue depressor that fit into her mouth. Sometimes, the plate that went into the chick's mouth was sharp, or covered with sharp spikes, so that if she tried to talk or complain she was certain to be, as the description was written, "shockingly injured."

The ducking stool was another invention of man to punish women who either couldn't keep their mouths shut or got out of line by fuckin' with a dude's drinkin' habits. It consisted of a wooden seat on the end of a long pole that was mounted on a fulcrum by the edge of a canal or river. The noisy chick was tied into the seat, then dipped into the water, an' although a lot of 'em kept right on hollerin' an' naggin', it wasn't long before most of 'em learned enough to shut their traps. Sometimes, the chick just wouldn't shut up at all, so they dipped her so many times they drowned her.

The pillory was a crosslike device that had three holes bored in it, one for the head and two for the hands. It was used to punish minor crimes, such as lying, cheating customers in the butcher shop, or gossiping. Being sentenced to the pillory often included a few other little humiliating acts.

In 1554, a chick in London was placed in the pillory for lying, and to make doubly sure she didn't do it again, her ears were nailed to the plank. A dude, about the same time, had his nose cut off while he was standin' there. Why? Who knows?

Authors were punished almost as severely as murderers in early England. For attempting to sell copies of a revision of the Holy Bible that he had produced, one author was placed in the pillory, had one ear cut off, and his nose slit up both nostrils. He was also whipped, branded, and fined. Another author, who wrote a play that was labeled seditious, had both ears cut off and had to stand in the pillory for several days without food or water. And keep in mind the fuckers who passed by an' tossed garbage, rotten eggs, an' rocks at him, and the chicks who came by an' gave his balls a friendly little squeeze.

Ever see those funny cartoons of a dude wearing a barrel instead of clothes? Well, that was the old-time punishment for drunkards, during the 1600s in England; but at least they gave a dude three chances to go straight before makin' him wear the barrel. For his first offense, a drunkard was fined five shillings. His second offense got him a good dunkin' in the river, and his third saw him sentenced to wear "the drunkard's cloak." The barrel used was usually a heavy wine barrel, with one end removed. The other end had a hole just big enough for his head to fit through, an' on each side there was a hole for his hands, which, once through, were locked in place. The convicted drunk had to wear the barrel around for anywhere from a couple of hours to a week, an' how he wiped his ass or blew his nose isn't mentioned in history books.

—*Continued on page 76*

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory; Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Joey Hedges.** You rode hard and died fast. I'll alway remember you. Love, Kay.

In memory of **Dale Popple.** Live fast, die fast, and party hardy. From the 6-8 Bakers, a true hogmire.

In memory of **"Pie."** Always riding high up in a star-studded sky. Your bro, Jay.

In memory of **Suzie Kinny Kierstead.** Life in the fast lane is to ride forever. Falkey and your friends.

In memory of **Chris,** who never rode his dream, but lived it. Keep riding. Becky and Robin.

For **Gary Miller.** He rode fast, but died at sea. Forever in our hearts. Mt. Vernon, Wash.

In memory of **Peter Allen King.** Gone awhile, but not forgotten. We'll see you on the other side. Larry and Mike.

In memory of **Debbie Valente,** whose life was wasted by a jerkoff with a shot gun. You'll ride forever in peace. Your sister, Linda.

In memory of **"Twister."** May you ride and live in peace forever. Your brother, Clifford.

In memory of **Dave Laiho,** with love from all his brothers and sisters. Bones, Livonia, Mich.

A tribute to **Kathy.** Lost to two sidewalk commandos. Ladies, hold tight to your sister. Pam, Long Beach, Calif.

In memory of **Roger Dale LaFountaine,** who rode hard and fast and was wiped out by a drunk driver. Chap and Mary Ann.

In memory of **Richard Young.** Loved and missed by all. I putted with him to the end. His ol'lady forever, Sue.

In memory of **Noah Dale Fowler.** You died having a good time with your brothers. You won't be forgotten. Bro Riders MC, Ill..

Lowell "Popeye Louie" Lewis. You will always be in our hearts. A brother who gave us many memories. The Bear, Detroit, Mich.

In memory of **Gary,** who was snuffed by a semi driver who must have been blind. We miss you, bro. Don, Bob, Bus, Frank, Your Lady, and the kids.

Ride on, **John "J.B." Armstong.** A true brother, he partied to the end. Unwanted, Independence MC.

In memory of **Mike "Duck" Duckworth** and **Johnny "Maggot" Maddox,** two wine-drinkin' bros. We're drinkin' Mad Dog now and remembering the times. Wake Butt and Tom Holmes.

In loving memory of **Paul and Patty Plouffe,** hit head-on by a car. They had their last ride together and will ride in eternal peace forever. Mickey, Joyce, Don, Billy, and bros.

For **"Opie,"** who lived hard and died fast. Your bros, Bill and Herb.

In memory of **Joe T.** I rode three thousand miles to party with you once. Now I'll have to ride a little farther. The Kernel.

In loving memory of **Elrod.** You rode hard and died much too young. You'll be with me forever. Cindy.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $9.00 for twelve issues. ($9.00 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call.** Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Downed bro would like to meet a lady to settle down with. Donald Schell #K-3579, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Old biker needs candy mama to party and travel with when he gets out next year. Don Finnan #24363-149, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

I am doing time and need mail and photos from ladies. Royal Pearson #11751, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ladies, I can't have my scooter, but I can have letters and pictures from you. Michael Coast #C-03644, Box 2210, Cascade 2702, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

36-yr.-old inmate needs letters and photos. Governer M. Tolman #B-10970, Box 441, Chino, Calif 91710.

Blue-eyed devil requests letters from devilish ladies. J.C. Chamberlain #C-02792, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Aussie prisoner would like mail from ladies anywhere. Mick Derschow, c/o Fremantle Prison, Fremantle 6160, Western Australia.

Letters and photos from ladies would brighten up this four years I've got to do. Alexander Famiano #79-D-79, Clinton Corr. Fac., Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Any women who write to me will receive an answer right away. Jerry Stewart, Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62959.

Help this good boy out by writing and making him happy. Jimmy Mack #B-39604, WC-51, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

I'm back in the cell-block, so it's up to you honeys to help pull me through. Eddie Bishop, Box B-34696, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Ladies, downed brother is dying of loneliness and needs someone to write to. Pete Regan #C-01666, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

24-yr-old inmate will be needing a lady when he gets out, so write and get acquainted. Billy Reed #93920, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Roses are red, violets are blue, and so am I, so write. Tony Welty #95588, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely prisoner needs mail and photos from ladies. Jay Vickel #106-126, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Inmate would like to write to any and all women. Paul Sheeley #246157, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I will answer all letters promptly, no matter who they're from. Charles Jordan #051170, Dade C.I., #C-209-B, Box 1449, Homestead, Fla. 33030.

French stallion lover needs hot sexy letters to bring me around. Dennis Morrisett #041227, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Looking for some chicks to write and send pictures. Bob Meives #35029, 3B-129, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Dude down for a spell would like to hear from some fine ladies. Gary Gee #34310, 3-B-C-129, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

I need the right bitch. Send your application to Ron Miller #36614-136, McNeil Island Federal Pen., Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

21-yr.-old inmate needs letters and pictures of ladies on the outside. Dwain Koons #257771, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Doing all of it and could sure use some mail. Bruce Platt #285778-A, Ramsey Unit #1, Box 1, Otey CPO, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Looking for foxy chick to write. I'll answer all. Douglas Walker #055322, J-51, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

I'll be grateful forever if you write to me now and make my time go fast. Stanton Baker #B-95366-804, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Down a while, lonesome and bored. Need revealing photos and letters from any lady. Terrell Weedman #12904, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Ladies, chicks, and foxes, please write an East Coast dago downed in a crummy Midwest joint. Tony Joe Venuti #35832, Box 7-1B-81, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Downed bro needs to write to some righteous foxes. Terry Stevens #40230, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Looking for some foxes to put some sunshine into my life while I'm doing this hard time. Duke Giglio #053611, Box 747, 12-3105, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Inmate with ranch in Sonora, California, looking for country girl who likes horses and puttin'. Leonard Peck #B-98060, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

24 yrs. old with a year to go, and would like to hear from chicks with good mind and heart. Tony Apanovitch, Box 788-99649, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely inmate, 24, would like to hear from ladies. Steve Graham #83828, Rt. 1, Turney Center Unit 5/1, Only, Tenn. 37140.

Hurry and send me a line, ladies. I've gotta have something to read. Douglas Lackey #878706, C-7-T, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Straightforward and honest convict wants to correspond with same kind of woman. Vincent Johnson #C-83188, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Looking for a foxy chick or anyone to write to. Douglas Walker #055322, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Prisoner with no outside contact would like to receive some mail. John Keenan #065351, D-12-114, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Down. Write me, girl. Holden Britt #B-99109, CTF South, 3-31, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Doing time for keeping all you street people's stash when you needed it. Would like to hear from some lovely females. Tom Seals #106219, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Desperate, lonely, and downed brother would like to hear from anyone who will write. Will answer all letters. Billy Nash #153-694, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Less than two years to go, and I need letters from ladies. I'm from Birmingham, Ala. Terry Moore #15619, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Good-time Charlie's got the blues and 20 yrs. to go with 'em. Letters will help chase them away. Charles Nole #99050, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74051.

Ladies, I need some letters and photos. Howard Slagle #105409, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Lonesome dude needs mail from foxy ladies. Tony Bass #150-661, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Bring some of the outside world to me. Letters and naked pictures of bit-titted mamas would be great. Mudman #F-7784, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

35-yr.-old con looking for young ladies to ease his boredom. Rick Carlisle #C-50274, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Ladies, I'm drying out and could use some mail. McArthur #99-966, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Would like heavy ol' lady to write and cheer me up. Mike Baker, Station A West, Unit 5 5/3, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Age and looks not important; heart and loyalty are. Will answer all sincere letters. Patrick Adams #10282-147, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Would like a nice woman to write to me. Fred Bowman #156435, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Need an ol' lady to putt with after my release. David Humphreys #B-21397, Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Downed Ariz. bro could dig some mail from all you women. Ira Hunter, M.C.I., 8100 Ozark Rd., Kansas City, Mo. 64129.

Lonely 19-yr.-old biker in desperate need of mail and photos from foxy ladies. James Fredericksen, Drawer B, Airport Rd., Paso Robles, Calif. 93446.

Lonely biker down and in need of a woman to write to. Rick Spotts #R-4297, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Blue-eyed biker needs a chick to help keep his head together while he's serving time. Bill Erickson #81801, Box 1000, Hanson, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

Downed bro needs letters for friendship with the softer sex. Al DeMarco #B-95874, #8280, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Letters wanted from any ladies. Tim Salter, ACADC, 3333 N.E. 39th Ave., Gainseville, Fla. 32601.

Doing time and needing mail from ladies. Fred Grudzinski, Box B-77-A-1581, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

I don't have a girl to write to, and I need one badly. Dennis Wolford #151-374, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Bizarre prisoner seeks bizarre ladies. Ron Holloway #A-050586, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely dude in prison is in need of mail. Charles Hullinger #99736, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Two bros need mail quick, before they go stir-crazy. Robert Armstrong #270489 and Frank Eddins #291437, M-Line, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Away from home, all alone, and I need mail from ladies who care. Alin Garcia #98404, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Downed bro wants to correspond with foxy ladies who want to be loved and cherished. Charles Jones #843600, #218, Box 667, Bushell, Fla. 33513.

Would like to hear from a foxy lady. Tom Isabella #148-833, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Down and out bro needs TLC from some loving chick. Bobby Boyd #115522, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

Lonely inmate in prison hospital needs love, letters, and photos. Charles Lee Clark #A-023194, 217 East, Bed 2, Reception and Medical Center, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

25-yr.-old Southerner wants to hear from foxy ladies. Ben Watkins, Box 231, Statesville, N.C. 28677.

Bro doing time needs letters to make it easier. Ronald Corley #280701, Rt. 1, Box 150, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Young biker needs letters and pictures from young or old foxes. Dale Reider, Box 40835, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Would like to hear from fine lady to put sunshine in my day. Guy Silviera, Box B-94988, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Lonely biker behind bars needs sweet letters from sweet ladies. Ed Hosehouer #01669, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Inmate in need of lady friend. Want lasting relationship. Send photos. Larry Harrison #87429, Camp J, S-2-R-5, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, La. 70712.

I would like all those beautiful ladies out there to drop me a line. Norman Stewart #45145, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I'm looking for some bad bitches to write to, so drop a line and send some pictures. John Broadway, Box 43120, Represa, Calif. 95671.

A righteous dude in jail with no mail would like to hear from a female who cares. Joseph Slaughter #142142, Maryland House of Correction, Jessup, Md. 20794.

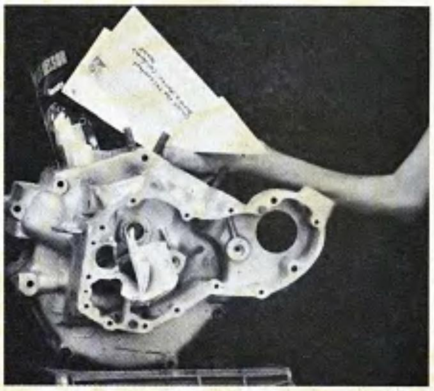
It's a Dog's Iron-On

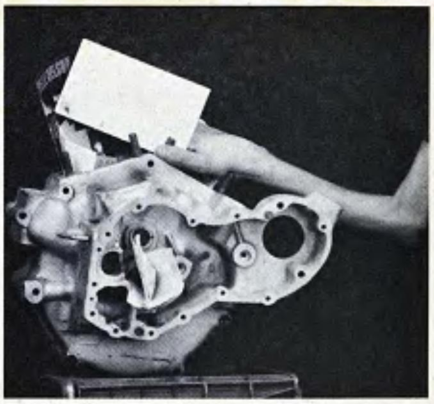
Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up, and you've got it. **Easyriders** does it again.

The Runners-Up
And the winner of the 74 (count 'em) contest





Photos by Frank and the Cub

And if anyone has a bitch about the judgin' or the winners—tell it to the Gimp. Look at the sonuvabitch! He hates contests! He always gets buried in the goddam mail and loses more of the precious little meat he has left on his bones while he's readin' and recordin' each entry.

In addition, the poor mutha is assigned to keep countin' until the correct number of whatevers is confirmed. (The correct number of 74s in this contest is 1,447.)

So you can imagine the immense pressure on this feeble man. Everybody wants to win—nobody wants to lose. The staff and forty sweeties want to split the cash and head for a stash in the hills. Fortunately, the Gimp's 45 trike wouldn't have a Honda's chance in Harley Heaven of outrunning any of the other burnt-out V-twins in this dump.

And now for the results. Many bros eyeballed their way through the 74s accurately. Consequently, all the correct entries were carefully stuffed into a set of knuckle cases and the Gimp apprehensively drew three runners-up and the *winner*.

Runner-up number four, for a prize of 74 cents, was Gary Chapman of Auburn Heights, Missouri. Runner-up number three, for a prize of seven dollars and forty cents, was Celeste Armour of Sarver, Pennsylvania. Runner-up number two, copping seventy-four dollars, was Darlene Humes of Imperial Beach, California. And the grand prize winner, bagging the big seven hundred forty dollars, was K. Kennedy of West Columbia, South Carolina. Congratulations, brothers and sisters.

—The Crew

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Sagittarius

You Sagittarians, born under the sign of half-man/half-horse, are honest, straightforward, and freedom-loving. Your energetic, outgoing manner attracts friends like flies to a cow pasture.

You love gettin' in the wind and are always ready to jam at the drop of a hat, pants, or whatever. The first Lobo was probably a Sagittarian. Lady Sagittarians would rather be out tinkering on a scoot alongside the ol' man than doing domestic chores. Yet, they are good in the sack when it counts and make great buddies.

Sometimes a Sagittarian is a taste too independent and outspoken (like Jane Fonda)—but generally has enough charm and sex appeal to carry it off. Sagittarians are agile and athletic, like Suzy Chaffee and Joe DiMaggio.

Sagittarians have a great sense of humor, which makes them quite popular — for example: famous clown Emmett Kelly, Harpo Marx, Woody Allen, Redd Fox, Dick Van Dyke, and Flip Wilson. They often have great speaking and singing voices, as do John Mayall, Dionne Warwick, and Frank Sinatra.

Sagittarians like change, flexibility, and most anything new and nutsy. They should never be afraid to change jobs or move to new places. They have the ability to adjust rapidly.

Sagittarians have a special gift for causing things to happen around them. They are supercharged with energy, and the people around them pick up on it.

Sagittarians of both sexes are a bit accident-prone, due to their over-impulsiveness. (Slow down once in a while.) They are susceptible to injury of the hips, broken ribs and arms, and liver ailments. Luckily, they are usually robust and have strong recuperative powers.

If you have a Sagittarian for a friend, hold on to him for dear life. That sign is one of the most loyal in the zodiac.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)
Hope you took my advice last month, 'cause pressures are now akin to those afflicting an elephant with a gas leak tryin' to suppress a fart. Lots of general confusion will have your mind boggled and leave your nuts draggin'. Co-workers and partners might dump an extra work load on you, or you could get stuck with enough paperwork to wipe the world's biggest ass. Complaining won't help. Just keep your sense of humor—you'll need it.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)
Hang on to your horns, 'cause this month is wet and wild! So splash on some of that new French cologne for bikers ("La Treen"), strap on your shitkickers, and wade right in. It's time to party till your shorts stick to ya! Even better, bros will probably foot the bill. Lighten up on a family situation. It's a dead issue, and now is the time to forgive and forget. Don't let past bullshit creep in and ruin a goody.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)
Mind blowing is a favorite Gemini trait, and this month you're comin' on strong. Just be careful you don't get caught in your own trap. Avoid playin' your favorite con games—or they'll backfire on ya. If you're tempted to overextend your credit on holiday spending—don't. Save your bucks and turn your ol' lady on to a double-header for Xmas. In other words, fill her sock with your cock. Spend New Year's Eve close to home—you're accident prone.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)
Time to watch your health. All that holiday hell-raising can have your ass between the shits and the sheets. Don't be such a damn hog about everything. Use some moderation in spending (unless your ol' lady is sittin' on a gold mine), speeding, and shooting off your mouth. This month, extreme actions will put your dick in the dirt. Don't spread yourself too thin the last week, 'cause you'll need your strength for a heavy New Year's Eve.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)
It's time to tone down that Leo arrogance a taste. Your self-righteous attitude can put a strain on partnerships and a dent in your sex life. In spite of thinking that your shit don't stink, you are in a generous mood. You'll probably blow your whole wad on your scoot an' rugrats over Xmas. But if you go into debt, you'll regret it for quite some time. You're used to first class and won't settle for less. Keep your eyes peeled for a ball-bustin' bargain.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)
This month can be a happy jolt to your jollies. Travel should be on the agenda for most of you. Your mind is working so fast that your tongue can't keep up with it —so think twice before making important statements. Otherwise, you're in for a healthy, happy, horny holiday. Go ahead an' let the good times roll, as long as you play by the rules. Any blows below the belt, or sneakin' a piece on the side, an' you'll be sorry!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)
The first half of the month finds your cozy crib crowded with partners or relatives or both. They'll turn your home base into a party pad and you'll love every minute of it! After that, send their asses down the road and take a breather. You're so friggin' popular now that you'll need a datebook to keep track. Your sex life is hectic, too. You'll either have to double up on vitamins or get a refill at the sperm bank!

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)
Sorry, but your holiday spirits can have a minor setback because of added expenses for your machine. Mechanical problems hassle your bucks and fuck with your brain. Hell, Scorpio, you can handle it—and partners are more than willing to lend you a hand. (Break out that good smoke you've been hoarding and throw in a six-pack!) A surprise visitor near Xmas stirs up the fire in your hole. New Year's brings extra hair pie. Enjoy!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)
Happy Birthday! You'll probably be partyin' right through to New Year's Eve! Just be sure to slow down long enough to take care of biz. Keep your head clear long enough to go over any impending legal matters, 'cause settlements are reached in your favor now. Watch that outspoken frankness around the 19th — someone at work ain't ready for you to shoot your best shot. Your best shot now comes between the sheets!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)
First the good news—a surprise bonus can blow your mind. Now the bad—repairs around the pad or breakdowns with your machine will zap it up. Whatdafuck — be glad you had the extra bucks. Minor problems can be solved. (If you keep her ass happy, she'll be less sassy. Give her your bone to chomp on.) Being in the right place brings some fresh contacts for future cash. All in all, this month will have your balls jingling with holiday cheer.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)
If money has been a bitch lately, you'll have to toughen up a taste. A chance for important financial adjustments is offered. 'Course, you may have to kick a few asses in the process. (Verbally, at least.) There's a lot of out-of-town travel linked with career and party time. Shit, you can have your cake an' eat it, too. Your mind is peaking an' right now you're worth your weight in gold. Just don't get too cocksure —or you'll outsmart yourself.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)
By the end of the month, you'll be too pooped to pop, an' too tired to even have a wet dream. Unless you slow down and ease on into the New Year, it'll smack ya right in the kisser. Watch your tendency to procrastinate and let important projects slide. It may be the season to be jolly, but you don't have to drink yourself limp. The only real friction now is your gonads gallopin' across the bedsheets. Have a good one! ■

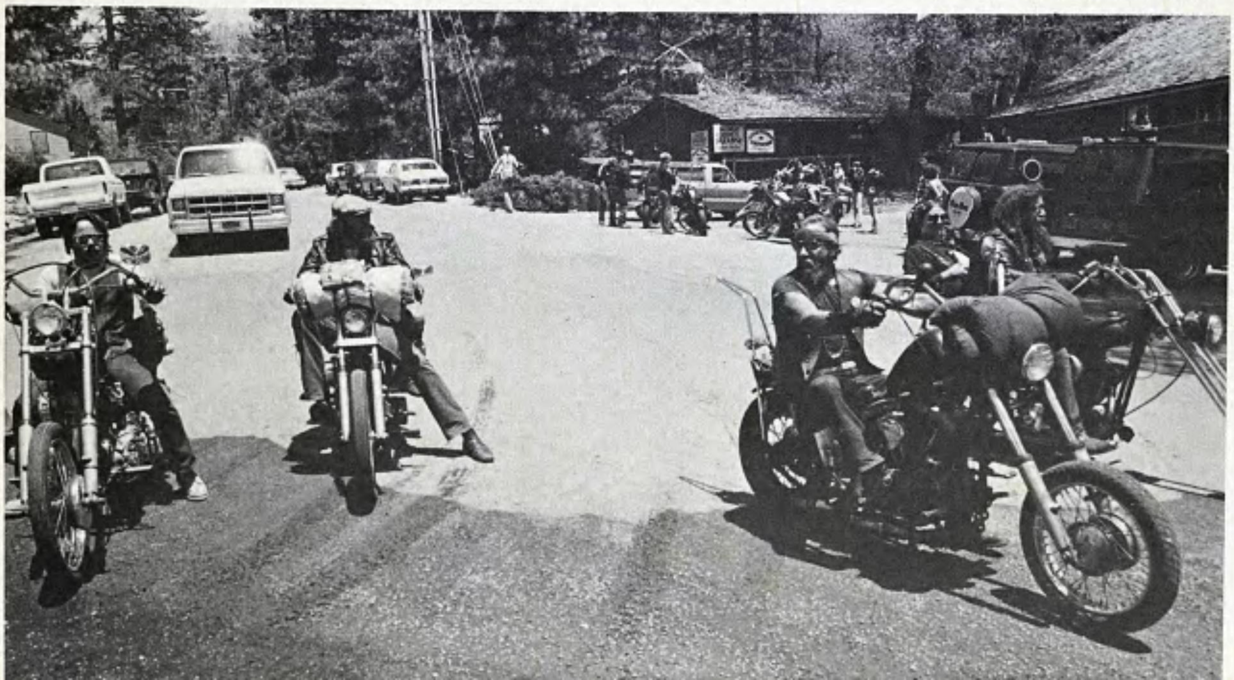
IN THE WIND

—from Pat Jordan, Martinez, Calif.

—from Flash, Dearborn, Mich.

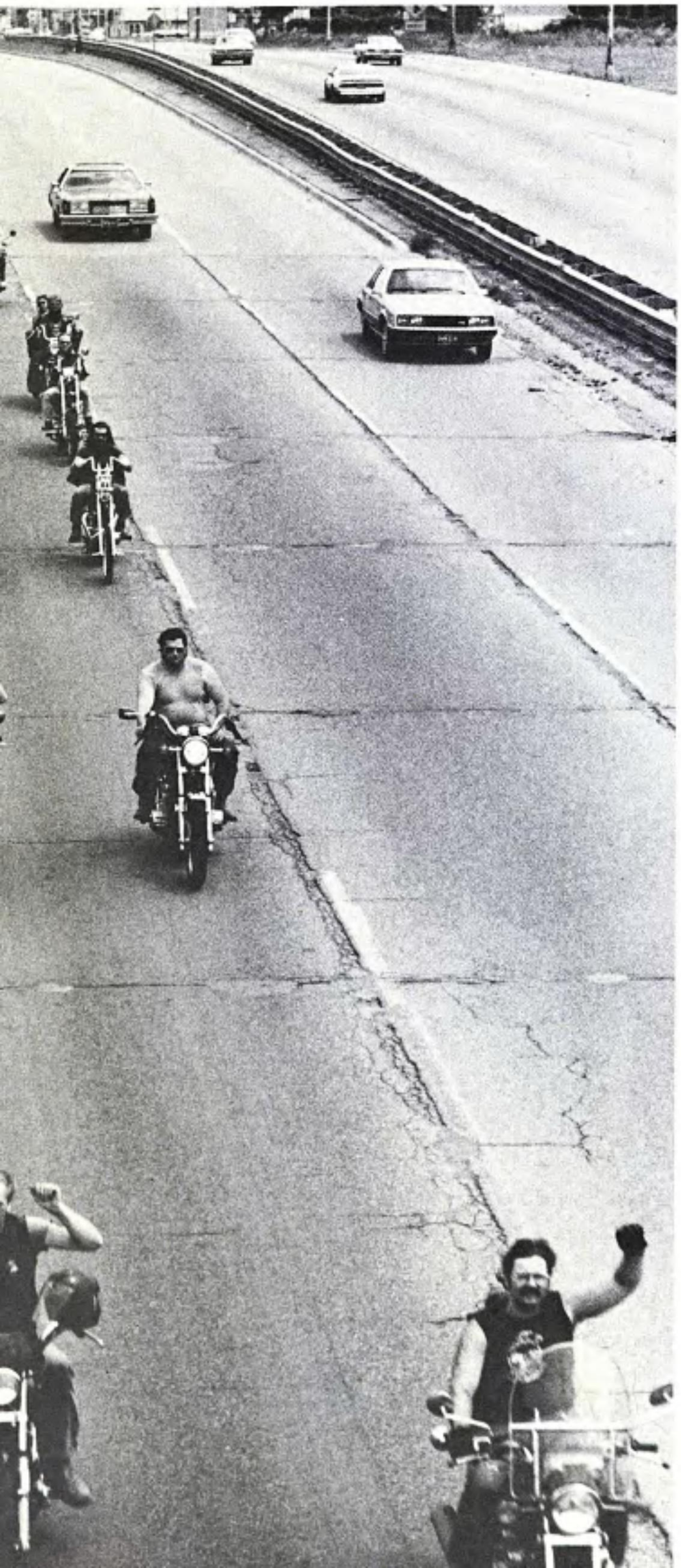
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Deano, Bastrop, Tex.



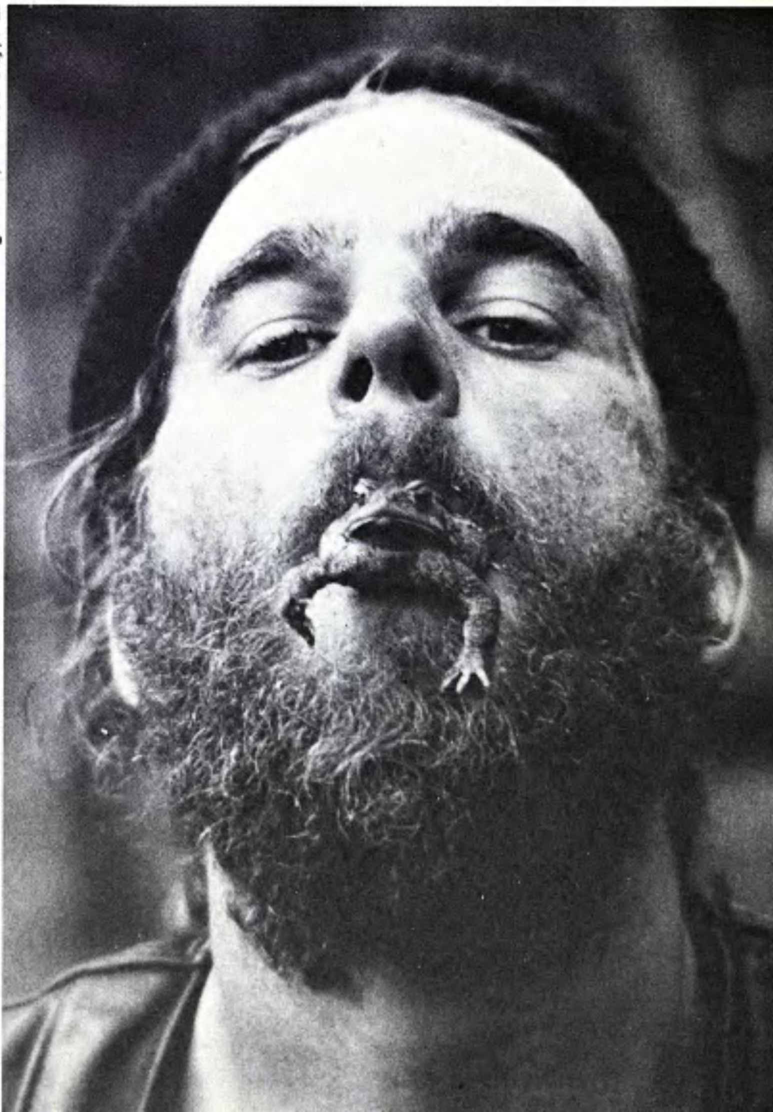
—from Turner Walker, Phoenix, Ariz.

—from S.E. Rumsey, New London, Ohio

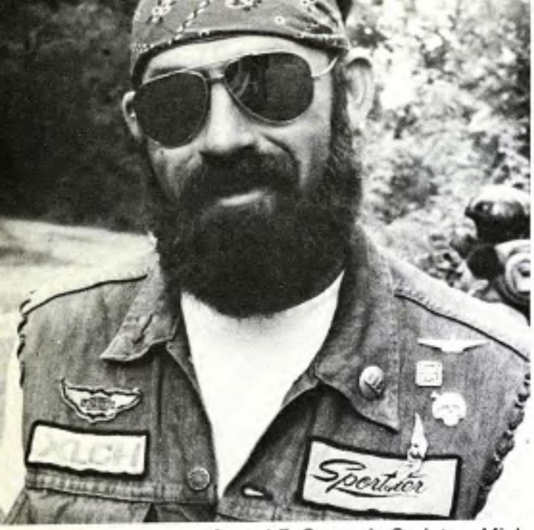


—from Flash, Lincoln, Neb.

—from J.E. Greyzck, Carleton, Mich.



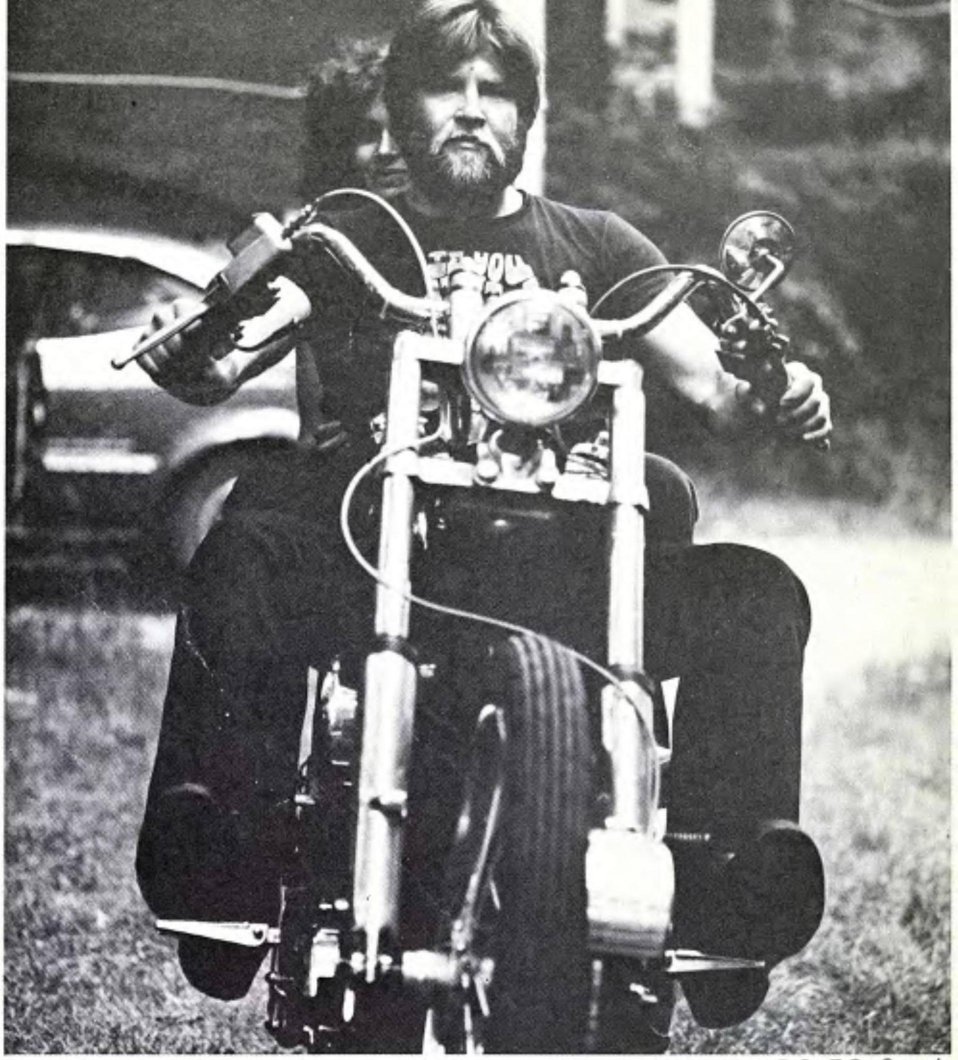
—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.



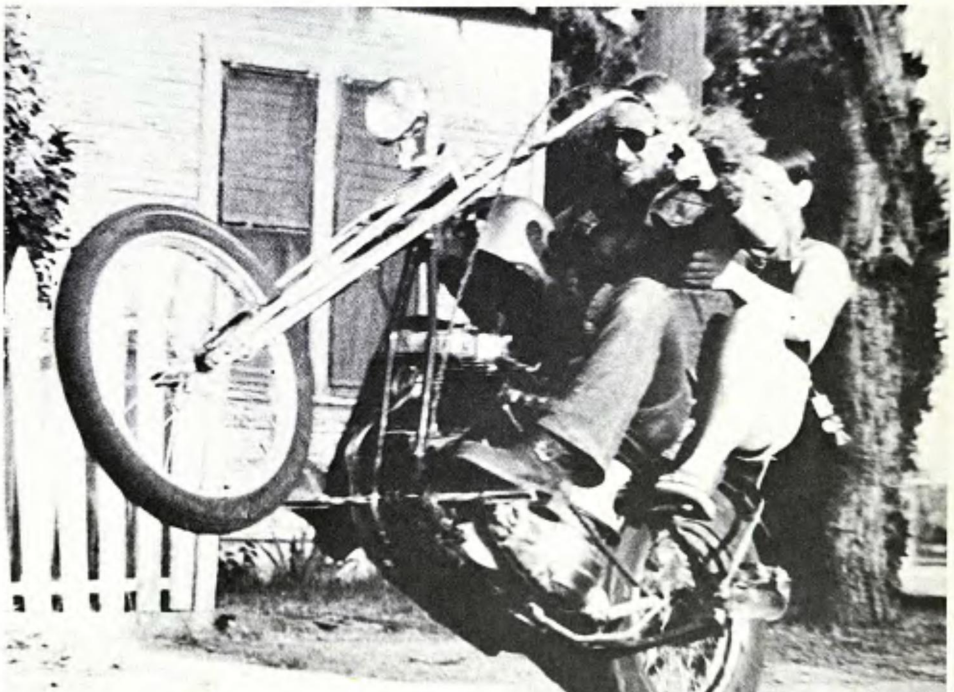
—from J.E. Greyzck, Carleton, Mich.

—from Rich Parsons, Bangor, Pa.

—from Gail McCormick, Ellwood City, Pa.



—from B.O., T.O., Canada



—from Turner Walker, Phoenix, Ariz.

—from Wild Child, Danville, Va.

—from Richard Swartz, Saginaw, Mich.

—from Big Steve, Ellwood City, Pa.

—from Cathy Frazier, Elyria, Ohio

—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.

—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

—from Brad McFarlane, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

—from Mert, F.P.O., N.Y.

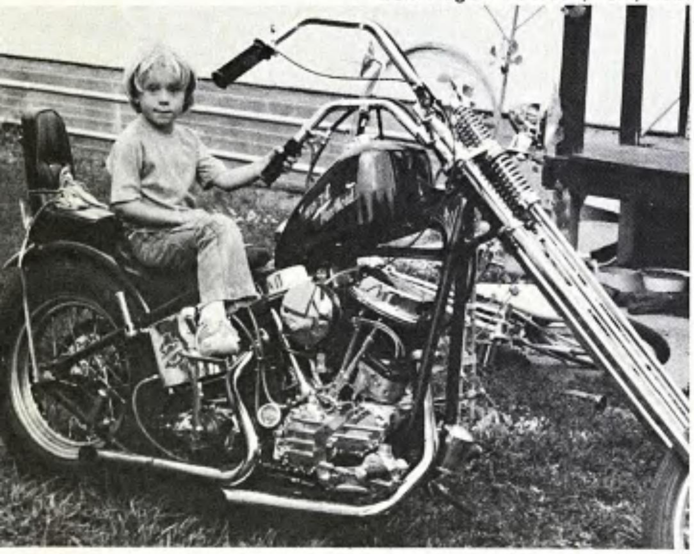
—from George Hays, Stanton, Calif.

—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.

—from Jerry Hire, Old Hickory, Tenn.

—from Roger Anderson, York, Neb.

—from J.L. Tilson, Tallmadge, Ohio



—from Renee Reynolds, Brooksville, Fla.

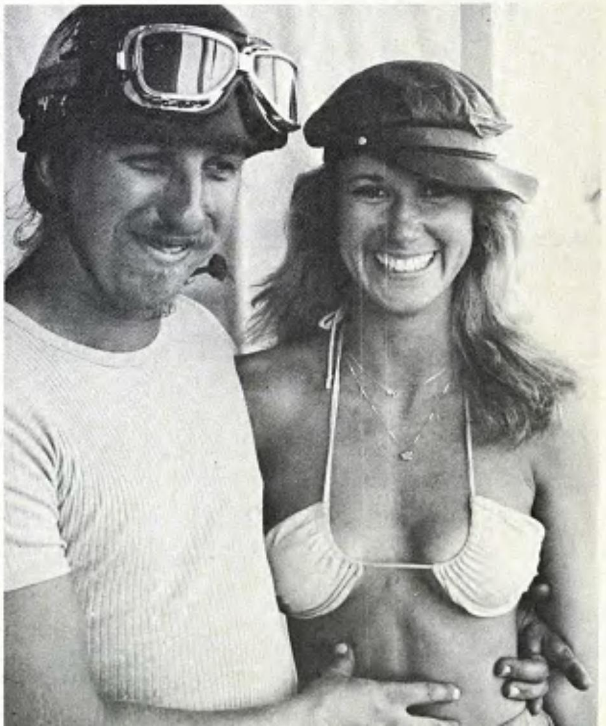
—from Lawrence D. Klein, St. Clair Shores, Mich.

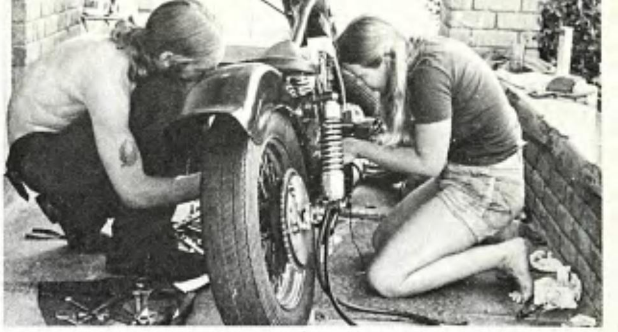
—from Guy & Amy, Long Beach, Calif.

—from Chuck and Cal, Ventura, Calif.

—from Paul Turner, Hollywood, Fla.

—from Gooch, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.





—from Turner Walker, Phoenix, Ariz.

—from Rose Bradley, Denver, Colo.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.

—from Bernd Neubauer, Karlsruhe, W. Germany

—from M.J. Abney, Detroit, Mich.

—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

—from James Hand, Columbus, Ind.

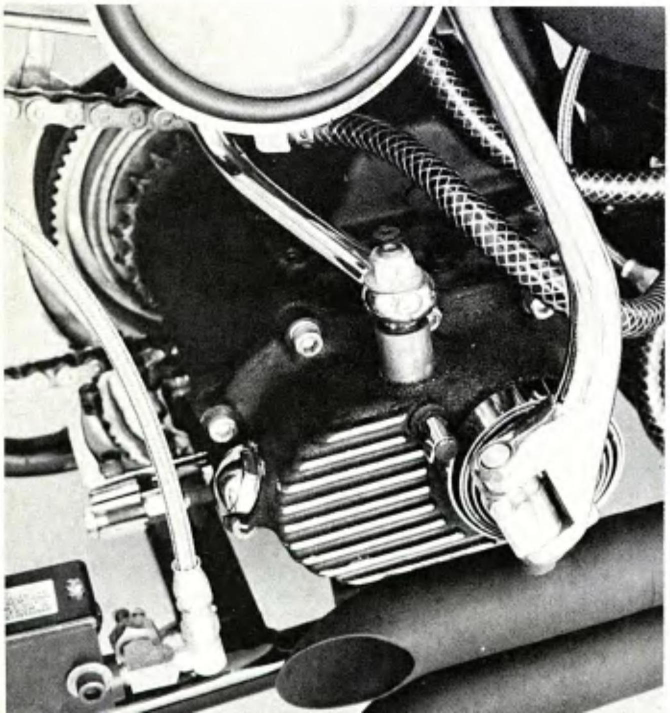
—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

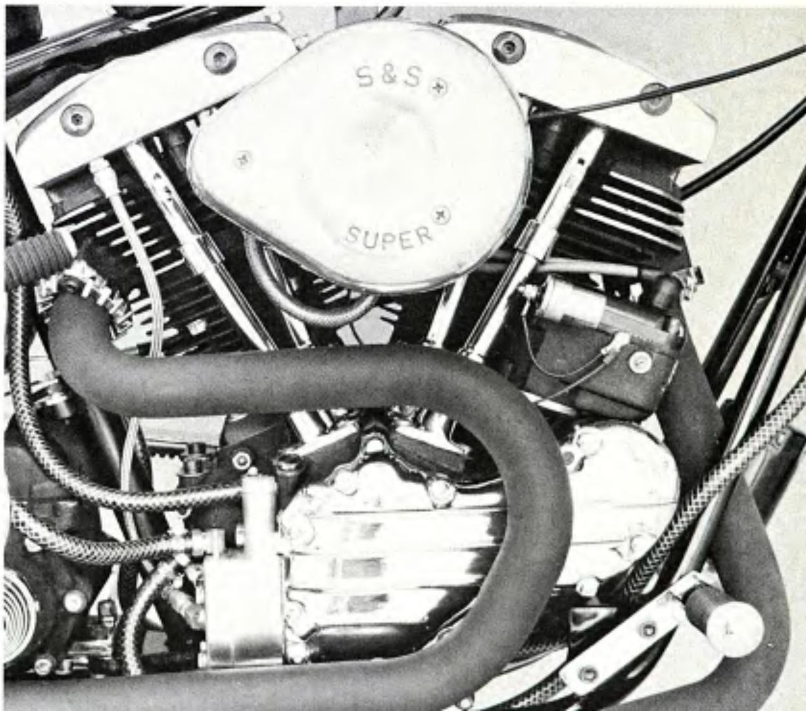
Easyriders

BLACK'N BAD

84 inches of motorcycle madness

Tearin' up any asphalt it comes into contact with, Lillard's scooter is fast, lean, and constructed with parts from a lotta bikes. With such an unlimited variety of styles running around the streets these days, he swapped and traded until he had the right parts to build this slice of speed.

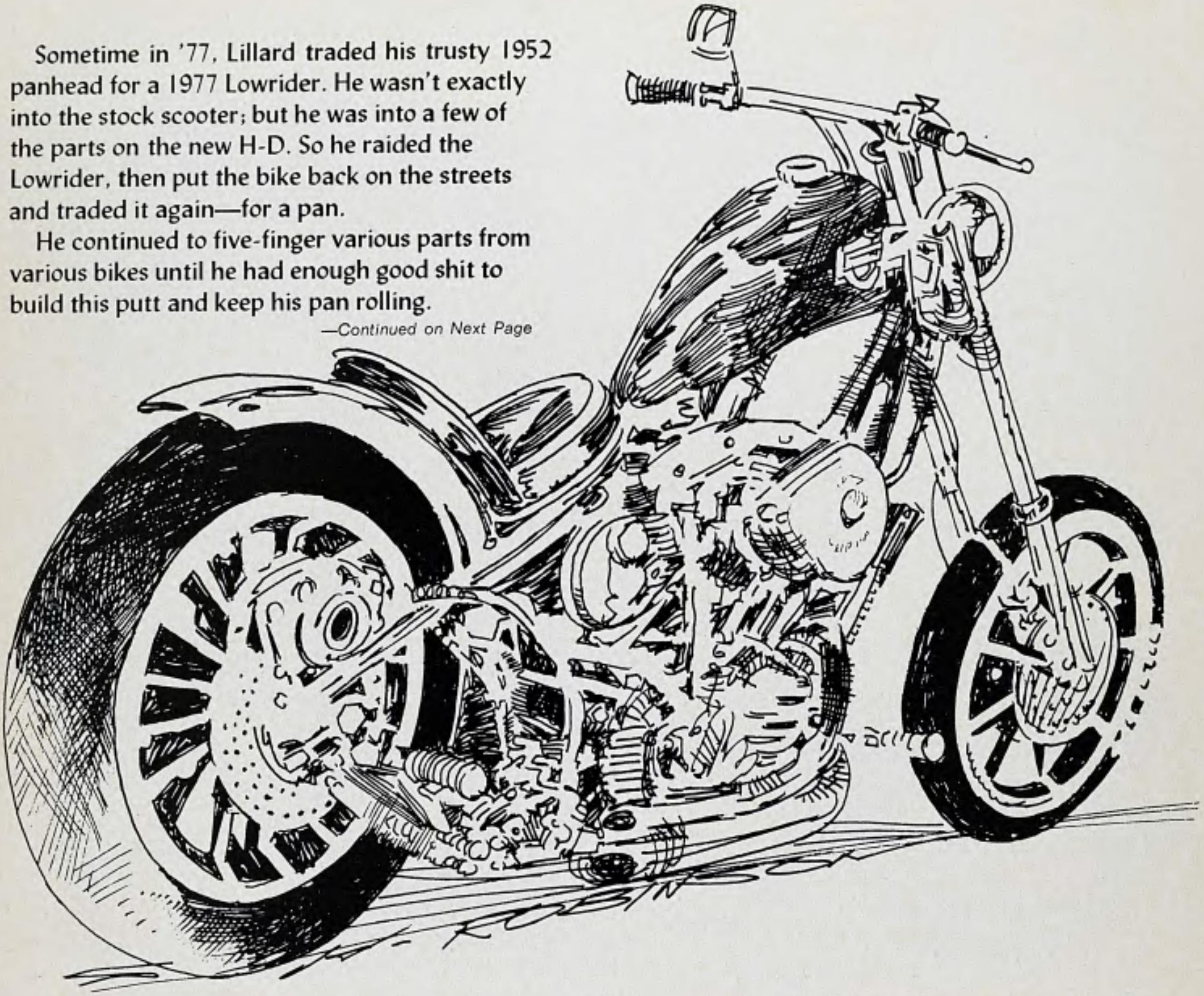


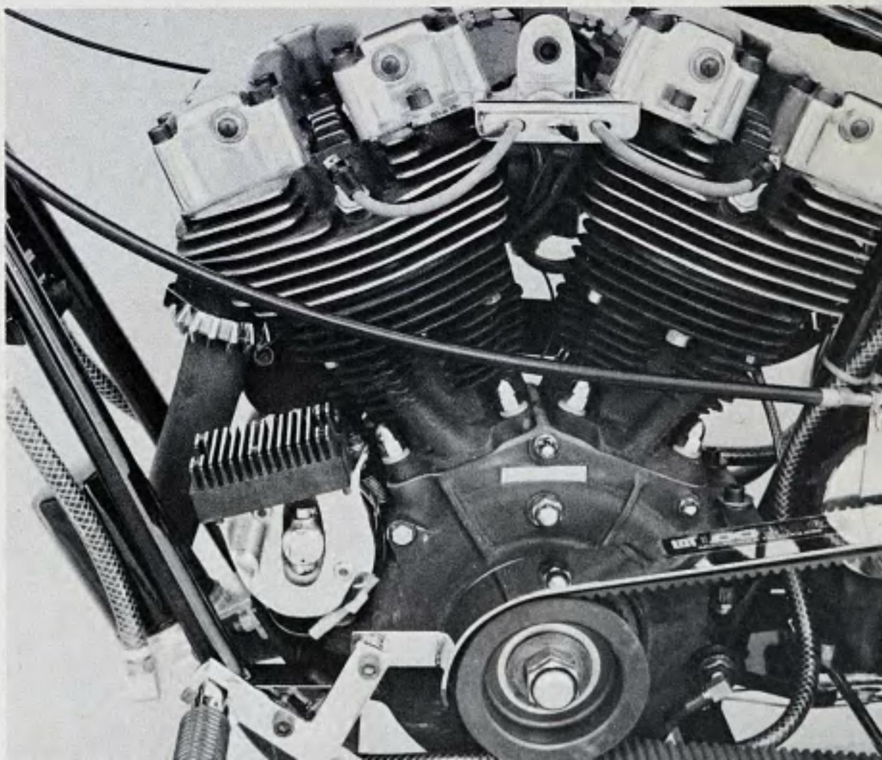


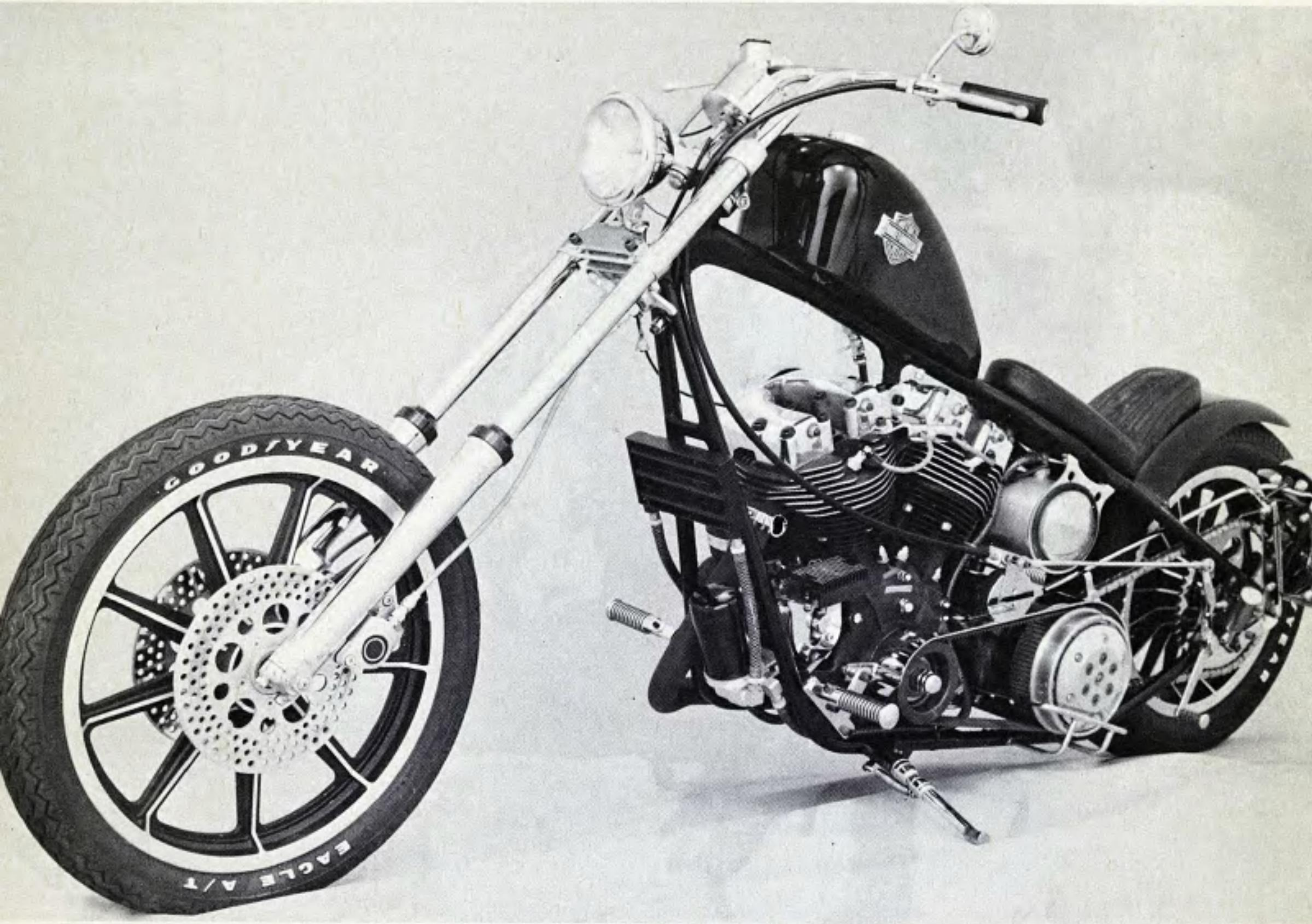
Sometime in '77, Lillard traded his trusty 1952 panhead for a 1977 Lowrider. He wasn't exactly into the stock scooter; but he was into a few of the parts on the new H-D. So he raided the Lowrider, then put the bike back on the streets and traded it again—for a pan.

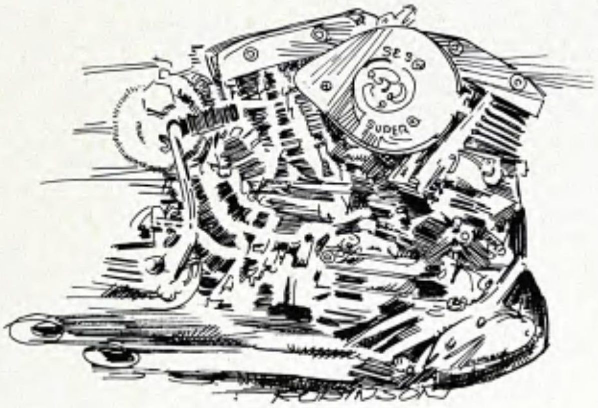
He continued to five-finger various parts from various bikes until he had enough good shit to build this putt and keep his pan rolling.

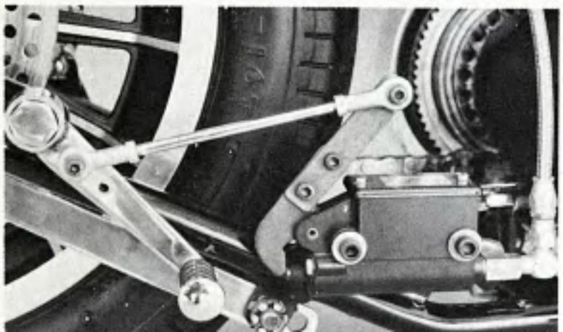
—Continued on Next Page

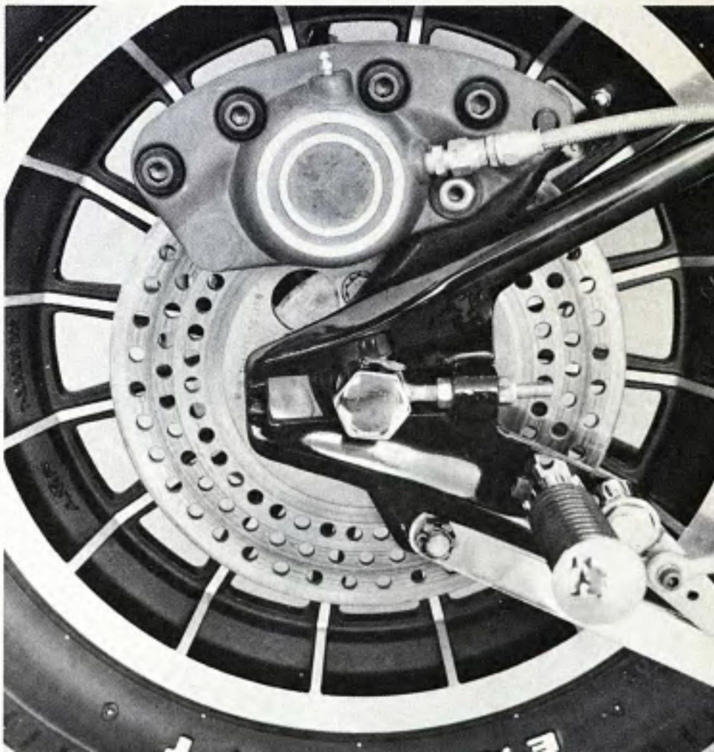





GOOD/YEAR
EAGLE A/T


SUPER
ROBINSON

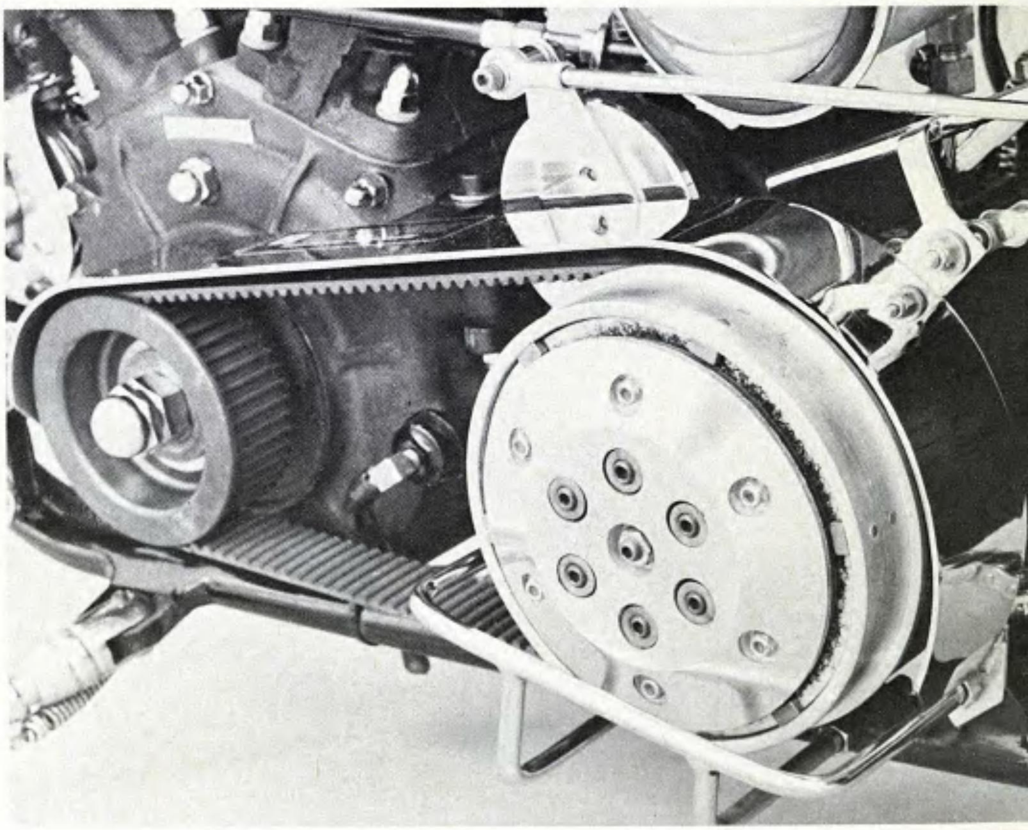




Natch, jealously streams through my blood 'cause not too many of us can ride one 74 while we tinker with another pretty-lookin' putt. But what the hell, Lillard took some of the reliable old, and added some of the technically new H-D elements and built a fast scooter that's got a lotta class.

—Weed

Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Lillard Hill

City: McFarland, Calif.

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1960 H-D
- Model: FLH
- Value: arm and a leg
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 1 year
- Chroming by: Valley and A&A

Engine

- Year: 1960
- Model: FLH
- Rebuilder: Stan Tosh
- Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto
- Displacement: 84 cu. in.
- Lower end: S&S
- Balancing: Stan Tosh
- Pistons: S&S 8½ to 1, .020 over
- Cases: wrinkle black
- Heads: ported & polished
- Cam: Andrews B
- Lifters: Sifton solids
- Carb(s): S&S Super
- Air cleaner: S&S
- Pipes: owner , equal length
- Muffler(s): none

Transmission

- Modification: shifting linkage
- Year: 1960
- Shifting: moved to rear (foot)
- Engine sprocket: Phase III
- Trans sprocket: 25
- Wheel sprocket: 52

Painting

- Molding: owner
- Painter: owner
- Color: black
- Type: Imron
- Special paint: none

Frame

- Year: special construction
- Builder: Denver's & owner
- Type: rigid
- Rake: 45°
- Stretch: 6 in.
- Other alterations: Sporty kickstand

Accessories

- Bars: owner, T-bars
- Risers: none
- Fender(s): 6 in. flat, welded on
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: oval
- Speedo: Super Glide
- Front pegs: O-ring
- Rear pegs: O-ring
- Electrics: Action Choppers
- Gas tank: stretched Sporty
- Oil tank: Moon 3 qt.
- Oil system: late-model pump
- Primary cover: owner
- Seat: Danny Gray
- Sissy bar: fender welded
  - Height:
  - Material:

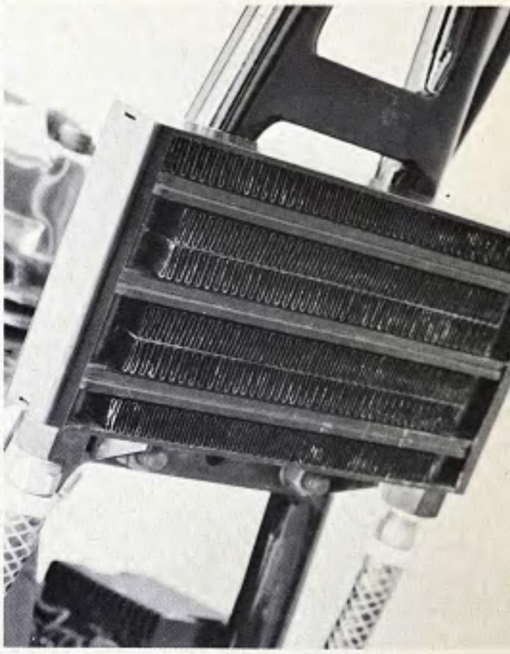
Forks

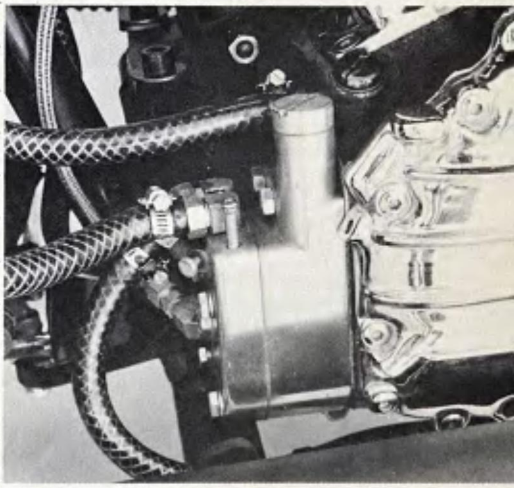
- Type: Super Glide
- Extension: 6 in.
- Builder: H-D & owner
- Special features: shaved lower legs

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19	Size: 16
Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Gdyr.	Tire: Gdyr.
Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc

Other special modifications: many speed alterations.





Finder's Keepers

By Richard Bennett

The bright morning sun shimmered off the wide Mississippi nearly a mile away. A glint of metal flashed in the roadside ditch as the truck passed.

"Hold it, Wayne," Billy Joe LaFoon shouted. He had to shout to be heard above the unmuffled roar of the truck. They were speeding down County Line Road in Wayne Valentine's rattletrap of a pickup. "I think I saw something back there in the ditch. I want to check it out."

"What was it, Billy?" Wayne asked. He was twenty years the senior and still wore his hair in a flattop. The worn brakes of the truck screamed their protest as it ground to a shuddering halt.

"I don't know, Wayne, not for sure, anyway," the freckle-faced Billy replied. He opened the door and jumped out. "Be back in a minute." He started running back to where he had seen the flash of metal.

"Don't take too long," Wayne yelled through the hole where the rear window should have been. "You know how hot the motor gets when this thing is just idling." He couldn't shut it off—not unless he wanted to wait a couple of hours before it would restart.

Billy disappeared into the ditch and behind some wild Arkansas blackberry bushes. He was out of sight for several long minutes, and Wayne was growing impatient.

"Hurry up, Billy," he yelled again. "This damn truck's gonna get hot and quit. You know what kind of a fix we'll be in then."

"I'm coming. I'm coming. Just hold your horses a minute." And he was coming—slowly—puffing and panting up the ditch bank, pushing a big motorcycle. He had a wide grin on his face.

"What the hell?" Wayne rushed back to help him. "You mean you found that thing in the ditch?"

"I sure did," Billy said. "Reckon somebody lost it?"

"How the hell is anybody gonna lose a motorcycle? It ain't like a watch, you know."

"I don't know," Billy said. "Maybe it fell out of a truck?"

"Sure," Wayne said sarcastically, "and then somebody else came along and knocked all the dents out and then repainted it. That thing looks new."

"Yeah, you're right," Billy replied, "and besides, it's a Harley. Anybody lost a Harley, he'd know it. How do you suppose it got here?"

"Who knows?" Wayne shrugged. "What you gonna do with it?"

"Keep it." Billy looked surprised to hear such a question from his friend.

It took both men to load the heavy machine into the back of Wayne's truck. They lifted the front wheel into the bed, and Billy climbed up. He pulled, Wayne pushed.

With a final grunt, it was loaded. "I'm gonna be madder'n hell," Wayne said as they started off, "if some mean motorcycle types show up wanting their bike. That was a lot of work."

"Nobody is going to show up," Billy said. "I got a feeling."

"Fuck your feelings." They rode on in silence to the service station where Billy worked.

* * *

Bobby Conley crossed the Mississippi with hardly a glance at the slow, lazy waters. He was a traveling man and had crossed that river many times. It was no longer held in awe. And besides, he was irritated. A tinny, rattling sound kept assaulting his ears. It came from the rear of his bike and it was a sound that had been driving him crazy for more than fifty miles. It was especially irksome at cruising speed, and he had stopped many times on the Tennessee roads behind him, tools in hand and a stream of profanities on his lips for the Nashville dealer who had sold him the new Harley. Each time, the bothersome part had eluded him.

The boiling point had been reached, and as he crossed the river and into Arkansas, Bobby gave the throttle a savage twist. Speed built rapidly and he leaned into the wind to cut resistance. The tinny

Illustration by Hal Robinson

rattle became a whine that continued building in pitch as the machine accelerated. Then, suddenly, it was gone. Releasing the throttle, Bobby glanced in the mirror just in time to catch a glimpse of an object hurtling into the bushes alongside the road. He stopped and inspected his bike. The license plate was missing. Breathing a sigh of relief that it wasn't a vital part, he turned his Harley around and doubled back to search for the missing plate.

He was still searching when the Lincoln, long and black, glided to a silent halt beside his bike. The window on the passenger side powered down and a face, pretty and framed in tight red curls, poked out. "Hey, loverboy, whatcha doing?"

"Huh?" The unexpected visitors had caught him completely off guard.

"She said, loverboy, whatcha doing?" This time the face, equally pretty, was topped with blonde, cornsilk hair. She had leaned across from her position on the driver's side to speak. A can of beer was in her hand and she was having trouble focusing her eyes.

Bobby had difficulty with his voice. "Why I was just, uh, I was just looking for my tag. It fell off my bike right around here."

"Want some help?" The blonde was still talking, and Bobby had stepped closer for a better look. Both girls were dressed in hot pants and halter tops. Their voices were pure Southern. He was definitely interested.

"Sure." His eyes were concentrating on the redhead's full breasts and long legs. "After we find my tag, I can follow you girls somewhere—maybe a little party?"

The redhead took a long swallow from her beer and passed the cold can to Bobby. "Ain't exactly the kind of help we was offering." She wiped her lips on her arm while staring at the bulge in Bobby's jeans. Her gaze traveled his entire six-foot length before she spoke. "The partying sounds real good; but me and Sandy ain't in no mood to be out in no bushes hunting for a tag. We're partial to bedrooms. Why don't you climb in here with us and we can go and have some fun?"

Bobby finished the beer in a gulp, tasting lipstick on the edge of the can. "I got my bike here. I can't just leave it. I'll follow you to a service station where I can park it for a while."

"Come on, Sandy." The redhead

—Continued on page 79

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. *Easyriders* box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.
Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Semichrome Polishing Paste—Terrific on any metal: super on chrome. Even works great on glass, plexiglass, and plastic. Will remove blue from exhaust pipes, will remove rust, and will not leave scratch marks. As advertised in Popular Mechanics and Car Craft, this amazing paste is yours for only $2 for a 50-gram tube. Also available in 250- and 1,000-gram cans upon request, but try the small tube first—a very little goes a long, long way. Write Et Cetera by Ladybug, P.O. Box 717, Tijeras, N.M. 87059. New Mexico residents add 4% sales tax. If you send a check, allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. (85)

Save gas—Cycle your ass: These 3x7 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. They are attention getting and guaranteed against breakage. Here is your chance to let people know where you stand (or sit) when it comes to the gas shortage. Only $3. Rick Farnham, Lot 63, Kingswood Tr. Pk., Titusville, Fla. 32780. (78)

Tattooing bargains (used). Needle bars 12—$3; Tube $3.50; 11x14 sheets 12—$12; complete electric outfit $99. Postage extra. Steele, Box 242-EP, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (78)

Photos and films of fights, violence wanted by collector who will pay. Also want heavily tattooed (especially prison tattoo) pix. Dave, Box 5927, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. (80)

Free literature: Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-EP, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (80)

Wanted: Harley-Davidson Shop T-shirts from all shops in the U.S. (one x-large and one small). Will send our new "If you can't fix it —Fuck it" T-shirt. Mail to Coco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (80)

Wanted: 45 H-D motor, tranny, and any misc. 45 parts. Will buy or trade for ? Send list and price to David, P.O. Box 442, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (80)

Stainless steel BMW mufflers. Stock appearance, sound. Unused. $275. Murph. (517) 845-6632. (78)

Chicks 21 to 35: If you want to play games, go to Disneyland. If you have your shit together, write Larry "Rabbit" Cole B90706, Box 2000-N-164, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (90)

Radar: Beat it without a radar detector, no gimmicks. Informative booklet tells you how. $3, Fuzz, Box 3474, Providence, R.I. 02909. (79)

Be legally ordained. Perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax-free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 855 West Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (78)

Mannitol, 100% pure, best anywhere! $60 per pound. Quantity discounts available. Not intended for illegal use. Schuman, Box 388, Stafford, Tex. 77477. (78)

Buy the best and buy right. Through my network of local producers and distributors, I purchase huge quantities of X-rated films, books, magazines, and marital products. Send $1 for full info, or $10 for a 200-page, full-color catalog (completely uncensored) that sells for up to $25 in the stores. David, P.O. Box 442, Agoura, Calif. 91301. You must state that you are 21 years of age or over. (86)

Death row prisoner seeks ladies to correspond with. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (80)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 4390 S. Archer, Chicago 60632. (312) 376-8119. (80)

Make $45,000 in three weeks. Guaranteed and legal. Send self-addressed, stamped, long envelope. And $1 cash. N.P.C., Dept. E, P.O. Box 4552, Riverside, R.I. 02915. (78)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs! Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (81)

To all my bros in the suck: Be cool. Born Crazy. (78)

Guaranteed state photo I.D. card. Full color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush $7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each ID order. "No-bull" money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ129, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (78)

Human skulls, some teeth missing. $65 each. Send check or money order. 6-8 weeks delivery. M. W. Tillett, 1330 Potomac Hts. Dr., Oxon Hill, Md. 20022. (78)

Shakey: Tire Biter broken into many pieces (my fault!). Anyone knowing Sherry Terlson, La Crosse, Wis., known as Shakey or Biker Sherry, please have her call or write (813) 626-0123 collect. 3207 Kingswood Dr., Tampa, Fla. 33619. I'll be down a year or more! (78)

Johnny Henry: I'm still waiting and always will. Please come soon. I love you with all my heart. Sonya (Sad Eyes). (78)

Babe: Really dig the fine gift; it fits the three of us perfectly. Thanks, Jeff. (78)

Oz: I love you and I'll be by your side forever. Your ol' lady, Snow Fox. (78)

Sweet Pea: Made 4 as of 6/30/79, the hard way. Please don't wreck the bike I just got you! Love, Fly. (78)

Norby: Happy birthday and thanks for an everlasting sweet ride! One lucky lady, Nancy. (78)

Handsome and humorous, I love blondes more than anything else on earth. Let's make a home plan and go to California together. Bill Cywin, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322. (78)

I'm 26, and I would like to hear from cute girls 18 to 30 around the Minnesota-Wisconsin area who love to cook and also would like to ride in my car with me. I have a Delta 88. So send me pictures and phone numbers. James Glewwe, 3254 Harriet Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55408. (78)

Hardcore Harley rider appreciates hearing from decent ladies, any age. Phil Banke, Route 1, Box 180G, Cornelius, Ore. 97113. (78)

34-year-old biker looking for sincere lady. No hardcores. Just a lady who's into Sportsters and putting. Send photo. Easy, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (78)

Trinity, Dude, Creeper (T. Speck): Get in touch with your bro Gypsy. Urgent! Gypsy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. "The Trinity Brothers will ride again." (78)

Motorcyclists: Join Foundation of Ubiquity Society. Membership free. Send stamped envelope for information and application to Daddy Fou, Box 148, Jasper, Ark. 72641. (78)

Perry: Let's try it again. I love you now and forever. Angel. (78)

In fondest memory of Ray Doyle, a carefree brother who would always make friends smile. I will always remain your and Jan's sister in the wind. Love, Judy. (78)

Get better sound from your stereo. Improve any system. I'll show you how. Anyone can do it. Send $2 cash/m.o. to T. J. Sound Research, P.O. Box 1353, Seneca, S.C. 29678. (78)

Spence: Thanks for the puttin' and lovin' in July. I love you. Your own sweet & nutty Baby Ruth. (78)

Custom T-shirts for organizations, businesses, clubs, runs, etc. Complete custom art and transfer service. For prices send s.a.s.e. to Coco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (89)

To my wife, Jackie: Happy birthday (12-8), with all my love. Your husband, Russ. (78)

Hippie: Canton, Ohio. Happy 28th birthday to the best husband any woman could ask for. I love you. Gail. (78)

John-Boy: Congratulations on the new H-D. Yeah-Hoo! Love, Helen. (78)

Feliz Tiempos, Juan. Live and ride forever. Siempre, Dolores y Melissa. 74 or more. (78)

Great Xmas gifts! Send for free catalog with 18 different Harley T-shirts. M.O. guarantees same day shipping. Spider's Den, P.O. Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (78)

Winks: Happy 24th birthday! I'll always love you! Yours forever, Karen. (78)

Drifter: My answer is yes, yes, yes! May we live, love, and ride together forever! Merry Christmas! "K" Lady. (78)

Beat the Heat: Remails. Enclose addressed, stamped mail and 2 quarters. Amber, Box 60703, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73107. (78)

Tom J. Hoffman: Remember that night? July 17, 1977. I love ya forever. Kisses. Sandi. (78)

Anarchist Cookbook $9.85, Lock Picking Simplified $5.45, Complete Book of Knife Fighting $12.05, Catalog $1. Money order only. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11106 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. In store or by mail. (80)

Whiskers: It still feels like the first time, every time. We'll ride together forever. Lori. (78)

Happy 24th birthday, Max, 10/20. I'll love ya always. Terri. (78)

Hammer: Happy 21st (8-10-79). I love you forever! Your Crazy Lady. (78)

Buck L. — St. Louis 8-14-54 — no warrants. Contact me. Dee. (78)

Attention, Phoenix: I miss the shit outta my Arizona bros. Be lookin' for me. Merry Xmas, you leakers. Mad Mike, Green Bay. (78)

To one who taught me well, happy b-day, Moby (10/9)! Always my #1 teacher. Sorry clouds interrupted school; there's still more I'd like to learn. Fly high, free bird—you've got the best of my love. Orka. (78)

Tall, handsome, and easy-going biker, sky diver, pilot, all-around nice guy, 34, good job and nice home in the country. Needs honest, good-looking ol' lady, without children, who's ready to settle down. Write Joe, Rt. 2, Box 55, Milan, Ohio 44846. (78)

W. J. Clark: Really missed you while you were down. Hope you're enjoying your freedom. Congratulations. Denise. (78)

Love you: Happy birthday, you are still #1. David. (78)

Gemini, 27, looking for one-man woman; kid okay. Kind, generous, natural and loving. Have good job. Want perm. relationship. (701) 280-0025. (78)

Stoney: My love and life are yours. Realization came slow, but complete. Eternity is ours. Happy birthday. Your hot-lipped ol' lady, Kat. (78)

Dan, you're not ancient—just 28. Happy birthday (10/12). We love you. Marcia & Waylon. (78)

Bob, happy 28th birthday (12/19). You know we love you more. Vickie, Janaa, & Kelly. (78)

Michael: Happy 23rd birthday. I love you very much. Melanie. (78)

T.J.: Get off your ass and write me soon. Love always, Nancy Sinatra, 31231 Richert, Fraser, Mich. 48026. (78)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (78)

Sharpen your Buck knife the correct way. Send $1 to Holyroller, Rt. 1, Box 1549-O, Yelm, Wash. 98597. (78)

Al: Happy birthday, honey (1-31-80)! Love you forever. Your ol' lady, Mary. (78)

—Continued on page 126

C & G Manfacturing Co.

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MOTORCYCLE TRADES ASSOCIATION
MTA MEMBER

A Warm Christmas Gift

We've been working on these scarves for over a year now. We wanted the best. And we wanted this scarf to be as useful and comfortable as it is sharp-looking. We think we've succeeded and plan to add more designs in the future. This warm-riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than $8.75, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

1927 Motorcycle Art

A Slender Chance

This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. This is a class antique piece of bike art which will stand out on any wall.

Send only $3.00 for each poster, plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Rolling Roach Clip

The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They're show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only $4.50 a piece.

Busted Knuckles P.O. Box 4631 Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

PUNISHMENTS

—Continued from page 51

Hanging, as a penalty for crimes, is still popular in many parts of the world, mainly because it's quick and there's usually a tree an' a piece of rope around. Back in the days of the Wild West, so many dudes were hanged for horse stealin' an' other crimes that they just about used up all the rope in Texas.

Hangmen themselves weren't of the best quality, so many times a dude could plan on dancin' in the air for a few minutes after bein' hoisted off the ground.

In readin' up on hangin', we came across a news item from an English newspaper, the *Derby Mercury*, dated April 6, 1738. It read: "This day, Will Summers and Tipping were executed here for housebreaking. At the tree, the hangman was intoxicated with liquor, and supposing that there were three for execution, was going to put one of the ropes around the parson's neck as he stood in the cart, and was with much difficulty prevented by the gaoler from so doing."

A cute little innovation used to make bodies last longer and therefore be a greater warning to criminals was to dip the prisoner in hot tar before hangin' him at a crossroad.

There is one remaining account from an English newspaper that should be added to this discussion on punishment. It concerns the whipping of a man found guilty of stealing some ironwork. He was tied to the back of a cart, and the punishment began.

"The fellow," wrote the author, "seemed to show great fortitude; but it was all an imposition. The beadle who whipped him had his left hand filled with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of the whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by the constable, who followed the beadle to see that he did his duty, he (the constable) applied the cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the beadle. The scene now became interesting and exciting. The beadle could by no means be induced to strike the thief hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and so the double flogging continued, until a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle, thus suffering under the hands of the pityless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the constable, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with Amazonian fury. This concentration of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person who suffered nothing." ■

Willie Nelson

—Continued from page 25

Picnic or couldn't be this time, and so forth. So each time we had it, it was like, "Well, I'll be damned—we did it again."

ER: One of the reasons your music gets home to so many people is the way you articulate difficulties and disappointments everyone has known. That experience comes from those lean years you spent before you were so successful and well-recognized. Do you ever worry that success will make you complacent and cause you to lose that connection with your audience?

WN: Absolutely. It's dangerous because it can happen to anybody in my position. And it would be easy, once you get a little bit of money, to quit work. But in order to stay ahead in the record business, in order to keep selling records, you need to keep putting on those shows and doing those one-nighters and working across the country and letting people know that you're still on the scene and still working and still enjoying having a big crowd come out and hear you. People will go where they know they're appreciated. And it works from the musicians' end, too. I think there's something built into most musicians and pickers—you know, it's their egos or they're hams or something. They enjoy an audience. They get off seeing other people enjoy what they do—and that's what keeps us all on the road.

ER: How much are you on the road these days?

WN: I don't know exactly. We're working more now than we ever were. I don't know how long this is going to go on, but right now we're doing over 200 days a year on the road.

ER: In a magazine article you were described as always carrying yourself "with a kind of fierce innocence."

WN: I think it's probably a fierce "So what?"

ER: Is that "So what?" attitude responsible for your down-to-earth quality? You seem very genuine, very real, to people, and that has to mean a lot to them.

WN: Yeah, but I might be riding a trend, you know. I might realize it's a big audience out there with a bunch of longhairs in it and I might just be taking advantage of that opportunity.

ER: You're saying that you might have suckered a lot of people into believing in Willie Nelson. You might have run a scam on them, but even if it's fake, a lot of people are responding.

WN: Well, if I did anything, let's just say I crashed a party.

ER: You've achieved so much success that it's as if you don't have any worlds left to conquer. Beyond records and movies, is there anything that you haven't been able to do that you still want to achieve?

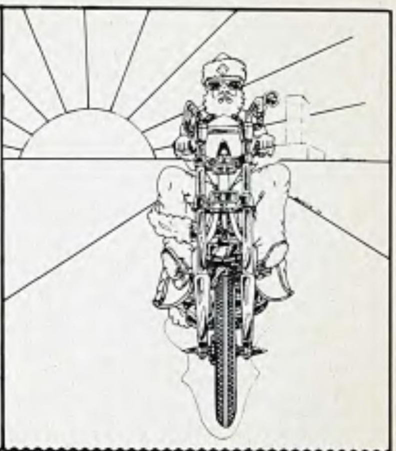
WN: Oh, something will come up—I really don't know what, but it will come up. I'm not bored at all with what I'm doing. Things are happening every day—I have to do double-takes all the time at what's going on in my life. But the future is always interesting. It's like riding a motorcycle—you always want to see what's over the next hill.

ER: Thank you, Willie.

WN: Thank you. ■

Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book

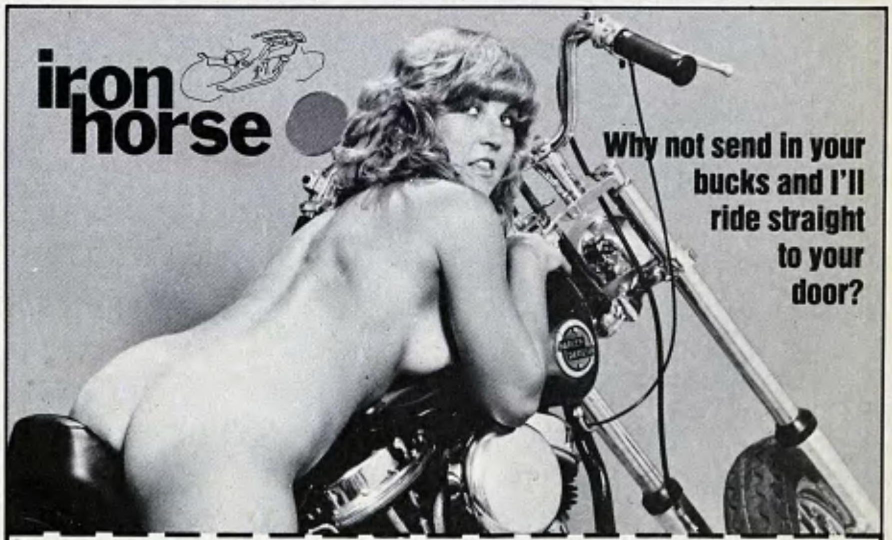
Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women. The book is $4.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



Meaningful T-shirt

Quality T-shirt with a message for the concerned biker. The shirt is black with white printing and is $7.50. This price includes postage and handling. Indicate size small, medium, large, or extra-large.
Send size and $7.50 to:

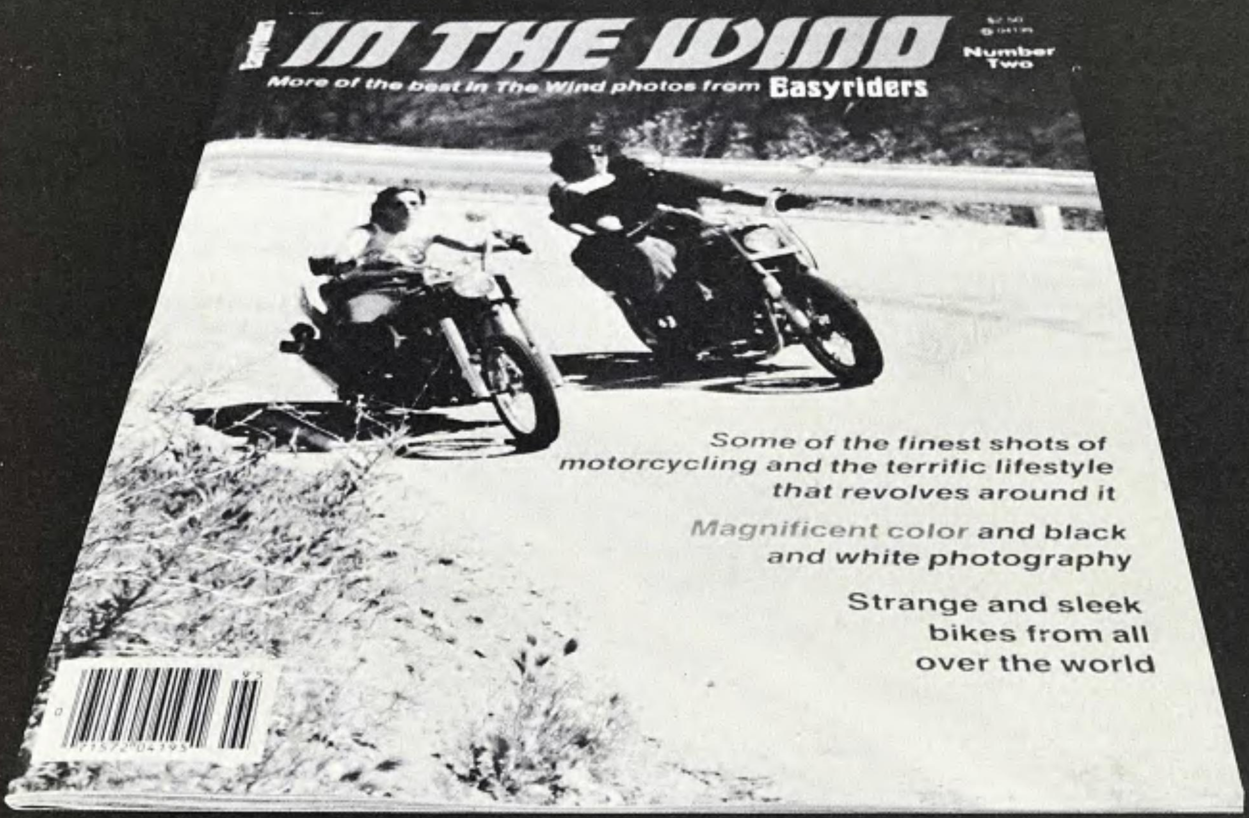
Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615
Fontana, California 92335



Subscription Department
Iron Horse Magazine
Box 638, Burbank, California 91503
Check one: ☐ Here's $13.00 for 12 issues ☐ New
☐ Here's $25.00 for 24 issues ☐ Renewal

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ **State** ____ **Zip** ____
Do you own a bike? ____ Make? ____
Do you plan to customize it? ____

WIND
Number Two



This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send $2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 — and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!

Keepers

—Continued from page 73

turned to the blonde. "This dude don't want to have any fun, he's too worried about his motorcycle." The window started powering up.

"Wait a minute," Bobby said quickly. "I can put it behind some bushes." He indicated the thick bushes with a wave of his hand. "It'll be okay there till we get back."

"Well, hurry up. We ain't got all day." Bobby heard the sound of a beer can pop while he maneuvered the heavy machine behind some dense blackberry bushes. Satisfied with the hiding place, he returned to the car.

He was greeted with a firm squeeze to the crotch and a cold beer as he sat between the two girls. The big Lincoln glided away and Bobby didn't bother to look back.

• • •

"Do you think it will run?" Wayne asked. He was sitting on a grease bucket, watching Billy tighten the oil plug.

"I don't see any reason why it shouldn't," Billy Joe replied. "So far as I can tell, there is nothing wrong with it."

For thirty days, the Harley had sat in front of the station. That was the length of time Sheriff Cole had told Billy he had to wait before he could legally keep it For the first two weeks, Billy had paid for a legal notice in the local paper. It informed the owner of the bike where it could be found. No one had appeared to claim it. The Harley was pushed out every day for display, and at night it was kept in the garage.

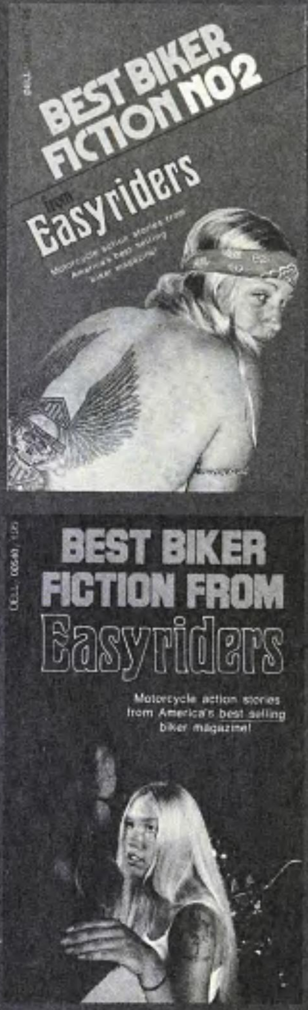
Billy poured in the last of the oil and wiped his hands on his pants leg. "Well, here goes," he said, inserting his brand-new key. He straddled the bike and shoved down hard on the kickstarter. The machine sputtered. The battery was freshly charged, and the gas tank full. He kicked down again; the machine sputtered, shook, and burst into life. The deep-throated rumble promised power and excitement. Both men looked startled. Something they had never really expected to happen had suddenly happened.

"Jesus," Wayne said.

Billy just stepped off and let the machine warm up. His mechanic's fingers itched to adjust something, but the bike ran perfectly.

Finally, he spoke. "Shee-it! It runs. It actually runs. Hot damn! I got me a motorcycle, and it runs."

On Your Newsstands Now



Best Biker Fiction #2 from the pages of **Easyriders**—more of the great fiction that made Volume 1 a runaway best-seller. Written by and about bikers, these stories contain the same honesty, the same action, the same outrageous humor that we always deliver. You can buy your copy now from us at only $2.00 (we pay postage).

Best Biker Fiction No. 1 is also available. Taken from the early years of that outtasight rag, stories you might have missed—or could dig readin' again. Fifteen of 'em in a 320-page book. Both are available from us for only $2.00 each.

Best Biker Fiction
P.O. Box 52
Malibu, California 90265

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Dirty Christmas Cards

Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

$5.00 per set Two sets $8.00
Price includes postage and handling costs.

Christmas Cards
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me_____sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).
Please send me_____sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is_____(You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

He mounted the bike and dropped it into gear. Over his shoulder he shouted as he pulled out of the station's garage, "Watch the pumps for me, Wayne. I'll be back after a while."

Billy Joe LaFoon felt the thrill of a Harley beneath him for the first time in his life as he pulled out of the station. He had ridden other bikes, Jap bikes; but there had been nothing like this. The thundering sound of the Harley engine between his legs was sexually arousing, and he thought about visiting his girl; but something pulled him to the spot where he had found the bike. He didn't know what it was, maybe a guilty conscience for acquiring the machine so easily. For the first time since that day a month ago when he'd spotted the Harley in the ditch, he went back. He pulled into the same spot where he had found it. The blackberries had ripened and he picked a handful, blew off some of the dust, and started eating. He wandered aimlessly along the edge of the road and felt he should be looking for something.

• • •

When Bobby Conley woke, his head throbbed. His mouth was dry and fuzzy. He staggered to the bathroom, and his battered mind barely recognized the place as a motel room. Beer cans and booze bottles littered every conceivable spot. His hand grabbed a half-full fifth from a chair and he took a long swallow. The bathroom, too, was a shambles. On the mirror was taped a note, and a crisp, new one-hundred-dollar bill. Bobby splashed handfuls of cold water on his face and sat on the toilet seat to read. "Sorry," it informed him, "but we couldn't wake you up. This should be enough to get you back to your bike. Hope you find your tag." It was signed Sandy and Pat.

A long, cold shower and the rest of the whiskey later, Bobby stepped out into the brilliant sunshine. He didn't recognize where he was; but there was a restaurant attached to the block of motel units. It was cool inside and he picked a table. The waitress took a long look and recognized the symptoms. "Rough night, huh?"

"Yeah. Coffee."

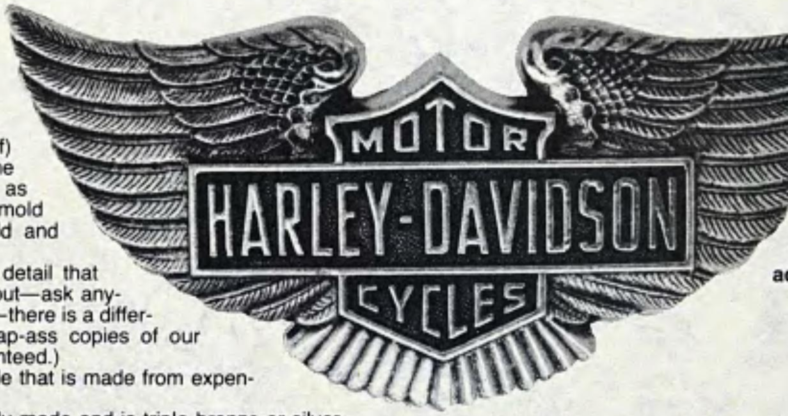
When she returned, he asked, "Where am I?"

"Yeah, you had a rough one all right—don't even know where you are. You must be the one I saw the other day being helped into one of the back units by a couple of girls—big old black car—good-looking girls, too. Well, mister, this is the Freeway Inn."

"The other day? How long have I been here?"

—Continued on page 84

Buy The Very Best!



The expensive cost of the dies has amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubbermold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out—ask anyone who owns one of ours—there is a difference—the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send $14.45 plus $1,00 postage, along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

If you want only a buckle, just send $7.45 plus $1,00 postage, and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%

Photo shown is actual size

Righteous Products
Box 361
Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

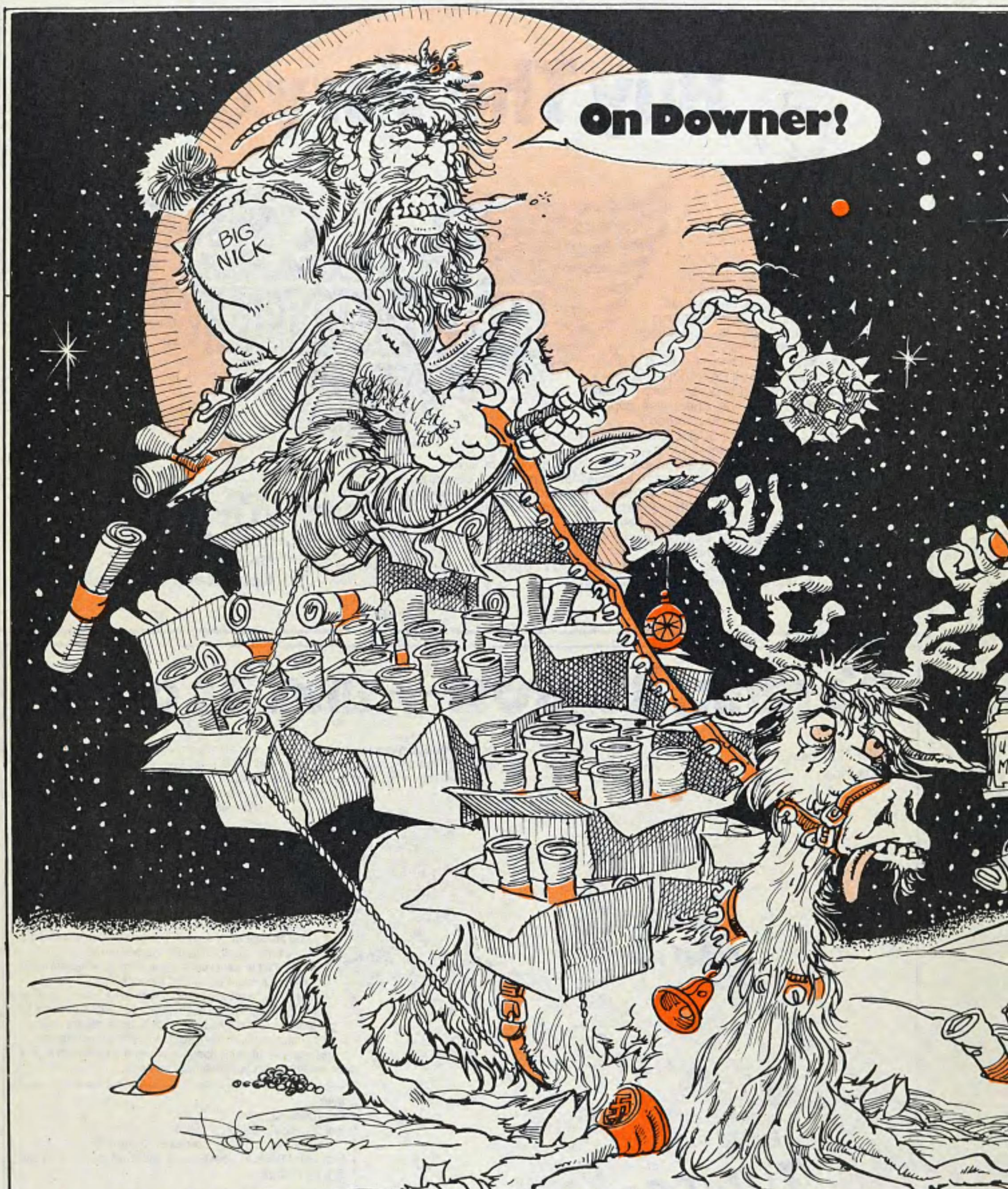
Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me ________ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash.** Enclosed you will find $5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name ____________________ Age ________
Address ______________________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

California residents add 6%


On Downer!
BIG NICK

Christmas Special!

Big Nick's movin' out Christmas subscriptions again this year.

And his elves will even send gift card announcements to notify those lucky people that the subscription is from you (or your alias).

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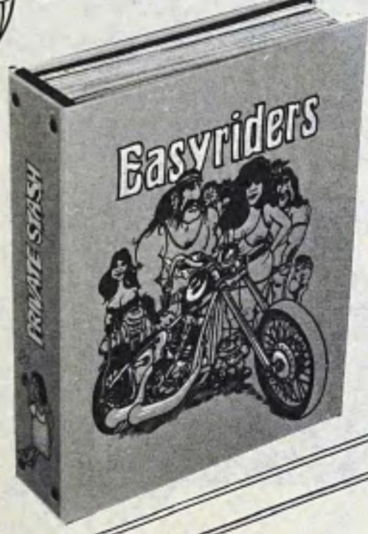
Class Binders



$7.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Now, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available past issues at our regular back-issue price of $1.75 per copy! **See back-issue ad** in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: **Back Issues**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

- ☐ Enclosed is $21.00 (plus $1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.
- ☐ Enclosed is $7.50 plus $1.00 for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

—Continued from page 80

"Don't know that either, huh? Well, let's see, today is Monday and it was. . ." She started counting days on her fingers. "Holy shit, man, you been in that room for nine days! You must be one partying dude."

"Yeah. Well, I was, but I ain't no more. I need some help. I left my bike in some bushes just across the river—on the Arkansas side—should be near here somewhere. You got any idea how far that bridge is from here?"

"Arkansas side? Man, this ain't Arkansas. This ain't Arkansas at all. This is Missouri. That must have been one helluva party."

"Missouri?" Bobby was really confused now. "This can't be Missouri—I left my bike in some bushes. . ."

The waitress shrugged. "Sorry, but you asked. You're more than a hundred miles from Arkansas." She turned and walked to another table—to wait on a fat couple who had just entered.

Bobby drank his coffee and pondered. For some reason, he couldn't remember exactly where he had crossed the Mississippi. All he knew for sure was that he had crossed from Tennessee into Arkansas. He walked to the counter, and while paying the cashier, he asked, "You got any road maps? I need a map of Arkansas, and a map of Tennessee if you got them."

"Service station across the road has them." The cashier handed Bobby his change and turned her attention to the next man in line.

Bobby went to the station and bought the maps. The attendant told him of a place where he could walk and flag down a bus. He picked a small southeastern Arkansas town as a starting point and walked to the bus stop.

* * *

The hundred was gone, plus another two hundred of Bobby Conley's own money. He was down to his last fifty when he went into the bar. Three weeks of frustrating searching and he still couldn't find where he had hidden his bike. His obvious depression when he ordered a beer from the fat bartender prompted conversation. "Lost your girl or something, fella? You sure look down."

The story had been repeated so often, it was beginning to come more easily. The bartender listened quietly, moving only once to get Bobby another cold beer. When the tale was finished, he said, "Lots of bridges cross that old river. Too bad you can't remember something about where it was. Anything at all might help."

"All I can remember for sure is that it

Builder of the world's fastest Harley engine—294 mph.

Pressure Plates For Harley-Davidson 74s

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area.
3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
4. Smooth clutch action.

Complete with instructions; installs in ½ hour

$23 (Add $2.00 for shipping cost)

Hi-flow Pinion Shaft Bushing for Harley 74s (1936-1972)

Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for $9.00 plus $1.50 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for $4.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
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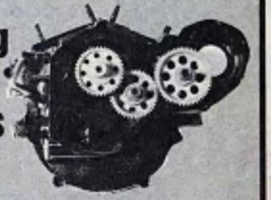
Lightening Gears for All 74s



1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must.
2. New brass bushings will be installed.
3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.

The entire set of lightened gears goes for only $42.50 exchange, plus $2.50 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only $15.00 exchange, plus $2.00 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

Attention shovelhead engine builders: Available now are .005 rocker arm bushing shims. If interested, give us a call.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o. **Personal Checks** held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

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- Make **THC** three separate ways.
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- Make the psychedelic "love drugs" **MDA, TMA** and **MMDA.**
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- Build a **NITROUS OXIDE** genenerator to produce your own **LAUGHING GAS.**
- Extract pure **COCAINE** from chemicals.
- Mix your own **CHLORAL HYDRATE** knockout drops.

Send for informative **FREE BROCHURE.** Immediate reply by air mail.

IRVING PENKETHMAN
Box 55 B,
CARVER, MA 02330

was on an old blacktop road, and it was one of those old bridges with lots of steel over the top. Oh, one more thing, something I just remembered, there was a ferry downstream about a half mile. I remember wondering why there was a ferry so close to the bridge."

"Shoot, man. That sounds like Wilk's Ferry to me. Got that ferry there to connect up with another road. Saves folks thirty or forty miles if they need to go that way. Ain't no more'n ten miles from here."

Bobby's spirits brightened visibly. "You know where it is? Can you take me there? I can pay ten dollars!"

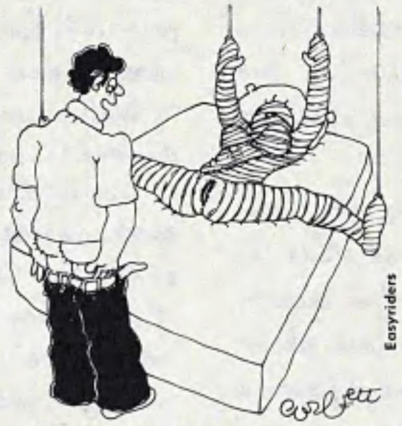
"Sure, I'll take you there. Won't charge you that much, though, just gas money." He wiped his hands on his apron and turned to a man shooting pool. "Wes, take care of the place for me for a while. I got to run this fella over to Wilk's Ferry. Won't be gone long."

In the bartender's pickup, Bobby grew more and more apprehensive as they approached the spot. The countryside opened his memory and he was certain it was the right place. He spotted the blackberry bushes. "Right there. Stop right there by those bushes. That's the place, I'm sure of it."

• • •

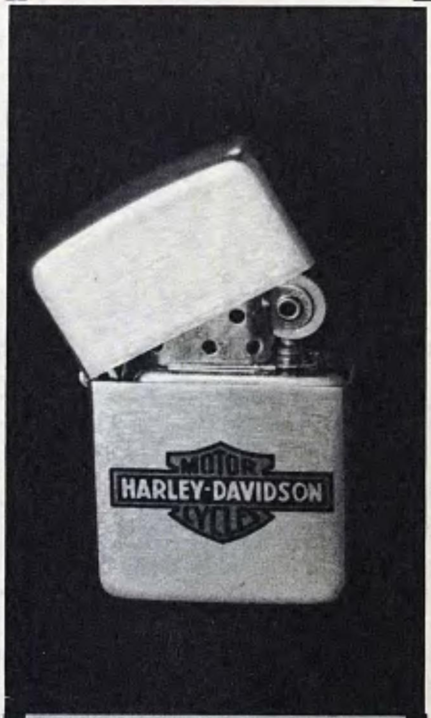
Billy Joe LaFoon was still searching when the Lincoln, long and black, glided to a silent halt beside him. The window on the passenger side powered down and a face, pretty and framed in tight red curls, poked out.

Before long, Billy Joe was in the back seat of the Lincoln. The doors were standing wide open, allowing the cool air to enter as he grunted out his pleasure with the willing Sandy below him. A sound, far away, fleetingly caught his attention. It sounded like a motorcycle on the highway a mile away, but he quickly forgot it. ■



"You're a very lucky woman, Miss Briggs — medical science has left your sex life intact."

ROACH LIGHTER



American Made

This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

Lifetime Guarantee

If your lighter ever fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Driving over it with your scoot doesn't count, of course.)

An ideal gift!
(and cheap too)

To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send $6.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax

Mackenzie Company
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

POLITICS

Shoulda had the major's ol' lady

We do our damnedest to find sweet young things who aren't into the modeling scene and are into bikes—natch. We try, and most of the time we are successful. Then again, it can be a problem.

Let me explain in my own stumbling way. If we hire a model, we tell her what to do and either she she does it or she doesn't get paid. And often enough, they know what to do 'cause they've been photographed four hundred times for four hundred perverted rags. But that ain't the way we like it done.

We may meet a chick at a party who is sweeter than a credit account at an H-D dealer's. (Is that possible?) But maybe she was loose that night and when it comes to takin' her threads off, she begins to think perversion, turn-out, and what if mom sees it—and she backs out. Couldn't handle it.

Don't get me wrong—ninety percent of the sweet cheeks we meet are good people to the bone. And they do us right. Scooter people are good people—right? 'Course when we shoot a bro's ol' lady, he don't want anybody takin' her away for the weekend, or—well, you know. But to be illustrative about the entire trip, you have before yer very eyes an explicit example of the politics we sometimes encounter.

Photos by Billy Tinney

You see the sweetheart here—nice girl, huh? Well, that grizzly-lookin' arm wrapped around her neck belongs to her ol' man. He kept an eye on us. He also watches out for his brothers 'cause he's an officer of his club. So natch, outta respect, none of us were gonna warm up to her sweet bod, kidnap her, or indulge in any other off-the-track notions any warm-blooded biker might have. We also felt that, since this chick had personal and somewhat permanent ties to this bro, we couldn't romp and stomp when we wrote the article. But the sweet lady and the brother were very cooperative and helped us put this feature together with a real live scooter lady—and not a skin-book model.

'Course the brother had his problems, too. Seems his bike was down the day of the shootin'. So he borrowed his bro's sled—but there was a catch to it. Sweetheart couldn't sit on the seat where Crazy, the owner, sits. Seems that if he saw a flick in our rag of Bambi sittin' in the saddle of his bike, ol' Crazy was gonna go bananas. No cunt sits in the rider's seat of his putt.

So, bros, if ya happen to go through this feature and find sweet Bambi perched in the bro's portion of the bike's seat, I'll be on my way back to Oregon.

—Wilburn Roach

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Charlie

—Continued from page 34

"Well," says I, "I can get it for maybe five or six hundred bucks."

"Deal!" he gasps. He peels off the bread from his roll. . . Well, as they say, the rest is history.

Saturday mornin', I pulled up in front of Charlie's house with my pickup, and there in the back, tied in, was the most ratted-out, fucked up dresser you have ever seen.

Charlie just looked at and said. "A motorcycle? You didn't tell me it was a motorcycle."

"Well, what the hell did you think a '65 FLH was?"

"Jeez, I thought it was some kinda English car." Charlie had a lot to learn.

Now, like I said, Charlie was one of the best machinists and mechanics I'd ever seen, so when he set to figurin' out what to do with this thing, he wanted to do it right. It really was my own fuckin' fault, 'cause I turned to him and said, "Why don't you make a chopper out of it." "What's a chopper?" Charlie asked. Charlie learned.

Every day, down at the plant, I'd ask him, "How's it goin'?"

"How's what goin'?" he'd ask back, as if he didn't know.

"The chopper, the chopper."

"Oh that, it's comin' along. I'll show it to you when it's finished."

"How 'bout tonight? Maybe I can give you a couple of pointers," I'd say real casual like.

"When it's finished," was all he would say.

Charlie made it like a secret government project. So I took to puttin' over to his house on my sled. He'd come out of the garage and lock it. We'd sit outside and kill a few beers. Every time I'd mention the chopper, he'd offer me another beer. I used to get awful drunk; but I never got to see the chopper. I figured maybe it was pride. I mean, he didn't know shit about

—Continued on page 95

Easyriders

"I think that's the weekend biker Lois was telling us about."

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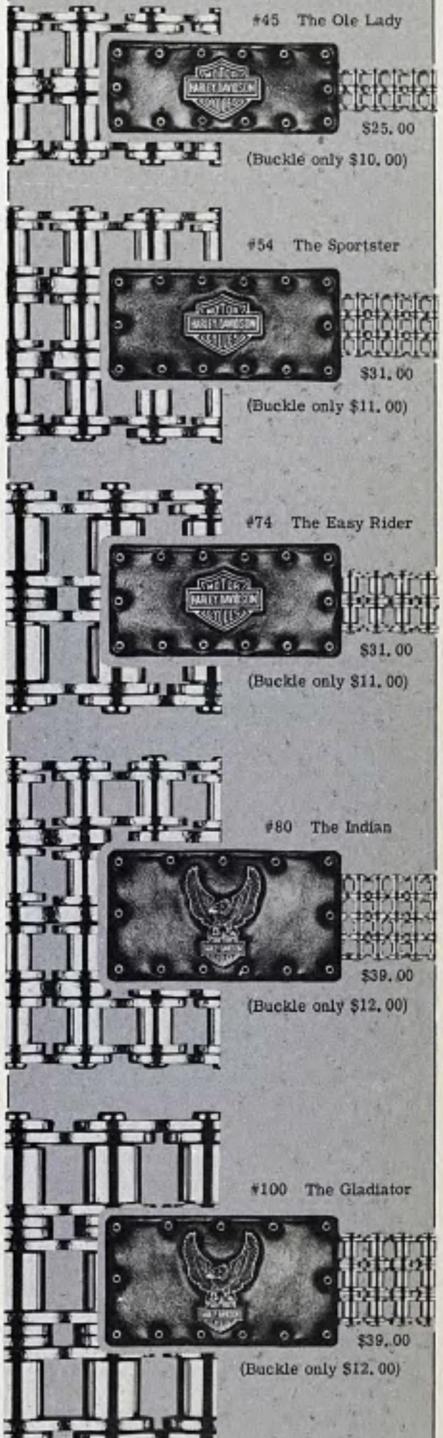

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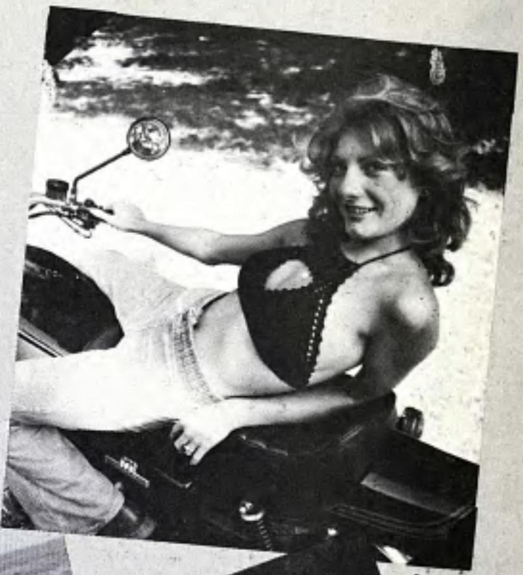
OL' LADY PHOTO CONTEST

Deborah Muller



Angel

Maria Peregoy

Becky Woods

Scorpio

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easyriders** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and a fun-filled visit with the disgustin' editorial staff.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours—so you must sign the form in their presence.

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional—just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive $100, each runner-up $25, and the contributor $10. After the twelve monthly winners have

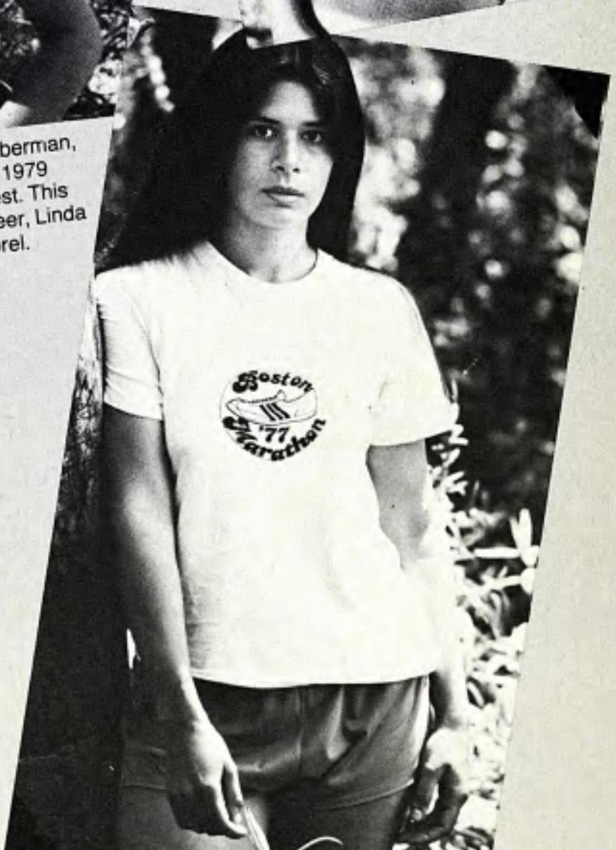
Pusscakes

Cody

Pokey

Nola Jean

Here she is, folks—Kathy Lieberman, the seventh winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runner-ups: Snowdeer, Linda Tivis, and Johnnie Borel.



Toni Plantamura

been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1979. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The gals can be dressed or not—it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff—just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on page 100 must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides—no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned—all entries become the property of **Easyriders.** Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is November 27. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #78 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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—Continued from page 90

motorcycles and maybe he was too proud to ask. So I let it slide. I started leavin' my biker mags lyin' around on our work table and suddenly they would disappear. Now, normally this would get somebody a broken hand, more likely a broken head; but I knew where they were goin', so I didn't mind.

Then one Friday evenin', as we were knockin' off at the plant, Charlie said to me, "Why don't you come over tonight? The chopper's finished. I thought maybe you'd want to see it."

I offered to follow him home, but he said to make it around seven-thirty. At seven-twenty-nine, I pulled up in front of Charlie's house in my pickup because I'd blown my homemade clutch on the way home. I was pissed off and excited at the same time. It was only spring, but it felt like Christmas.

Charlie came out of the house. As I scrambled out of the truck, Charlie unlocked the garage door and lifted it up. He flipped on the light. Now, just imagine the ultimate chopper. Go ahead, just imagine it. Now add one. That's what Charlie built. There it sat—long and low, all chrome and black, the springer front end kicked out about six feet. It had gold-anodized mag wheels, front and back, with drilled and lightened dual disc brakes up front and a single disc in the back. I blinked twice. The sonuvabitch had a shaft drive. God knows how he did that. A human skull was molded into the tank. Beneath the laughing white skull set into the black tank, gold lettering spelled out "Death Star." The sissy bar swept up high in the back. Beneath it was the taillight—a gleaming, grinning, white, full-sized human skull. The eyes were red lenses. "Look" he said. He turned on the key and the eyes glowed red and light came out from under the chin to light up the license plate. He flipped a switch on the handle bars and the left eye blinked. "Turn signals," he said. "It's completely street legal." I mean it was the most kicked-out, laid-back machine ever built. I almost came in my pants.

"Well, what do you think?" he said, smilin'. I couldn't say nothin'. I was just tryin' to drink it all in.

Then, out came his ol' lady, wipin' her hands on a dish towel. "I hope he's finished with that thing so he can sell it. Charlie, just get that thing out of here. I've made up my mind to finally clean that garage up, so I can at least spend some more time with you. Just look at that mess."

I figured I'd better change the sub-

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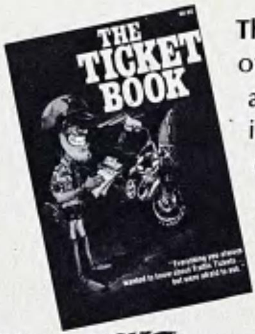
What Fits What is the complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability and covers all v-twin models between 1936 and 1976. There are sections on the Sportster, how to make your Harley go faster and last longer, and how to build stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. It's the **only** book of its kind at any price — only $5.95 plus 75¢ postage.



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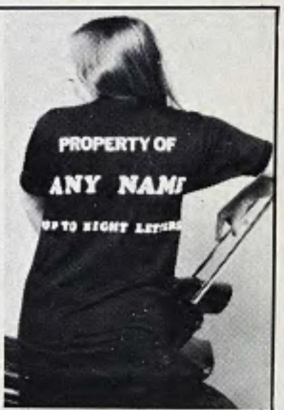

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ject or say somethin' 'cause I knew that with my prior record, I'd get at least twenty-five-to-life for stranglin' that cunt. "How's she run?" I asked.

"Gee, I dunno," he replied. Well, he walked over to it, and just gave a kinda push on the kick starter. I figured he was just runnin' the engine through to see if it turned over. I'll be damned if it didn't start. Now I'm not kiddin'—don't go away. I mean, that sonuvabitch started. He blipped the throttle a couple of times and that engine just screamed, must have turned seven thousand rpm. "Seems to be all right," he observed. "I wonder what it's like to drive one of these things." I came in my pants.

Charlie threw his leg over it, kicked it in gear, and blew off down the driveway. He was out of sight down the block, pullin' seven thousand in second gear, before I could move.

"Charlie," his ol' lady shouted, wavin' the dish towel. "Charlie, get back here! You look like a fool on that thing."

Now, this here assembly line ain't no bed of roses, but twenty-five-to-life? And I'm standin' there tryin' to figure out if she's worth it. I had to get out of there. "I'll follow him and get him back, okay?" I mumbled. I was off and running. Follow him! Well, I won't bore you with the gory details, but just let me say this: Before my water pump blew, I did things I don't want to think about. I limped my way back to Charlie's house. I figured that I'd better be there to hold her up when the police came to notify her. The least I was goin' to do was scrounge around in that garage for a new water pump, and pick up my precious bike mags.

I couldn't believe my eyes. As I pulled up in a cloud of steam, there, sitting in the pool of fluorescent light spilling out of the garage door, was the chopper. Charlie was wiping it down with a soft towel. Holding up the clean white towel he said, "Well, at least she doesn't leak." I went into shock.

His ol' lady was really after his ass night and day to sell that chopper, but it seemed Charlie could never quite get it running well enough to dump this miserable excuse for a machine off on some poor, unsuspecting soul. Did she want him to be dishonest? He was forever takin' it out for just one more test ride to get it runnin' just right. He was always askin' his ol' lady to ride with him, but she'd say, "I wouldn't be caught dead on that thing. Charlie, it's dangerous. You're like a kid, I swear. Why don't you act your age, Charlie?" Yat-ta-ta, yat-ta-ta. Stuff a rag in it, will ya, Charlie?

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Charlie and I started to ride together after he got finished wrenching around with my sled, too, 'cause I just couldn't keep up with that beast of his. I got to admit that when he was finished it ran pretty good, but nothing could touch that monster chopper of his.

Every time I went over to the house, so's we could go ridin', I'd get the fisheye from Donna Marie.

One night she heard me tell Charlie that I knew somebody who would give him a blank check for the chopper—me—just fill in whatever numbers he felt like. Charlie only laughed.

After that, we started to meet down at the Wagon Wheel for a couple of beers before we rode. I tried everything I could to get him to part with that thing. It went like hell and drew more pussy then shit draws flies. But Charlie kept on insisting that it wasn't running quite right—just needed another adjustment here, another tweak there.

His ol' lady was pissed to beat the band. One night she almost blew him away with his own shotgun when she heard him scrounging around in the attic looking for the helmet he wore when he was a crewman on the flight deck of the Franklin. He painted it all black, with "Death Star" in gold letters to match the tank. He even mounted a miniature skull on the visor knob.

Oh shit! Here comes the boss. What can I tell you? It was my own fuckin' fault. First it was week nights after dark, then Saturdays, then weekends, then Sturgis, then Indianapolis, then Laconia. Now, it's been two weeks.

After work I'm gonna make his ol' lady an offer for all the junk in the garage. Maybe I can find all the bills and notes, plans, cartoons, anything. Maybe, I can find out how I can build one just like it.

She'll never understand.

Charlie's gone. ■

Easyriders

"Well, so much for her. Where's the nearest singles bar?"

Now in

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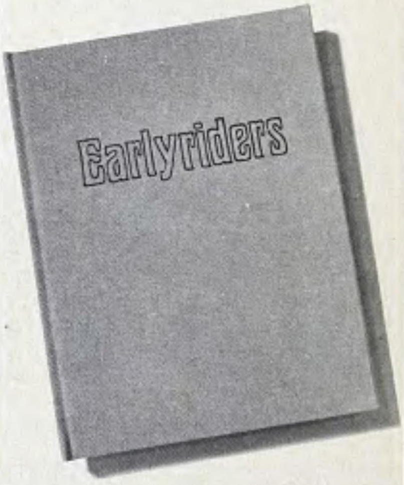

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TUESDAY

—Continued from page 13

absolutely silent when her soft fingers traveled across the twelve strings of her guitar.

She held the audience spellbound through every set, and I was among those so enchanted. She lived on a trim twin master, with more polished wood and brass than the bar ever had, harbored in the bay. We spent our spare moments sailing the bay; and when we grew bold, we would sail beneath the Golden Gate and ride the open waters of the Pacific, toasting the sunset with California's finest golden white wines.

Tuesday was her own woman. There were parts of her she never unveiled to me. There were songs she had written with wisdoms beyond the greatest poets, and her love songs were enough to melt the strongest heart.

When she was gone I went to pieces. I just couldn't stay in Frisco any longer. It was the end of a paradise and I could not stand to dwell among the ruins.

That day was unusually cool and overcast, as if even the sky knew what was to come. Tuesday came in at the usual hour and had a few with me at the bar before she went on, and I could tell something was wrong. All she would tell me were the lines from one of her lyrical songs—the ballad of the dark saint.

She started her set with some old blues songs and she sang with more feeling than she had ever sung the blues before. The applause was very light. Most of the audience were too moved by the heartfelt sorrow and bottomless lament in her voice to applaud. Then she started in on the song she had spoken of at the bar.

She hadn't finished the first verse when a guy in a dark leather jacket walked up to the stage and to her. She seemed stunned for a moment and then laid aside her guitar. He took her hand and led her out of the bar. She seemed to be helplessly walking in a dream over which she had no control. Her eyes were glazed as if she knew this was her fate. As he led her out the door I could see the colors on the back of his black leather jacket—a skull and halo and the words Dark Saints.

Outside Land's End the roar of chopper engines was thunderous. By the time I reached the door the band of outlaws and Tuesday were a hazy

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trail of dust. I turned to my classic black Harley in a frantic notion of pursuit and found the deed that placed my unholy curse on the Dark Saints. My cycle had been demolished, smashed to pieces, ripped almost beyond recognition. Any hope of catching up with them now went up in a thin wisp of smoke. I had lost Tuesday to some demon band of the road.

I don't know what trick of fate or unearthly rite was staged on the Coast Highway. Some things just happen without reason. But Tuesday and the Dark Saint rode off a cliff somewhere between Carmel and Big Sur into the mist, the rocks, and the sea. And gone forever were her warm sea smiles, the tender magic of her light touch, and the full, rich voice of her beautiful songs.

I left Land's End and walked the streets for days looking for an answer to my loneliness or a quick end to it all and found neither. I went to Tuesday's fine sailboat prepared to sail out to sea, to toss my life and the ship's to the oblivion of the waves.

An old man stood on deck leaning against the forward mast, his eyes lost to the brilliant silvery dazzle of the bay. I didn't know whether to intrude upon his trance with the waters or leave him to his own world of sunlight on the waves. But I had to find out who he was. When I walked close enough behind him to hear his seemingly random phrases I learned all I needed to know. The old man was her father.

I gathered my things on the boat and stuffed them into my blue pack. I knew I had to get out of the city. I headed south along the Coast Highway to follow the last winds Tuesday had known.

Several rides out of Frisco brought me to Monterey. I had a few drinks and thought back on my days south of many borders. I was running an

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exclusive import business of rare commodities, high-quality South American coke being the most profitable. The scam was simple and foolproof. It could have gone on forever. That was just it. It was no longer a thrill; the rush of the cocaine caper had faded. I needed something new, a clean cut with the big money, fancy cars, and shallow hearts of the business. I sold the whole operation and bombed around the Caribbean for a couple of years, getting back in tune with the real rhythms of life and finally headed west, up to Frisco, where the old songs of a lost age were born.

Tuesday had come into my life like a prophet of love. Now she was gone and there would be no resurrection. I headed south along the coast out of town.

A white hearse slowed down and I got in beside a lovely young girl. Her long blonde hair spilled down over her shoulders. I had been looking for a means to the end and there were worse ways of seeking it than in a long white hearse with a beautiful blonde at the wheel. She seemed to sense my distance with the world around us and did not press me for conversation.

As we rounded the steep cliffs south of Carmel she felt the need to break the silence of my deep gaze at the mist that covered the ocean below the steep rock face. "Hello in there. My name's Miranda. What can I call you?"

I answered her from a place beyond the mist and far below the cool, blue waters.

"Jade. Just Jade."

For the first time I noticed the smooth curve of her round breasts and her hard rose nipples poking through her thin white blouse.

"I know exactly what you need, Jade."

She rolled the hearse over to the side of the road and led me to the back of that white Cadillac onto the soft bed formerly of eternal rest. Miranda was a woman of many passions who took what she wanted in a fever of desire. She left no time for slow and easy love, but dished out her boiling lust with flaming strokes, matching each thrust with a wild, shuddering push. She spared no pleasure, held back not a single, lusty caress.

The cool ocean breeze flowed in the windows over us, gently stirring the white lace curtains.

We got dressed and climbed out of the hearse. I looked out at the vast Pacific waters, bluegreen, cold and distant. The sea had always given me

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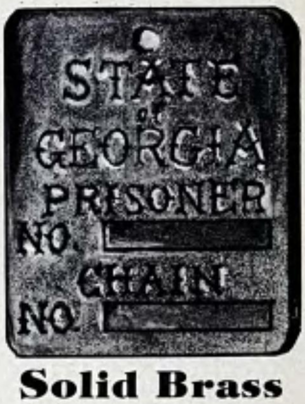

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a grand feeling of peace, but Miranda wanted to talk.

"Now you've got to call me Easy."

"Why?"

"That's one of the laws."

"What laws?"

"The laws of the Brothers of the Horizon."

"You mean you're one of their famous New Orleans ladies?"

Easy rocked her hips, winked, and said in a husky, lusty voice, "Accept no substitutes. By the way, what happened to your chopper?"

She laughed when she saw the look on my face. There was no way she could have known about my old black Harley. "It's all in the grip. I can always tell a biker by his hands. And believe me, I'm an expert."

"It's a long story, Angel."

I looked down at the single line of tread in the dirt and followed its progress to the edge of the cliff. As I peered over the edge, Easy approached from behind.

"Try some of this."

The blue-white smoke was sweet and pungent, rich and resinous. The answers to questions I had not even asked rose from abysses within. A feeling of earth-shuddering euphoria seemed to rip my skull open. Janis Joplin's face appeared in a cloud singing "Get It While You Can."

The afternoon dissolved into a kaleidoscope of nameless beaches, red Chinese dragon kites soaring in the ocean breezes, sunshine and endless laughter, incense and balloons.

The days that followed were a stoned haze of desert sands, colorful canyon walls rising above swift rivers, and majestic mountains. The only stop I remember with any clarity was a farm in the foothills outside Taos and some outstandingly friendly people with perpetual smiles, who carefully tended hidden mountain fields of towering,

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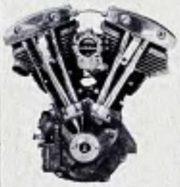

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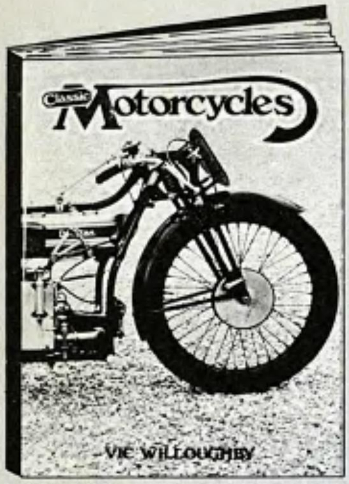

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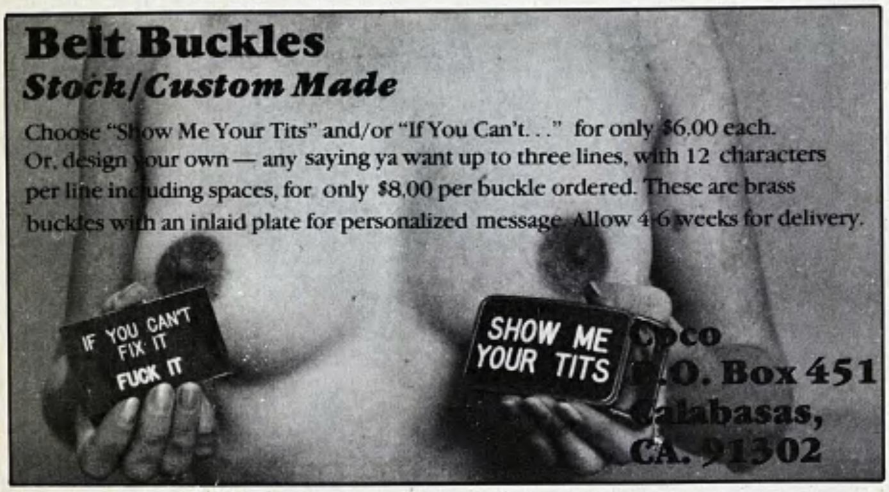

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flowering green weed they called Taos Madness. We must have crossed Texas but I remember only the sun rising before us dead ahead in the morning. Then came the long concrete bridges of Interstate 10 rising above the Louisiana swamps and then the grand and wide Mississippi River and the New Orleans skyline. Even these images are part of some hazy, half-remembered dream.

A new day dawned with Easy beside me, smiling contentedly at me from an antique brass bed.

From outside we heard the powerful thrum of a panhead and the distinctive sound of steel scraping across the concrete drive. We got to the window in time to see a burly monster of a man, with long red hair and a fiery beard, using chains to drag an early model Gold Wing toward a great pile of twisted metal in the back yard of that fine old home just outside the official boundaries of the French Quarter.

Easy hung her tits out the window. "Howdy, Crusader. Whatcha got there?"

The rugged giant spoke with a voice as mighty as his powerful frame. "One more for the graveyard, Easy."

My eyes feasted on her beautiful body shining there in the morning light.

"I suppose we should go downstairs and meet the Brothers," she said.

"We don't have to go right away, do we?"

She smiled a broad, sly grin. "No, I guess later will be soon enough."

Eventually we made it downstairs and Easy walked me to a grand oak door. "This is the sanctuary of Brotherly Spirits, where the gods of the road are appeased, where dreams are dreamed and fantasies take wing, and where the local distilleries are drained. Be sure you show the proper respect."

Crusader and three others were seated at a large round table in the softly lit room. All were earnestly engaged in a liquid breakfast of tequila sunrises. Easy's entrance brought a rich smile of affection to each of their faces.

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Jade, lately of San Francisco. Crusader is our spiritual adviser, master of ceremonies, and the undisputed king of the white line. We have yet to see a bike that will pace his supercharged panhead. Sundown, our blond mystic, is the original desert rat and twilight master. Raider over there keeps the local brewery in

business and is the Robin Hood of the bunch. He believes laws were made for other men. Red-eyes with the Colombian cigar is Starsor and founder of the space cowboys. He has never known the meaning of straight. The rest of the Brothers at this moment are scattered across this great land—we hope on this side of the jail bars."

Crusader raised his hands in a warm welcome. "Why don't you join us for breakfast."

"Don't mind if I do."

The sunrises were very cold and quite stiff. There is nothing like a tequila sunrise in the morning to alter one's perception of the present and perspective on the past. As the tequila began to clear my head, I told the Brothers my tale of Tuesday and the heartless Dark Saints.

Crusader was the first to break the silence. "If there's ever anything we can do."

Easy smiled at me and the Brothers. "What he needs now is a new chopper."

"I know you've given him everything else he needs, Easy."

We all joined in with Crusader's laughter. Then he stood up and raised his glass in one last toast of the morning, "O my Brothers, Easy has warmly performed the initiation rites. He has shared these spirits with us and has known the joy in our laughter. Let us welcome him into the Brotherhood, this man whose destiny lies in the horizon."

We dashed off our drinks.

Crusader led the way to the back door. "To the graveyard. We've got to get our new Brother back on the road."

There was a reverent pause as we stood in a semicircle around that glorious mound of motorcycles. Then all hell broke loose as we ripped into that metal sculptor's paradise, dragging out salvageable parts.

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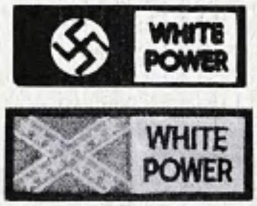

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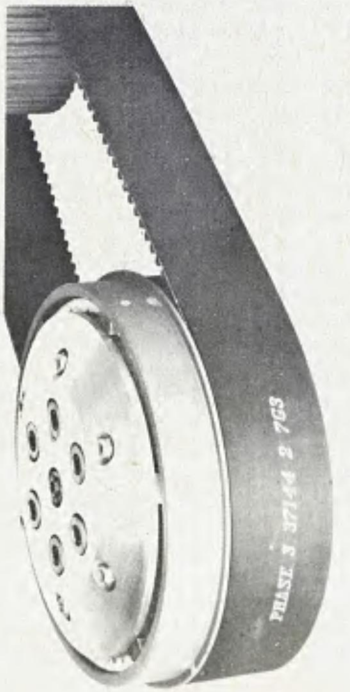

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A fine silver and black chopper had been born from that mound of twisted steel and chrome. Sleek, dove-tailed fenders shaded twin seven-spoked wheels of shimmering silver. Crusader called her the ultimate Harley. I could think of no better name for her than Phoenix, like the mythological bird that had risen from the ashes.

Easy added the final touch by painting red and silver flaming wings on her black Sportster tank.

That afternoon began a christening binge that saw the sunrise of the next day. So great was the quantity and variety imbibed that I remember little after midnight. In Mexico they claim that tequila is hallucinogenic. After that night I can swear to it.

Only scattered images remain from that night of revelry in the French Quarter. A wild bar with grand columns of polished wood and stately arches, a few blocks from Jackson Square, figures prominently in these filmy visions, and I will always wonder what portion of this dream really happened. Large curved heads of lions with grand flowing manes laughed from the dark wooden arches. Easy danced the wild fandango down the top of the bar, urging everyone to drink up and be merry. There is a misty memory of the six of us dancing down the center of Chartres and then, later, of all of us hurling our empty beer cans from the ornate iron grillwork of a second-story balcony to crash onto the street below. I guess we made it home in Easy's hearse, but the last vision I have of that drunken eve is of lying on a rooftop, watching the stars swim in slow circles.

Easy woke me up the next afternoon. She was so happy to see my eyes open she laughed with joy.

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"You bet your sweet ass there is."

I did what I could to satisfy the young lady.

The Brothers of the Horizon gradually made their appearance in the Sanctuary of Spirits to meet up with a late liquid lunch of tall frosty brews. The air was thick with restlessness. I felt it in my blood. Starsor the wise, the silent, was the first to speak. "Brothers, the horizon beckons—to the land of flowers."

Sundown was quick to reply, "A pilgrimage to the East."

Crusader nodded his head and fiery beard in approval. "Florida it is. We can make Tallahassee by twilight."

Five classic Harleys thundered across Lake Pontchartrain. We followed Interstate 10 through Mississippi, roared through the tunnel in Mobile, and late that afternoon we crossed the line and headed on up to Tallahassee.

Sundown found us within the borders of the Apalachicola National Forest; and in the last hazy moments of twilight, we built a fire along the shore of the pine-and-cypress-studded Lost Lady Lake. There is a subtle mystery, a sublime magic in the dance of flames that has amazed man for as long as he has held fire within his mastery. And there are no tales so wild or tall as those of a hardcore biker in the wilds of the wood by the light of an open fire. The stars shimmered through the pine needles.

A swim in Lost Lady Lake was in order that morning. Everybody went in for a dip except Raider. He said he didn't want to get his beard wet. The

"Now, Mr. Fuller, what makes you think you've got jungle rot?"

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water was cool and crystal clear. We raced across the lake and back, floated around the cypresses rising straight up out of the water, and basked in the water's cool freshness.

As we lay on the shore drying out under the brilliant sun, Raider emerged from the pines with his hands and pockets stuffed full of mushrooms.

Sundown was at first reluctant. "Are you sure these are the right kind?"

Raider answered by stuffing his mouth full of them.

"Hey, are you gonna pig 'em all yourself?"

Raider passed out plenty for all of us. I followed Crusader's lead and removed the stems, eating only the potent tops. Starsor could not get enough of those mushrooms and I knew it would be days before he came back down.

It was in the peak of that fungus madness that we decided to find the end of the road. Key West was our goal. The course was charted. It was time to set sail.

The trail to Key West was one of many visions, beaches and bitches, whispering palms and sips of paradise. Raider's pockets bore an ample supply of fungus fruits of the forest floor and these kept all of us well within the ozone.

Then, at last, we were free of the plastic paradise of Miami and south of the strange swamps of the Everglades. US 1 lay beneath us as we rode across Key Largo and down the crescent of coral islands, that smooth curve that divides the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Mexico. These tiny islands are America's tropical treasures and the steppingstones to the Caribbean.

—*Continued on page 110*

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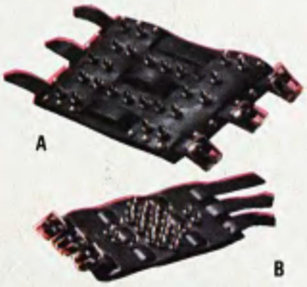

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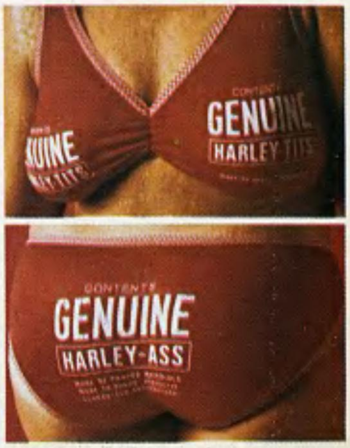

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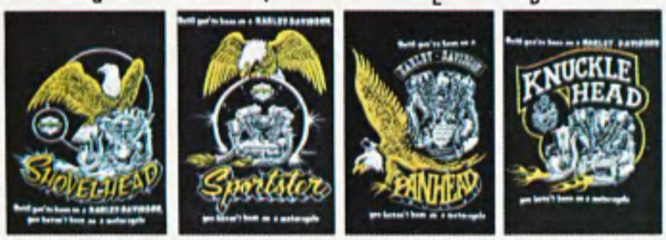

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—Continued from page 106

We jammed down Highway One under the radiant sun, with Crusader blazing out the lead, all of us struck with profound wonder at the fabulous emerald and turquoise hues of the water on both sides of the road.

Just outside Marathon, the halfway mark of the Keys, was a small mansion built on pilings above the water. No one seems to know who built it, and it has remained abandoned since a hurricane raced through it in the thirties. Abandoned, that is, except for the free people, the riders of the road, and the raiders of the reefs. There was no finer hotel for the Brothers of the Horizon in all the Keys. That night was a feast of wine, fresh fruits, lobster, crab, and red snapper. And for dessert there were Raider's famous mushrooms.

After the feast there was music. Moonlight, a man of no fixed address who called the beaches of America his home, played some of the meanest six-string steel guitar I've ever heard. A fine-looking dark lady named Sassafras added her saucy voice and wild flute to the jam. And it was so good that Crusader broke out his mouth harp. Together they tore us up, broke us down with the blues, and flew us away with their nasty riffs.

After the last notes echoed over the water and people began crashing out in the corners, I walked up to the roof to watch the stars dance in the dark sea of the night-blue sky. A gentle breeze eased over the old mansion, cool, fresh, and crisp with briny sea scents.

The magic of the tropical waters swept over me. I stood in a dream within a dream.

From the shadows of the roof a girl came to me, smiling her rich desires and warm intentions. It was Sassafras. We walked down the spiral

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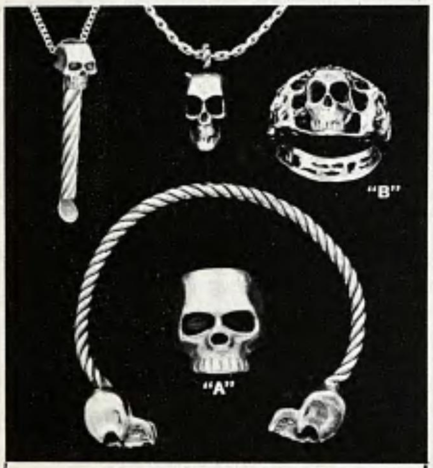

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stairway to the back of the house. Pulling on a brass ring in the wooden plank floor, she opened a trapdoor. There under the old mansion, stretched between the pilings, was the widest hammock I had ever seen.

The waves lapped at the pilings beneath us all night. Through the shallow water swam luminous tropical fish, glowing with the fabulous yellows, blues, and bright aquamarines of chemical visions.

Morning stole in gently over us. The hammock swung in a slow, easy rhythm. I looked for a long time at her sleeping body and remembered the tender joys of the night.

When I caressed her long dark hair she awoke, smiling. Her voice was soft and sexy, rich and slightly husky.

"Look, I know you're a man of the long and open road and I'll probably never see you again, so I want to give you something to remember me by."

As if the night were not enough, that memorable morning was one that will remain engraved in memory for as long as I am able to breathe the wind and ride the open road.

But it was from her that I learned of my old enemies, the dark riders of false sainthood. As we lay in the afterglow of our love, she casually asked if I knew any of the Dark Saints.

"Why?" I shook her. "What do you know of them?"

"Nothing. They just passed through a few days ago."

And that was all she could tell me. The man who had taken Tuesday had gone out of this life with her, but his brothers still lived and would know the bitter taste of my revenge for Tuesday and a black Harley.

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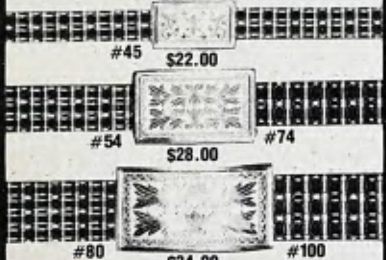

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the bridge barricade. We all rode through the fence to the crown of the crumbling bridge and sat there on our cycles facing the sea and the sun. The jagged labyrinth of the beautiful white coral reefs formed an intricate pattern of beautiful blues and vivid greens. The random design was breathtaking, as fabulous as a thousand 'shroom visions.

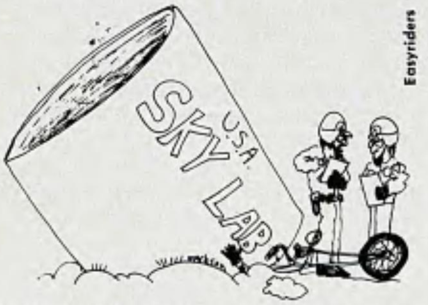
When it was time to move on, we headed toward Key West and a secluded beach of white coral sand on Boca Chica, far away from the crowds. But we didn't make it that far. Starsor was just too loaded to stay on his chopper. So we rolled off the road and sprawled onto the beach of a small coral island along the way. We were in no big hurry to go anywhere and in no great rush to do anything but relax.

Our balmy and blissful repose under the tropical sun was disturbed by the harsh thrum of five badly tuned bikes, Jap by their sound. As they sped past they threw their empty beer cans toward our beach, a fatal mistake in itself. I looked up and saw the colors of my dream of vengeance, the skull and halo of the Dark Saints.

I jumped on Phoenix and raced after them, east up Highway One, blinded with anger, driven by cold revenge. Crusader, following my cue, was close behind and quickly passed me with the chopper so famous for her speed. He tore off after two who split off onto a side road, his red beard bristling in the sun, his muscles bunched in an iron grip around that screaming machine.

Sundown, Raider, and Starsor lay passed out on the beach.

Two more Saints split off on a side road. I tore off after them, smiling in the knowledge of what lay ahead. That road dead-ended in a ridge, a small coral bluff overlooking deep blue water. Phoenix and I rode them off the bluff. I watched as bikes and men plunged into the sea. Without pause I spun Phoenix around and headed toward Marathon and the last of the Dark Saints.



"Now, if he had been wearing his helmet things might have been different."

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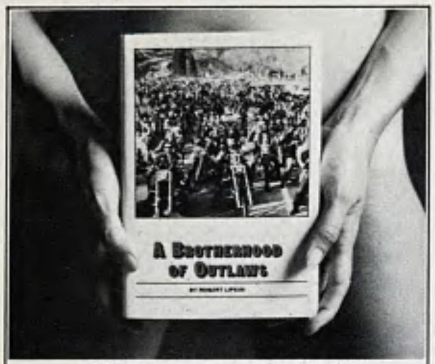

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They don't settle for second best when it comes to working on your bike. Our maniac mechanics have helped make Chopper Shak the national mail order center for hi-performance parts, service, and super-chrome accessories. Now you can order special engine rebuilding, super cylinder headwork, balancing, heli-arc welding, con rod building, and machine work — by mail — and at maniac prices. Chopper Shak sells only the best — Sifton cams, Manley valves, Axtell cylinders, Lienweber cams, S&S flywheels, rods, and pistons. And even though our guys are maniacs about doing the job right it's gonna cost you less. That's cause our boss is a maniac about keeping prices low! This month the maniacs have an insane deal on Port & Polish. Order today and get a free Maniac T-shirt.
SHOVELHEADS — Sifton 440, 475, or 485 cams and collars to '69 only $265. '70 on $280.
SPORTSTERS — Any grind Sifton cams and collars to '69 only $365. '70 on $385. Call us for stainless steel valve prices. When ordering specify year, make, model, and T-shirt size. Include 25% down. Balance COD. Allow 3-4 weeks delivery. To order T-shirt alone send $5. Dealer inquiries invited. Call or send your heads to:

Chopper Shak, Inc.
2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd.
Pittsburgh, PA 15227
(412) 881-0433

I didn't catch up with the last Dark Saint until we were almost to Bahia Honda. His bike was sputtering and smoking badly. When he saw me he made a run for the old bridge and tore through Crusader's hole in the fence.

I smiled to myself. Brothers of the rim of the sky, this last one is mine.

I eased Phoenix through the fence and idled her up the steep slope. He was trapped. There was no way out but through me. As I approached the top of the bridge, he must have seen the barricade at the other end and turned around. I could hear the rough lope of his engine as he came back up the bridge, barreling straight for me. I aimed Phoenix directly at him and gunned her for all she was worth. I could see his eyes grow wide in panic. His knuckles turned white on the bars. Time slowed to a crawl and then stood absolutely still.

In the very last second, I swerved off to the side and struck his front wheel on the right side, sending his bike straight for the rails. He screamed as man and machine went over the railing in a thunder of rending metal, a sound of terror that must have been heard halfway to hell. Adios. . .

There are many hungry creatures in those tropical waters and they rule the mystery of the turquoise and emerald depths. Perhaps some shred of black leather, some scrap of denim jean has washed up on some nameless shore by now. But that Dark Saint will have only the shimmering silvery waters and the white coral reefs beneath for a marker.

I headed back toward Key West with a tide of unsettled emotions and the emptiness of vented revenge. Turning off on the road Crusader had taken, I felt the icy fingers of apprehension and considered his unbalanced odds. The red flashing lights ahead quickened my pulse and the sight of three bodies covered with white sheets hit my gut like a brass-

"I didn't know I was cherry in so many places."

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Wear or display the **Easyriders** logo. Show everyone that you're no lightweight and that you're a kind, considerate, honest, trustworthy, straight-arrow mutha. Dispel the rumors that you're a snatch-eatin', low-life scooter tramp—show some class (fool everyone).

Our righteous embroidered emblems are bright orange, black and white (2 3/4"x 2 3/4").

The decals are the same colors and size.
Emblems cost **$2.00 each**
Decals cost **3 for a $1.00**

California residents add 6% sales tax Send your bread today to:
Show Class Department, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265

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Send money order or cashier's check (Calif. residents add 6% tax), Add $3.00 for postage & handling in USA. Goods sent Airmail. 1st class insured custom & club. Inquires welcome. Postage—Canada $5.00 Australia $7.00 W. Europe $7.00

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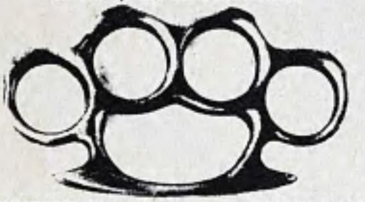

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knuckled fist. I stood there stunned, wild with rage at the senselessness of his death for a score that was mine to settle and stricken with sorrow for the loss of a man I had come to know as a Brother.

His fine black Harley seemed unscratched as she lay on her side among the mangroves. The two cycles of the Orient lay in a pile of twisted molten metal and soft crimson flame as the gas in their tanks burned in the quiet aftermath of explosion.

I walked slowly to the Harley and the white sheet beside her. Crusader's fine black bike reminded me of my old Frisco chopper.

The breeze off the emerald waters rippled the white sheet—but no, it was more than just the wind. I jerked the sheet off Crusader's smiling face.

"Howdy, Bro."

I was speechless. Crusader lived!

He spoke with the slow deep voice of a man tempered in many flames. This had not been a close shave with death for him, but a kiss of the fires of life.

"Jade, I only wish we were close enough to New Awlinns so I could add those cheap sleds to the Graveyard. Guess I'll have to get me a new chain. That one was about wore out anyway and there's no way I'm gonna be able to pull it out of that twisted bike. That's been something I've always wanted to do, you know, hurl my trusty silver links into a moving wheel. Worked finer than I'd ever dreamed. Locked that wheel right up and threw that dirty dog right into his buddy. At that speed neither of 'em had a chance. Coral pavement shows no mercy to steel or flesh. It was really magnificent. I got so wrapped up in their acrobatics I drove clean off the road into the mangrove trees."

We rode back toward Key West, a small nameless beach by the highway, and three of our Brothers with sunburns and righteous highs of the tropical kind. ■

Easyriders

"Didn't I tell you to go easy on the laxatives?"

Allen Bird

Attorney at Law

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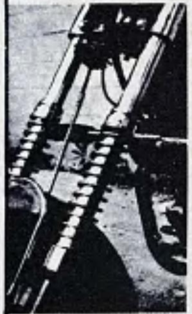

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SAY IT!

A T-shirt that'll blow minds

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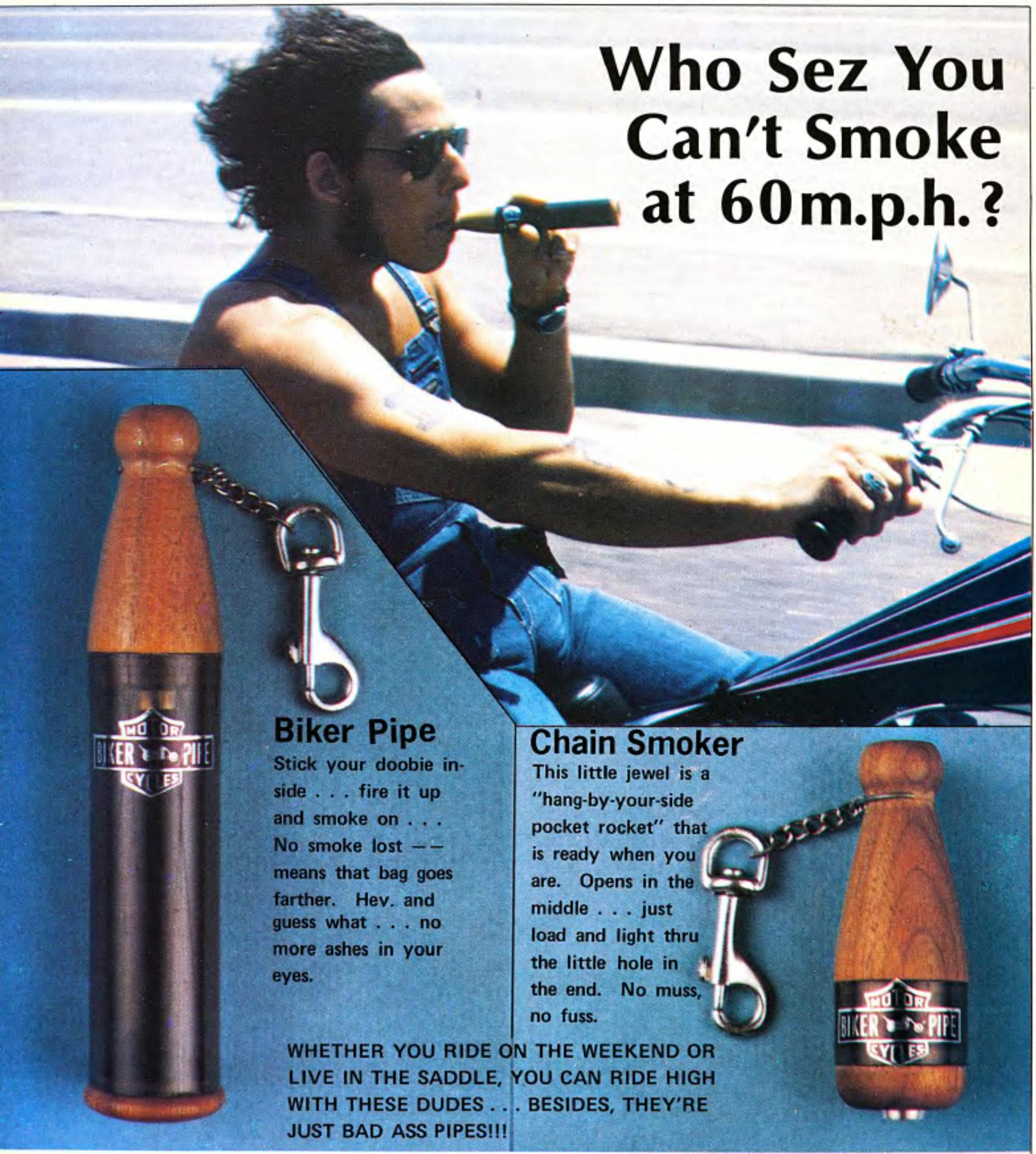
Dealer inquiries invited.

Send $1 for additional Designs!
F-Shirts, ***P.O. Box 367 Oakview, CA. 93022***



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☐ BIKER PIPE
$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

☐ CHAIN SMOKER
$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

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GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!

Some are 2′ x 3′ and others are $1^1/_2$′ x $2^1/_2$′!

The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock!

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

$3.00 each or four for $9.95! (On orders less than $6.00, please add 50¢ for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders,** for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,
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Enclosed is $__________ for the posters indicated below.

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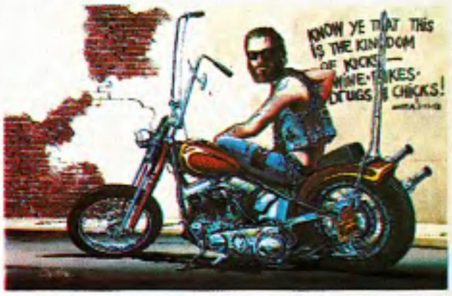
M-10 "Starburst"

M-9 "Hollyweed"

M-7 "Run Heat"

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

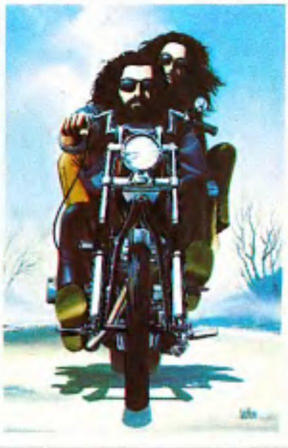


M-6 "Apehanger Days"

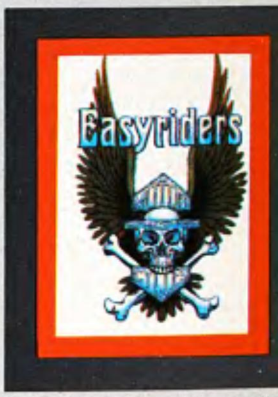
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

M-13 "Won't Start"

M-12 "Country Style"



M-8 "Comin' at Ya"

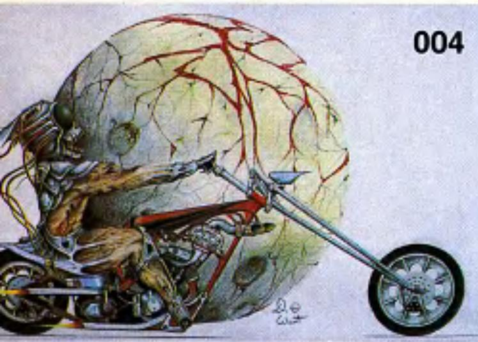


M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

SHOW YOUR FANTASY

003

004



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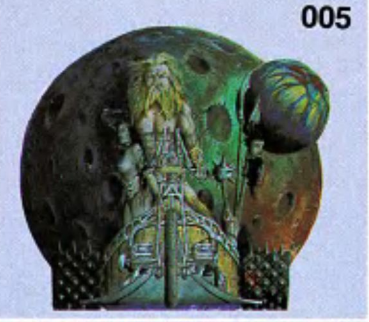

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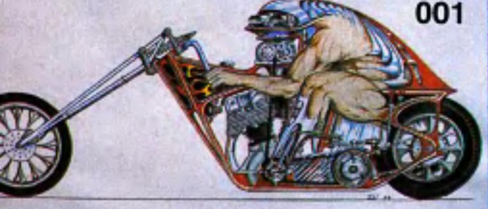

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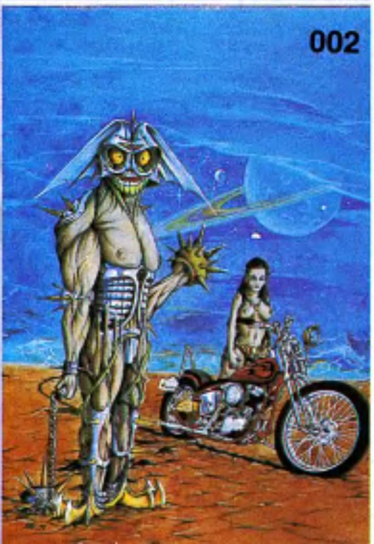

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Fantasy Ent., 1739 Shell Beach, Calif. 93449/(805) 773-5821

Now Available! The best of both worlds in Motorcycling & Fantasy. Full color on a deluxe 100% cotton heavyweight men's T-shirt and women's French cut. Send $2.20 for catalog.

MENS $7.50 ea. Tan, Lt. Blue, White

	001	002	003	004	005	007	TOTAL
QTY.							
SIZE							
COLOR							
AMT.	$	$	$	$	$	$	$

WOMENS $8.50 ea. Bone, Lt. Yellow, Mint, Lt. Blue

	001	002	003	004	005	007	TOTAL
QTY.							
SIZE							
COLOR							
AMT.	$	$	$	$	$	$	$

	Subtotal	$
☐ Cash	**Sales Tax** (%)	$
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Over $20 and Canadian or foreign money orders add Postage per shirt-U.S. $1.00 Others $2.00

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Show some class this Christmas—give Easyriders T-shirts!

Big Nick copped all the sweeties in town—not bad, huh? Yep, Nick canned all those creepy little elves and brought in a hand-picked crew of helpers. Nick knows he'll be giving out a lot of these T-shirts this yule season, so if you don't want to disappoint the folks on your shopping list, you'd better order right away.

Easyriders T-shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs—so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality—just like you'd expect from **Easyriders**.

So check 'em out and get your order in today. Big Nick and **Easyriders** T-shirts can make you a hero this Christmas.

Design

Shirt "A"

Sizes S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"

Sizes Petite — Average

If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **$5.95**, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	$5.95 each
				Sub Total	
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				Total	

Send your order today to:

***T-SHIRTS*, BOX 711,**
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Make all checks and money orders
*out to **Easyriders***

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We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (In U.S. only)

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Merry Christmas
From The Jammer Family

Christmas Stuff From Jammer

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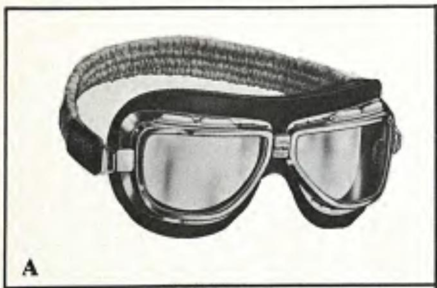
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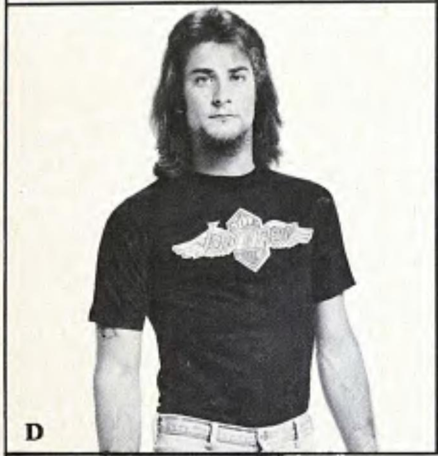
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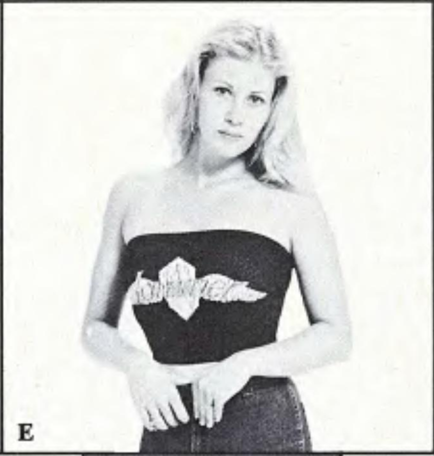
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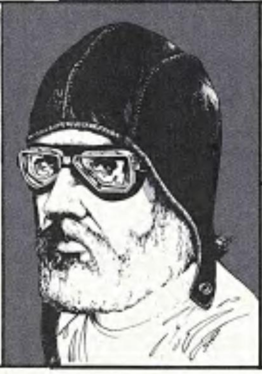

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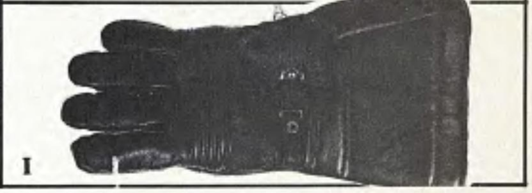
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A. Climax Goggles
Laminated curved lenses, adjustable straps.

130016		36.95

Replacement Lenses

130017	Clear	9.95
130018	Smoke	12.95

B. Sky Goggles.Modern
A new look . . . soft, leather-lined.

130019		33.25

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C. Silver Cross Goggles
Soft leather backing, laminated glass, can be used with helmets.

130022		28.95

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K. Lightweight Rider Gloves Black.
Includes a reinforcing patch between the thumb and forefinger with a contour cut.

130033	Small	21.95
130034	Medium	21.95
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D. Black Jammer T-Shirts
What else could you want for you and the ol' lady—quality black shirts with our great logo in bold color. If you want color in your life, here's your chance.

128061	Small	5.95
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Features a vinyl gauntlet that will not collapse when pulled over jacket sleeves; the rest of the glove is high quality leather. These gloves have reinforced palms for added durability, adjusting strap, and are accordian pleated across the knuckle area for added comfort.

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J. Ladies Bikini Underwear

128046	Harley #1	2.99
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Jammer Frames

*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead 74 and 80 Flatheads

Rigid Frames

**Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.**

74 Jammer Rigid Frame
Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.
2804 .... 324.95

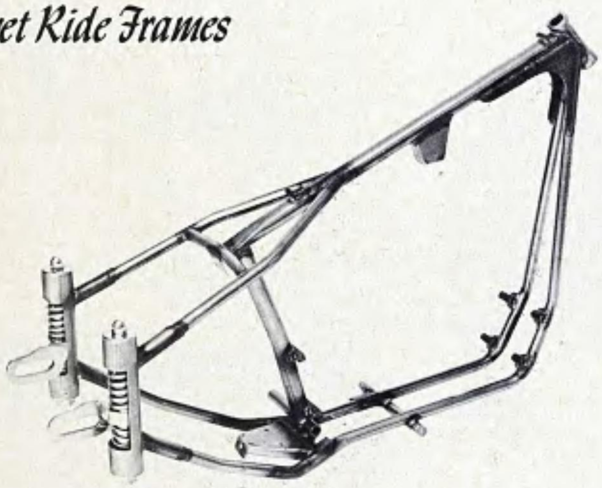
Mechanical Brake Kit
Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.
2805 .... 19.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame
Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.
2801 .... 339.95

Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame
You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1977 kick or electric start into our frame. Will also accept 1978-1979 Sportster engines with slight modifications. The holes are reamed and tapped.
2802 .... 299.95

750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame
Accepts any year 750 engine.
2803 .... 289.95

Velvet Ride Frames



**Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.**

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame
Same as 2804 except with suspension.
28027 .... 399.95

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Same as 2802 except with suspension.
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Same as 2803 except with suspension.
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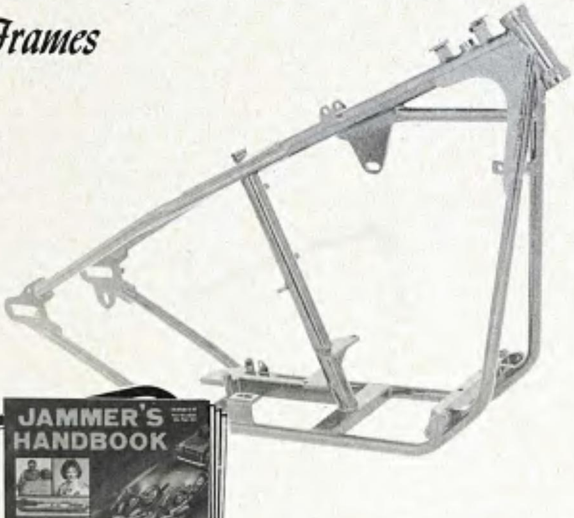
74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame
Same as 2807 except with suspension.
Hydraulic brake only.
28028 .... **30° Rake** 419.95

Fat Bob Frames



**Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.**

74 Hydraulic Brk. Rigid Fat Bob
Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.
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74 Mechanical Brk. Rigid Fat Bob
Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed.
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74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame
Same as 2807 except with suspension.
Hydraulic brake only.
28028 .... 419.95

Only $2.95! Or call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 125)

Roughrider Sissy Bars

Step out in style! Jammer's new line of Roughrider bars for your swingarm will set you apart from the rest.

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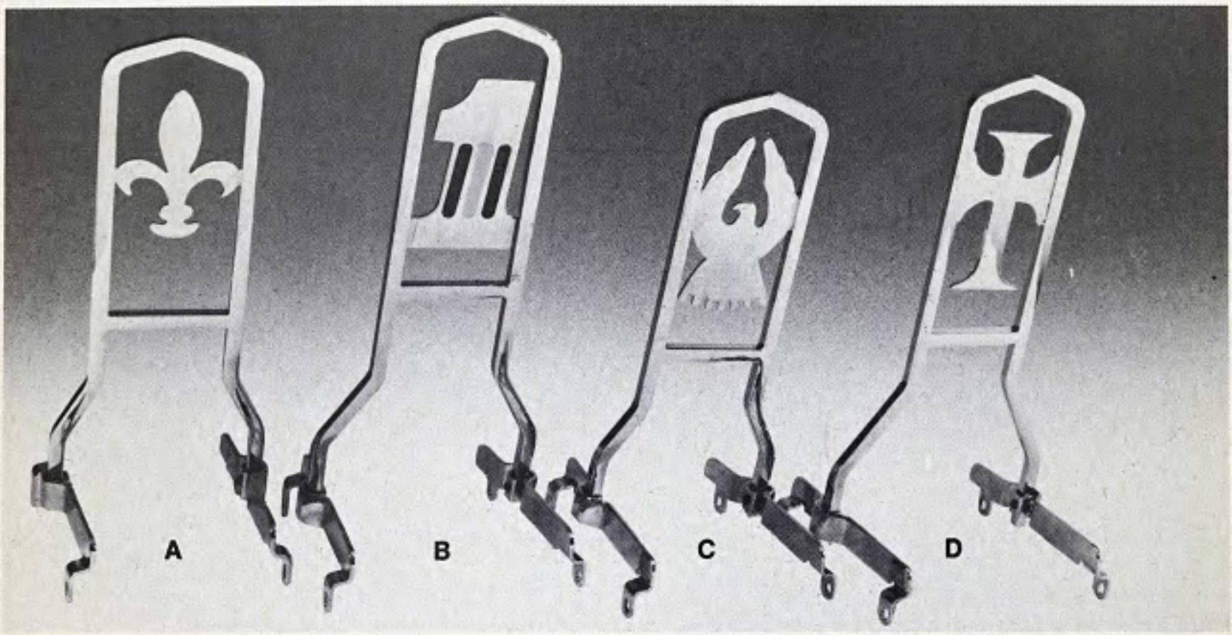

Make & Model	Sissy Bar Style	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
	Sissy Bar Price	$60.95	$60.95	$60.95	$60.95	$50.95	$60.95	$43.95	$60.95
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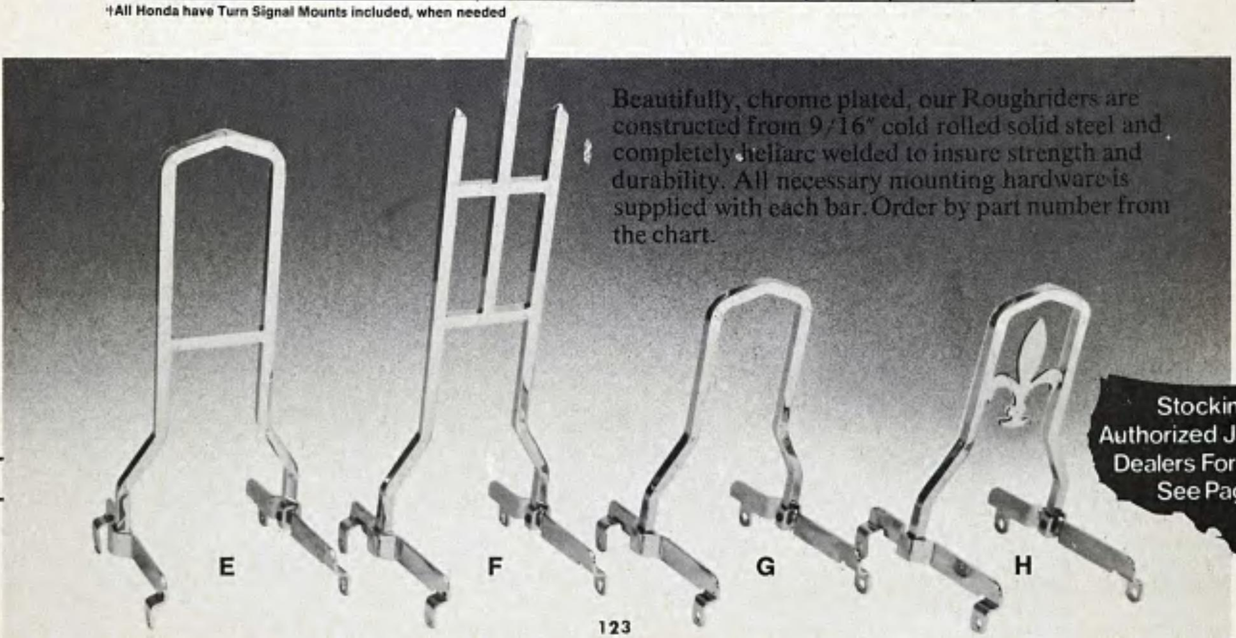
Harley Sportster, All Years w/o Turn Signals		76011	76012	76013	76014	76015	76016	76017	76018
Harley Sportster, Years with Signals Except '79		76021	76022	76023	76024	76025	76026	76027	76028
Harley Sportster '79		76031	76032	76033	76034	76035	76036	76037	76038
†Honda 750K '69-'76		76041	76042	76043	76044	76045	76046	76047	76048
Honda 750K '77-'78		76051	76052	76053	76054	76055	76056	N/A	N/A
Honda 750K '79		76061	76062	76063	76064	76065	76066	N/A	N/A
Honda 500-550K '71-'76		76071	76072	76073	76074	76075	76076	76077	76078
Kawasaki 900/1000		76081	N/A	76083	76084	76085	76086	N/A	N/A
Kawasaki 650 - KZ		76091	N/A	76093	76094	76095	76096	N/A	N/A
Kawasaki 650 - SR		7701	N/A	7703	7704	7705	7706	N/A	N/A
Yamaha 750SE '78-'79		77011	N/A	77013	77014	77015	77016	N/A	N/A
Yamaha 650SE '77-Up		77021	N/A	77023	77024	77025	77026	N/A	N/A
Yamaha 650 & 500 TX '74-'76		77031	N/A	77033	77034	77035	77036	N/A	N/A

†All Honda have Turn Signal Mounts included, when needed



Beautifully, chrome plated, our Roughriders are constructed from 9/16" cold rolled solid steel and completely heliarc welded to insure strength and durability. All necessary mounting hardware is supplied with each bar. Order by part number from the chart.

Stocking Authorized Jammer Dealers For Your Area See Page 125

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Solo & Pillion Seats

AMERICAN MADE SOLO/PILLION SEATS

Just like the old days. These matched pair of seats have that classic appearance which will enhance any custom motorcycle.

Super Deluxe Solo
Our top of the line solo seat. Custom stitched black naugahyde cover on a steel base plate. 1¾ inches of dense foam for extra comfort. 13 inches wide by 14 inches long.
11709 . . . . 37.50

Super Deluxe Pillion
An extra wide pillion pad to give added comfort. Wedge design to fit with fender. 4 inch thick foam tapers to 2 inches at the nose. All steel base plate measures 11½ inches long by 6 inches wide.
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Solo Seat
Custom made for Jammer. Covered in black naugahyde. Steel plate for base. Dense foam for added comfort. 1 inch thick by 9 inches wide.
11701 . . . . 19.95

Pillion Seat
Wedge design to fit with fender. Covered in naugahyde. 9 inches long by 4½ inches wide. 4 inches high in back tapering down to 2 inches in front.
11702 . . . . 12.95

Hump Type Pillion Seat
A deep cushion naugahyde seat designed to give your passenger added comfort.
11705 . . . . 17.95

Seat Bracket
This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.
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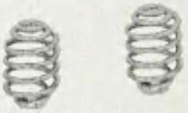

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Stop and Lock

The Stop & Lock anti-theft system is simple, inexpensive, easy to install and it works. This entirely mechanical, rear-axle-mounted security device works by holding the brake fully applied & by passing a case-hardened dead bolt through the existing holes in the stock hub. Its unique design enables it to be effective even with the axle removed. Not only does Stop & Lock eliminate the need for heavy chains and buzzers but it is recognized by some insurance companies for large discounts. All in all, Stop & Lock is sound anti-theft medicine. Available for Harley, Honda and Kawa.

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For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date ______________

Name ______________ (Please print or type) **Address** ______________

City ______________ **State** ______________ **Zip** ______________ **Phone** ( ) ______________ (Give area code number)

***Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.**

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price	Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
						Sub Total	

6% Tax - California Residents Only	
Total	
Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit	
Balance due (F.O.B. California)	
MC/B of A number*	
Signed	Expr. Date

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)
☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

***Credit cards accepted**
O/S 10/30/79 ☐ CV DEC ☐ #78 ☐ AY

—Continued from page 7

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send $7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (80)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection," Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price," Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner," Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders, June 1977. Send $35 plus $1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (78)

Chokers from Greece for only $5.95 & $1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek Chokers, of gold- and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (80)

Sweet Jessie: I love you more each day. Happy birthday to you and your young'un. Only yours always, Beth. (78)

Pervert Mike: Happy birthday, babe. I love you. Lee Lee. (78)

Karl William Boscia Sr. (Taurus): One year ago Oct. 3, 1978, you left us on your panhead. We miss you more every day, son. We hope you are riding a Harley panhead chopper and grandpap is behind you, packing. Please, both of you stay with us until we join you. Love forever, your mother and dad, Sweed, Billy Jr., Mary, Susan, and Brian. (78)

Grape Ape: Sorry I could not make it to Texas. Come to L.A. and we can go see Louie and Brenda. Remember what I said about cuddling. Lyn. (78)

Iron Barons of Ky. & Tenn.: Damn helluva big thanks for run to sun and Daytona hospitality, brotherhood, and good times. Chuck & Linda, Canada. (78)

One-shot: Happy birthday 12/13. Let's try for two, okay? DeAun. (78)

Dam: Happy 2nd anniversary 12/5/79. We've always had the hurtin' kind, but it has been harder to leave than to stay. I give you my love and the rest of my life. Jammer. (78)

Ku Klux Klan literature and membership—$1. Klan, Box 624, Madera, Calif. 93637. (78)

Want to beat the system? Learn "How to Collect Social Security at Any Age." Send $3 to KTS, Inc., Box 553-A, Luling, La. 70070. (78)

Down bro looking for new ol' lady. I'm 22 and have about 1½ left to do. All letters answered. Send photos to Bill (Space) Stevens, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (78)

Billy the Greek: You're one helluva guy. Always be waiting for you and your wheels. Chicky. (78)

Young Italian, hot an' ready to trot in 80. Seeks sensual, exciting Lady for travel and loving. Send pic: will do same. John Scola #060258, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513, B-86. (78)

Ish Hat Ein Kamerad. A Southern man of honor. Sledge-Hammer Henly. The Mjollnir. He pulled me out of the street when were were outnumbered three to one. We won the street battle, lost in the courts. We never lost our honor. When I got ten years for self-defense, you broke me out. Risked your life for me. We rode together for thirteen years. We had the first Harleys in Baxter. We started the Freecorps, Tennessee Volunteers. Odin has another great warrior in Valhalla. Ready a sword and a horn of mead for me, kamerad. Wenn Alle Bruder Schweigen. All hail Mjollnir. Till we meet again in Valhalla. Sledge. Sieg Heil! Your brother, Poet. (78)

Mac, please call Rick and Sharon or Dee in Florida. They have my number. I love you and miss you; will wait for you. Need one "right thar." Tootsie Roll. (78G)

Theresa from Payette: How are you, Sunshine? Give me a call. Mark. (78G)

Kim Eckwould: Gettin' ready for summer jammin'. Wish you were here. Drop me a line. Wild Bill Lee. (78G)

Lonely prisoner, 28, blue eyes, blond hair, wt. 155, 5'7". Needs letters. David Knatz 19-12, 78-A-2913, P.O. Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (78G)

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list $2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (78)

Brandy is back in town. And waiting to hear from all my bros! (78)

Larry and Pam Cockran: It's been too long! Please contact me. Johnny Rucker #272204, Rt. 2 Ramsey 2, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (78)

Lou Anne & Twinkle: Lost your address. Get back to this Cisco Rider—me, we'll party and ride forever. Also my trike was ripped off when I got back to Phila. Cisco Rider, 2620 Rhawn St., Phila., Pa. 19152. (78)

Wanted: Knucklehead or shovelhead engine and tranny. Basket case okay. (305) 891-1351. Bro Britt. Cash. (78)

Love you girls to pieces. Need visits and mail. Peter Goodridge, Drawer A, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (78)

To BBC: Happy 24th birthday 1-30-80. I never knew it could be so good. All my love. Yours always, Tish. (78)

Attention: Freedom Riders MC, Morro Bay, Calif., Ray, Greig, Kraut: This is Keith, and I was finally busted. Would like to hear from you all. Got no one to write. Neil Whitehurst #36481, Box 7-3C-798, Moberly, Mo. 65270. (78G)

I've got something for you. . .

And it's man-sized, too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

$6.95, plus $1.50 for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

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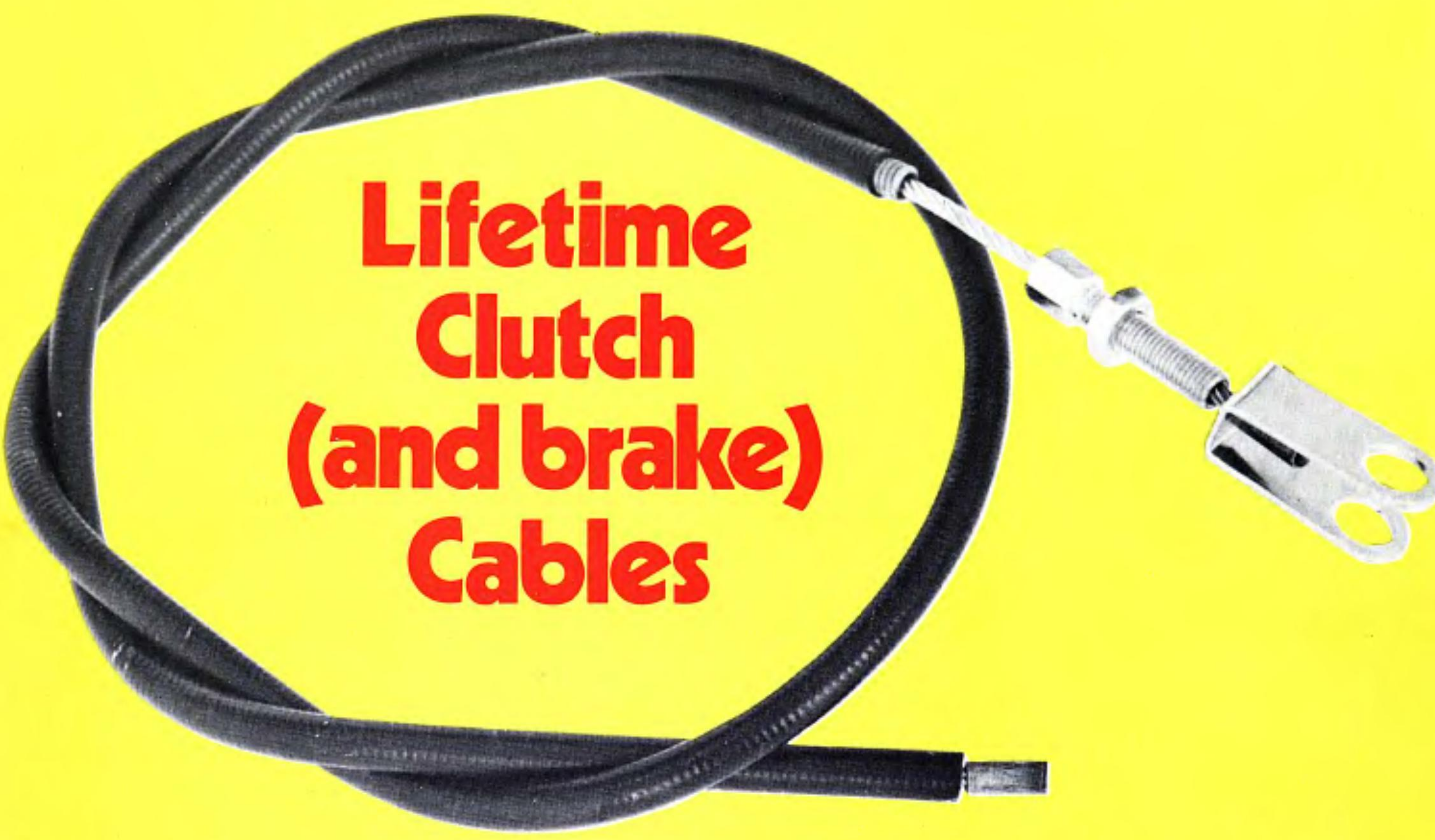

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables

New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swedged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use **7** x 19, not **1** x 19—and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

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